

THE LAST PORTRAIT OF  
**CHARLES DICKENS,**  
Taken a few days before his decease.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS  
OF  
CHARLES DICKENS:

A Memorial Volume.

BY  
R. A. HAMMOND, LL.D.,  
AUTHOR OF "LIFE IN EGYPT," "TOUR IN THE HOLY LAND," ETC., ETC.

CONTAINING  
*Personal Recollections, Amusing Anecdotes, Letters and Uncollected Papers*  
by "Boz," never before published.

With an Introduction  
BY ELIHU BURRITT.

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"I have always striven in my writings to express veneration for the life and lessons of  
our Saviour; because I feel it."—CHARLES DICKENS.

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Union of Canada.



For the Times  
Charles D. D.

THE

THIS TRIB

TO  
ALL LOVERS OF LITERATURE,  
AND ESPECIALLY  
THE ADMIRERS OF THE WRITINGS OF  
CHARLES DICKENS,  
THIS TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE GREAT NOVELIST  
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED  
BY  
THE AUTHOR.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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**W**HEN the telegraph flashed from continent to continent, and from city to city, the intelligence of the sudden death of Charles Dickens, and when that sad news was caught up and carried by word of mouth from hamlet to hamlet, the nations and peoples of the earth seemed by an instinctive impulse to pause for a brief space from the turmoil and bitter strife of their daily lives, to unite in one spontaneous and heartfelt burst of sorrow at the loss of an old and constant friend. He whom they had been accustomed to greet, year after year, with anxious hospitality—not, perhaps, in actual person, but in a form as real and tangible, through the creations of his genius and the outpourings of his heart; he whose fictions and vivid pen-paintings had created household gods in every home; Charles Dickens was no more. The truth was hard to realize. For nearly forty years he had held the palm of authorship, the first place amongst a host of literary rivals, in the hearts of the millions. No other had appealed so

strongly to their affections, none touched the tender and sympathetic chords of their inmost natures as he had done. Born of hard working parents, with scanty education, and without the assistance of fortune or patronage to give him an adventitious start in the world, he owed his success to his natural gifts and rare genius alone. The struggle in his early days was an uphill one. The field was full of rivalry. Publishers failed to appreciate his offerings. Envious and carping critics sneered at him as low and vulgar, because he dealt with the masses. Poverty pressed him. But in the midst of all discouragements he manfully struggled on ; and from the clouds of neglect and disappointment he emerged the brightest star in the constellation.

A man of the people, he thoroughly sympathised with the people ; and he made it the labor of his life to expose the various systems of cruelty and persecution to which the lower classes were subjected, and the sufferings and temptations to which they were exposed. He had no sympathy with those aristocratic lordlings, who, wrapping themselves up in a mantle of caste and haughty reserve, look down with scorn upon the laboring classes as upon a race beneath themselves ; nor yet with those statesmen, who finding the evils around them so wide-spreading, so deep-rooted, and so difficult of solution, prefer to ignore

them altogether, or to leave them until they work out their own cure. Antiquated and absurd national customs, fortified as they were by a hundred years of habit and usage, were assailed by him with a vigorous and unsparing hand. He sympathised with the lowly. He mixed with all classes of men. He thoroughly comprehended what too many of his countrymen have yet to learn, the dignity of labor. He held in slight estimation the barren honor of titles. He thoroughly realized and appreciated the true American idea of a nobleman :—

“ Who are Nature’s noblemen ?  
 In the field and in the mine,  
 And in dark and grimy workshops  
 Like Golconda’s gems they shine ;  
 Lo ! they smite the ringing anvil ;  
 And they dress the yielding soil ;  
 They are on the pathless ocean  
 Where the raging surges boil !

*They are noble—they who labor—*  
 Whether with the hand or pen,  
 If their hearts beat true and kindly  
 For their suffering fellow-men.  
 And the day is surely coming,  
 Loveliest since the world began,  
*When good deeds shall be the patent*  
*Of nobility to man !”—WHITTIER.*

Any other nobility than this is self elected, and has no sympathy with human progress. It maintains itself solely for the gratification of its own ambition, and the furtherance of its own lust of wealth, power and position.

We do not wish to be understood for a moment to



maintain that Charles Dickens was a paragon of perfection, or a beau-ideal to be closely imitated in his personal attributes. We are well aware on the contrary, and would not suppress the fact, that he had many failings, and that there was much about him which we would wish to have been otherwise. In character, he was somewhat vain and sordid looking closely after what is called the "main chance." Perhaps too, at times, he was somewhat vindictive; and we cannot justify his separation from his wife. But it is not with Charles Dickens, as an individual, that we have to deal; but solely as an author. We do not know Shakespeare now as so much flesh and blood dignified by that name. When we use the appellation we mean the bound volume with that title, and which introduces us to Hamlet, Lear, and Macbeth. This is what Shakespeare is to us. His body has long since mouldered in the grave. His faults, if any he had, are forgiven him or forgotten. But his mind still lives, and is all in all to us. So it must be with Dickens. (A few short years and all who have known him personally will slumber with him in the grave. Posterity will know him only through his writings. If the tendency of these be good, then Dickens will live for good; if it be evil, then he must live for evil.) The record of his life is comparatively unimportant. It concerns himself and a narrow circle

of relatives. But his writings will influence posterity for ages.

Many and diverse are the criticisms which have, from time to time, been showered upon the various works of our author. Supercilious shallowness has patronised him, or pronounced him low, as the humor seized it. Pedantic writing masters have measured his characters with the rule and tape line of their schools, and made them overdrawn or deficient as to them seemed fit. The best commentary on his works is their success, which has been unparalleled. Journalists have decried *Pickwick*; but while they were decrying, people slipped into the book-stalls and bought *Pickwick*; which was a better comment—at least it was a more satisfactory one to the author. His popularity has already outlived even the names of many of his earlier critics; and affords their only claim to remembrance to others. It bids fair to perform the same kindness to his later ones. It is absurd to characterize certain creations of genius as deficient in art or untrue to nature, and consequently incapable of pleasing, when the creations themselves promptly disprove the assertion by giving universal satisfaction. If it be true that certain forms and rules must be complied with in order that success in the creation of characters may be obtained, then if the full measure of success be obtained, it follows that

those rules have been fully complied with. The works of Dickens need no other testimony than their unbounded success to silence the clamor of every critic.

No author, with the single exception of Shakespeare, has been successful in creating so many and varied types of character as Charles Dickens. We can scarcely take up a newspaper, but we find a reference to some creation of his as typical of the class referred to. Everybody taking the world as it goes, and idly "waiting for something to turn up," is a *Micawber*; every despotic school master doling out his treacle is a *Squeers*; a treacherous, insidious law clerk will be known as a *Meek*, for years to come; the expert, sneaking pickpocket will be the *Artful Dodger*; and the sanctimonious hypocrite will be called a *Pecksniff* to the end of time. This universality, if anything further be needed, furnishes ample evidence of the accuracy of our author's delineations of character.

It has been objected by many good and pious men that his works savored of irreligion. I cannot acquiesce in this decision. Whatever may have been his conduct in life, or his private character, throughout his writings I fail to find any expressions or ideas promulgated which I apprehend would prove detrimental to the progress of true Christianity, or injurious to the minds of youthful readers. Much that is hypocritical and pretentious in re-

ligion has indeed been the object of his ridicule ; and the cloak has been stripped off more than one saintly Pharisee. But are not these pretenders, these wolves in sheep's clothing, an obstacle to Christian progress. Are they not objects of constant philippics, both in the pulpit and in the religious press. And where in the whole range of literature, shall we direct the young for examples of a more simple charity, more self-denying devotion, more long-suffering patience, more fervid love, more constant trust, than are depicted in the writings of Charles Dickens. A lover of children myself, whose welfare is to me a consideration far beyond any object of earthly ambition, I know of nothing in these works which I would hesitate to lay before them. I cannot but feel that their perusal would incite a demand for a higher class of literature, and feed a healthy mental appetite, instead of ministering—as too much of the current literature of our day undoubtedly does—to that prurient taste for the obscene, or that morbid passion for sensation, so detrimental and weakening to the mind, especially of the young.

Neither time nor the space allotted me, will allow of any extended discussion of the various topics of interest in connection with this subject, or of any analysis of the writings of the great author. Posterity will form a just estimate of his labors ; and “Old Time,” who sifts the good

from the bad, will, in spite of us, assert his prerogative as the final and infallible critic.

To the many friends of our author the present memorial volume cannot but prove acceptable. To such, he "still lives," and any tribute to his memory will be greeted with acclamation. All that was mortal of Charles Dickens has been followed by weeping mourners to the grave; but *Pickwick*, *Smike*, *Paul*, *Florence* and *Little Nell* will never die. The writings of Dickens touched the hearts of the people as did those of no other author. And many a head has been made wiser, and many a heart better, by the creations of his prolific and powerful pen. The spontaneous outburst of sympathy and grief, and the many tributes of respect, that filled the Press of every land at the sudden announcement of his death, bear witness to his fame. His career is ended. His race is run. And in the ripe harvest of his renown, and ennobled with a nation's honors, he has gone to "join his immortal compeers in the mansions of the just."

E. B.

NEW YORK, *August*, 1870.

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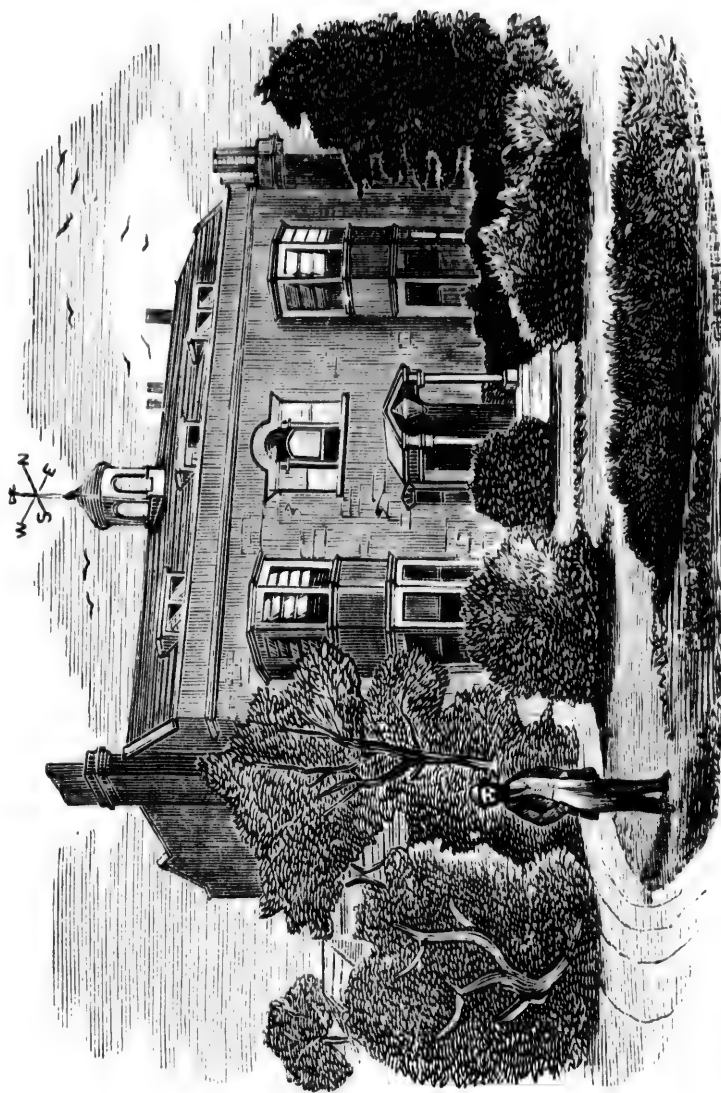
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GADSHILL PLACE. The Residence of Charles Dickens.

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# LIFE AND WRITINGS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

## CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.—ANCESTRY.—HIS FATHER, JOHN DICKENS.  
HIS BIRTH AT LANDPORT, ENGLAND.—REMOVAL TO CHAT-  
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LONDON.—COMMENCING LIFE.—ATTORNEY'S CLERK.—  
DRY DUTIES.—AMBITION.—PARLIAMENTARY REPORTER.—  
THE "TRUE SUN."—THE "MORNING CHRONICLE."

"A smile for one of mean degree,  
A courteous bow for one of high ;  
So modulated both, that each  
Saw friendship in his eye."—HIRST.

**T**HE ninth of June will long be a dark day in the  
Literary Calendar, for that day witnessed the  
sudden demise of the greatest novelist the world  
has yet produced, Charles Dickens. Throughout  
that large portion of the globe in which the English lan-  
guage is spoken, the name of "Boz" is a household word :  
and races of men in other climes, whose mother tongues  
are not the Anglo-Saxon dialect, though venerating him  
less than we, are yet not unfamiliar with his name and his  
name. Essentially a man of the people, having no sym-

pathy or community of feeling with the proud, the haughty, the aristocratic, he touched in all his works a sympathetic chord in the popular heart, and drew the masses to him with an instinctive impulse. In him they recognized a friend of their order; a foe to those who would dig a broad gulf between man and man. His forte was ridicule; and many an absurd practice, and many an ancient prejudice in society and law, in politics and religion, has trembled and succumbed before his biting sarcasm. If he has sometimes seemed to trench upon sacred ground and to attack with his shaft subjects ordinarily considered beyond the range of the novelist's pen, and too solemn for jest or humor, it will be found on a closer and more careful study that it is the show and affectation, the worldliness and pomposity of its adherents, and not the simple yet deep and heartfelt charity of religion, which is the subject of his ridicule. His advent to the world of letters found the English laws and customs, their system of schools, jails and workhouses abounding in absurdities, or full of moral leprosy; affording a fruitful theme for his caustic pen, but a mortifying blot on a nation's greatness and honor. His departure leaves the country with the more glaring of these defects removed; and if not freed from all of them, yet with its eyes opened to their enormity and absurdity. The politician, the lawgiver and the clergyman receive a large meed of praise for the advancement of a nation in intelligence, religion, and freedom; the novelist none; yet it would be difficult to find among all the politicians, the clergymen and lawgivers who have moved on the stage of English

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public life during the past thirty years, any one to whom the country is more deeply indebted for its progress than to Charles Dickens. The legislator attempts to control the minds and actions of the people, and to coerce them into fitting channels. His was the still small voice appealing to their own consciousness, judgment and duty; praising what was praiseworthy, and laughing at what was ridiculous; condemning the bad, and stripping off the cloak from a thousand monstrosities, which the masses would otherwise never have seen in their nakedness; quietly drawing near to, reasoning with, and convincing the millions of minds which the legislator never could have reached. The Christianity of his works is a true Christianity; not of the head, but of the heart; not of creed or sect, not of time or place, but of humanity. Charity dwells in every page; not church charity, in long robes and formal accents, but human charity, that blends with every state and class however lowly, sympathizes with every wounded, troubled heart, and finds a brother and a neighbor everywhere.

It is fitting that the peoples' idols should spring from the people, and this is eminently the case with Charles Dickens. He had no long line of ancestry to herald his advent. Drawing his patent of nobility direct from the Creator, he needed none of the titles and escutcheons, so dear to those who have little else to boast of. His father was a plain man, John Dickens by name, of fair education, and supporting himself and his family by his occupation as clerk in the pay department of the navy. This family consisted of his wife Elizabeth, a matronly sort of woman,

somewhat vain, but a fond mother, and her six children, viz. :  
—1. Fanny, married in her day to a Mr. Bennett, a lawyer.  
2. Charles, the subject of this memoir. 3. Letitia, the wife of Mr. Austen, an engineer and architect in London. 4. Frederic William, at one time a clerk in the Foreign office, London, an easy-going sort of a fellow, who lived freely and died young. 5. Alfred, an architect in London. 6. Augustus, who came to the United States some fifteen years ago, and took a situation with the Illinois Central Railroad Company. Augustus married for his second wife Miss Bertha Phillips, daughter of Charles Phillips, the Irish orator, now deceased. There was some dissatisfaction in the Dickens family at this alliance, which caused an estrangement between Augustus and the remainder of the family. It was from this cause that Charles Dickens, on his recent visit to the United States, refused to visit Chicago. All of the Dickens family named above, father, mother and children, with the single exception of Letitia, are now deceased. We shall follow the fortunes of the second child only.

Charles Dickens, the subject of this memoir, was born in a suburb of the great naval station of Portsmouth, in England, called Landport, on the 7th of February, 1812; in the stormy times of Napoleon's fatal campaign against Russia, and of the commencement of the "War of 1812" between the United States and England. As before remarked, his father was at that time employed as a clerk in the Navy Department, and in this capacity he was obliged to make frequent visits to the various naval ports, Sheerness, Chatham, Ply-



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mouth and others, though residing for the most of his time at Portsmouth. In the long wars between England and France, from 1792 to 1815, the former power kept a gigantic navy in constant and active service, employing sometimes nine hundred ships, three or four hundred transports, and a hundred and fifty thousand men; and expending nearly a hundred million dollars a year. In an employment so extensive and multifarious as that of paying off the numberless and heterogeneously varied individuals of this great sea-army with wages and prize-money—a kind of intercourse that comes so closely home to men's business and bosoms, and, like the giving of an exhilarating gas, stirs them into the joyful or angry exhibition of their most natural characters—in such a business as that, Paymaster Dickens could not but see an infinite series of pictures and traits of humanity, good and bad, ludicrous and affecting, simple and shrewd, contemptible and noble. This he actually did, and was accustomed to watch them with a lively interest. After the peace of 1815, being dismissed from office with a pension, he went to London with his wife and two children, and apparently from a coincidence of character with that of his son, obtained employment as a reporter of the Parliamentary debates under an engagement with the *Morning Chronicle*. All his life long he habitually enjoyed describing the scenes and characters that had come before him during his official life.

Mr. John Dickens' connection with the *Morning Chronicle* continued uninterruptedly until the *Daily News* was established, under the auspices of his son



Charles, in 1846, when he engaged with that newspaper, and remained with it until his death.

It was the constant joke, among newspaper-men, that Charles Dickens had drawn upon his father's actual character, when he was writing *David Copperfield*, and put him into that story as *Micawber*; but though there was a great deal of "waiting until something should turn up," in much that John Dickens did, (and did not), a man who had kept himself in London, during a period of over forty years, upon the newspaper press, with only a single change, and that for the better, was considerably *above* the *Micawber* scale. Some traits of the *living* may have been transmitted, with the novelist's natural exaggeration, to the *fictional* character. A journalist, with a wife and six young children, must always have found it difficult to keep his head above water in London, where (the price of bread regulating all other prices of provisions,) the four pound loaf then cost twenty-five cents. It is possible that a man may have found it rather difficult to "raise" a brood of six children, "my dam and all her little ones," upon two or three guineas a week, to say nothing of their schooling. Now and then, perhaps, the reporter may have had some "outside" chances, but it may be presumed that an avuncular relation, sporting the three golden balls of Lombardy over his place of business, may have been resorted to when money was scarce. Perhaps, too, on an emergency, money had to be raised by "a little bill." The *Micawber* mode of financiering, as developed in *David Copperfield*, a tale which avowedly gives many of its author's own experiences, may have been drawn less from imagination than memory, and

it may be noticed that while Micawber does and says many unwise things, he never goes into anything which he considers dishonest or dishonorable. For my own part, I see no reason why John Dickens should *not* have been the original of *Wilkins Micawber*. He considered himself rather complimented in thus being converted into literary "capital" by his son.

It was thus among associations congenial to his own disposition, that the early youth of Charles Dickens was passed; and a nature so extremely and sensitively open as his to impressions from without, and so persistent and perfect in retaining and apprehending them, must necessarily have received much, both of incident and of habit, from this home experience.

Over and above his home training, the boy received nothing of what is usually termed "education," except an ordinary school course, which does not seem to have even pointed toward any regularly classical or professional studies.

The support and education of a growing family was a serious burden to Mr. John Dickens in his new capacity, upon his small salary and pension. In consequence of this, Charles' school experience was extremely limited. From the Rev. Mr. Giles, the pastor of a small Baptist Church in Chatham, he learned the rudiments of an English education and a little Latin. But beyond this, whatever he knew, he picked up in his own reading. He pored over Fielding's and Smollett's novels; and *Gil Blas*, *Don Quixote* and *Robinson Crusoe* were his favorites. These works, with the *Arabian Nights*, formed his early

reading, and gave the first bent to his mind. In these boyish days he was wont to wander through that part of the county of Kent in the vicinity of Chatham. The acquaintance he then acquired with men and localities, he subsequently used as material for his works. In *Pickwick* we find the following description of Rochester and Chatham :—

"The principal productions of these towns, (says Mr. Pickwick,) appear to be soldiers, sailors, Jews, chalk, shrimps, officers, and dock-yard men. The commodities chiefly exposed for sale in the public streets, are marine stores, hard-bake, apples, flat-fish and oysters. The streets present a lively and animated appearance, occasioned chiefly by the conviviality of the military. It is truly delightful to a philanthropic mind, to see these gallant men, staggering along under the influence of an overflow, both of animal and ardent spirits; more especially when we remember that the following them about, and jesting with them, affords a cheap and innocent amusement for the boy population. Nothing (adds Mr. Pickwick) can exceed their good humor. It was but the day before my arrival, that one of them had been most grossly insulted in the house of a publican. The bar-maid had positively refused to draw him any more liquor; in return for which, he had (merely in playfulness) drawn his bayonet, and wounded the girl in the shoulder. And yet this fine fellow was the very first to go down to the house next morning, and express his readiness to overlook the matter, and forget what had occurred! The consumption of tobacco in these towns (continued Mr. Pickwick) must be very great: and the smell which pervades the streets must be exceedingly delicious to those who are extremely fond of smoking. A superficial traveller might object to the dirt which is their leading characteristic; but to those who view it as an indication of traffic and commercial prosperity, it is truly gratifying."

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"Bright and pleasant was the sky, balmy the air, and beautiful the appearance of every object around, as Mr. Pickwick leaned over the balustrades of Rochester Bridge, contemplating nature, and waiting for breakfast. The scene was indeed one which might well have charmed a far less reflective mind than that to which it was presented.

"On the left of the spectator lay the ruined wall, broken in many places, and in some, overhanging the narrow beach below in rude and heavy masses. Huge knots of sea-weed hung upon the jagged and pointed stones, trembling in every breath of wind; and the green ivy clung mournfully round the dark and ruined battlements. Behind it rose the ancient castle, its towers roofless, and its massive walls crumbling away, but telling us proudly of its old might and strength, as when, seven hundred years ago, it rang with the clash of arms, or resounded with the noise of feasting and revelry. On either side, the banks of the Medway, covered with corn-fields and pastures, with here and there a windmill or a distant church, stretched away as far as the eye could see, presenting a rich and varied landscape, rendered more beautiful by the changing shadows which passed swiftly across it, as the thin and half-formed clouds skimmed away in the light of the morning sun. The river, reflecting the clear blue of the sky, glistened and sparkled as it flowed noiselessly on; and the oars of the fishermen dipped into the water with a clear and liquid sound, as the heavy but picturesque boats glided slowly down the stream."

Again, in the *Seven Poor Travellers*, speaking of Watt's Hospital, he says:—"I found it to be a clean white house, of a staid and venerable air, with the quaint old door already three times mentioned (an arched door), choice little long low lattice-windows, and a roof of three gables. The silent High Street of Rochester is full of gables, with old beams and timbers carved into strange faces. It is oddly garnished with a queer old clock that projects over the pavement out of a grave red-brick building, as if Time

carried on business there, and hung out his sign. Sooth to say, he did an active stroke of work in Rochester, in the old days of the Romans, and the Saxons, and the Normans; and down to the times of King John, when the rugged castle—I will not undertake to say how many hundreds of years old then—was abandoned to the centuries of weather which have so defaced the dark apertures in its walls, that the ruin looks as if the rooks and daws had picked its eyes out."

So enamoured was our hero with this locality, that in subsequent years he often avowed his desire to be interred in the burial ground of St. Nicholas Parish, near the Cathedral. Often he gazed enraptured upon this spot from the top of Rochester castle, and declared it, to his view, one of the finest in England. Here the Medway meanders peacefully through a fine stretch of beautiful country, and under the shadow of the grand old crumbling tower. He once remarked to the writer that it was his boyish pastime to stretch himself at ease upon its grassy banks, and pore over his favorite books, or imagine himself to be the hero of the tale, and work it out to a solution in his own mind. It is not strange, then, that in his works he should recur so frequently to this locality, and bring his heroes hither so often. It was the author's tribute to the spot of his boyish love and waking dreams.

As soon as Charles became old enough to contribute to his own support, he was recalled from his rambles in the fields and taken to London. His castles in the air were rudely shattered, and he was brought back to the great city to contend with the stern realities of life. He was now sixteen years of age, and an opportunity occurring, he was placed as a copying clerk with one of the many

attorneys in Southampton Buildings, Bedford Row, London. This capacity of copying clerk must not be confounded with the regularly "articled clerk" of English usage. The custom there differs so widely from that prevailing in the United States, where a knowledge of the law only is required for admission to practise as an attorney, regardless of how that knowledge is attained, that it will be necessary to explain that in England to entitle to practise, a clerk must be regularly "articled" for five years to an attorney, and the "articles" require to be stamped to the amount of £120 sterling. Now John Dickens was in no condition to spare this large sum for his son's benefit. Charles was therefore merely apprenticed in the attorney's office to do the drudgery, at a salary of eighteen shillings per week. Here he was occupied in visiting Police Courts, serving subpoenas, hunting up witnesses, and copying multifarious folios. In this place he picked up what little of law he knew, which was principally confined to attorneys' practise and customs. How much this served him in subsequent life, all readers of his works fully know. The *Buzfuz*, *Sampson Brass*, and *Dodson and Fogg*, who have now become historical, embody the impressions of that day.

The duties of the position were, however, entirely uncongenial to him. The English "attorney" does not correspond exactly to what we in America call a "lawyer." He is occupied only in the inferior duties of the profession, while the barrister (the more successful of whom become "Sergeants," such as Messrs. *Buzfuz* and *Snubbin*) execute whatever requires, or is supposed to require, the



nobler powers of the mind. A moment's recollection will remind every reader of English romance that the men of details, of mere writs and copies and drudgery, and the rascally men of law, are *attorneys*, and not *barristers*; such as *Oily Gammon* and his partners, and *Sampson Brass*. In the attorney's office, therefore, is to be encountered the greatest share of whatever is dry, tiresome, and unprofitable, and the greatest risk of whatever is petty, vulgar, dirty, and corrupt in the business of the law. As that business lives entirely on the disputes of human beings, it has a full share of these qualities. And of whatever is most tedious and unprofitable in the office drudgery, the junior clerk is, by virtue of his position, certain to obtain the fullest portion. In the city of London, the busiest and most crowded mass of modern civilization, all the evil side of every human interest is concentrated and intensified. Of all the law offices in the world, therefore, that of an attorney, and a London attorney, is exactly the place whose occupations must be most intolerable to a joyous, free, genial, and overflowing imaginative youth, full of abounding life and activity in body and mind, loving what is kindly and generous and good, hating what is mean and dirty and bad, by natural organization under the necessity of devoting his whole existence to one single task, and held to this necessity by sheer inability to do well in any other.

His legal experience, short and superficial as it was, was, however, by no means lost upon him. It is one of the magical powers of genius to receive much from little. Gibbon has told us how even a brief experience as an of-

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in his understanding and description of the military his-  
tory and battle tactics of the Roman Empire. Scott's  
imilar career as a cavalry volunteer greatly vitalized and  
verified his many spirited battle-pictures; and even the  
short office life of our dissatisfied young clerk has left  
many distinct traces in his works. His delineations of  
the persons, the office fittings, the documents, the personal  
and professional manners of the London attorney's office  
and his clerks, are clear, life-like, full, and detailed even  
to a microscopic point as compared with those of mercan-  
tile counting-houses and warehouses. Observe, for a single  
instance, the quantity of pictorial representation about the  
offices of *Dodson & Fogg*, and *Mr. Perker*, and on the  
other hand the scarcity of the same in the case of the  
warehouse of *Murdstone & Grinby*, or the counting-house  
of *Cheeryble Brothers*. In the latter cases, all the persons  
necessary for the story are described, and sufficiently des-  
cribed, but with very little of still-life, so to speak, or ac-  
cessory grouping; whereas the lawyers' offices are des-  
cribed with a gusto, an obvious fulness of apprehension,  
and even a superfluity of both personages and surround-  
ings.

Finding, however, after the lapse of about four years,  
that there was no hope of a rise, and nothing to look for-  
ward to in his present position, he cast about for other  
and more profitable employment. A youth of creative  
imagination, fond of the exercise of his brain, he naturally  
looked to the Press as his best opening. He was at this  
time nearly twenty years of age. A newspaper entitled



the *Mirror of Parliament*, had shortly before this been established, for the purpose of reporting the debates ; and on the staff of this journal he found employment as reporter. There is no official reporter in the English Parliament, the daily press furnishing the only account of the proceedings ; and at this period, during the Reform debates of 1832, there existed a bitter rivalry amongst the morning dailies in the matter of the earliest and fullest reports.

Charles Dickens at once entered upon his new duties, acting both as reporter and sub-editor of the journal with which he was connected. So successful did he become in the former capacity, owing, probably, to the quickness of his apprehension and command of language, that he soon received an offer from a more important journal, the *True Sun*, an evening paper, which prided itself especially on, and largely increased its circulation by, its full and early reports of Parliamentary proceedings. It will be remembered that at that time there were no railroads or telegraphs. All the mails from London, running in every direction, left the city by stages at seven o'clock in the afternoon of each day. Newspapers were received until six o'clock. The *Sun*, by great exertions and at large expense, furnished the latest intelligence up to three or four o'clock in the afternoon ; and either by the ordinary mails, or by conveyance of its own, despatched this edition to all parts of the country, thus anticipating the morning papers. The *True Sun*—Dickens' paper—established in rivalry to the *Sun*, was forced to use equal expense and exertion. Charles Dickens soon proved himself to be one of their most efficient and satisfactory assistants.

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In *David Copperfield*, which is understood to be partly represented or colored from portions of the writer's own experience of life, there is a curiously entertaining and vividly characteristic account of his trials in becoming a competent short-hand reporter—a story which is exactly true to nature, as hundreds of editors and reporters can testify, who have undergone it all. Most characteristic, perhaps, is the difficulty—which probably even the most thoughtful *à priori* analyst would never foresee—of reading what one's own self has written. Dickens, however, quickly vanquished all obstacles, and became a successful newspaper workman, being the swiftest verbatim reporter—and besides this *the best reporter*, which is by no means the same thing—in either House of Parliament. In this particular, Mr. Dickens was very much like the late Henry J. Raymond. The great intellectual powers, and particularly the entire self-command, and extreme readiness, quickness, and certitude of mental action with which such men superadd brain to fingers, lifts them far above the mere reporter-mechanic, and indeed prevents them from remaining reporters very long. While they follow the speaker word for word, they are supervising and revising him with an intellect very likely every way equal, and, in truth and finish of expression, very likely decidedly superior to his ; and as one or another of the invariable slips, stumbles, or carelessness of oral delivery streams out of the lightning-like pencil, the brain reporter cures it, while the mechanical reporter insures it. Mr. Raymond accordingly made the best reports of Mr. Webster's speeches ;—it was because they were better than the speeches. With-

out knowing a single tradition or anecdote bearing on the point, it is necessarily obvious to any experienced newspaper man, that this quality, superadded to his other professional qualities, was what gave the youthful Dickens his success in reporting. His work when "extended" was not only what the speakers had spoken, but it was the same made better, and, in fact, wherever necessary, made good. Like the work of a great portrait painter, this reporter with a genius reproduced all the good of his subject, cured or concealed the defects, "telling the truth in love," and giving to the spectators the best of the subject blended with the best of the artist.

The *True Sun* was an ultra-radical newspaper, born amidst the furious contests which marked the era of the Reform Bill of 1832, and the times preceding, in which O'Connell was so prominent, and among whose clouds we can now begin to see, in something like historical perspective, across the distance of a whole generation, not only the vigorous and burly figure of the great Irish patriot, but many other famous personages, some few still living, but most of them dead. O'Connell himself, Burdett, Brougham, the late Earl of Derby (the "Rupert of Debate," and garnished, moreover, by O'Connell with the bitter nickname of "Scorpion Stanley"), Sir Robert Peel, and many more are gone. Lord John Russell, now Earl Russell, is almost a solitary survivor of the leading parliamentarians of those days of turbulence and peril. The *True Sun* was established by Patrick Grant, was edited after him by Daniel Whittle Harvey, and then by Mr. W. J. Fox. It was rather the expression of partisan views so

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extreme and angry as to be only temporary in importance or interest, than the permanent and appropriate voice of any great principle, or of any large constituency, and it accordingly lasted not many years. Among its staff were, besides young Dickens, his friend, Laman Blanchard, that older workman of literature, Leigh Hunt, and perhaps Douglas Jerrold.

The services of the speedy and trustworthy young reporter were, however, soon transferred (1835) to a stronger and better paper, the *Morning Chronicle*, also a liberal, but moderately and respectably liberal sheet, upon which were at different times employed many persons well known in other fields of effort. Among these were James Stephen, the lawyer and political writer; David Ricardo, the political economist; William Hazlitt, the critic; Joseph Jekyll, the lawyer and wit; J. Payne Collier, the Shakspearian commentator; Alexander Chalmers, the biographer; and, somewhat later, Henry Mayhew, Shirley Brooks, G. H. Lewes, and too many more to be named here. At the time of Dickens' accession to its staff, his future father-in-law, Mr. George Hogarth, was also employed upon it. Mr. Hogarth, who had been a lawyer, or, in the local phrase, a "Writer to the Signet," in Edinburgh, had come to London to live by his talents as a musical composer and a writer, and was now, and for some years afterward, the dramatic and musical critic of the *Chronicle*.

The connection of Mr. Dickens with the *Morning Chronicle*, was of considerable duration, and eminently satisfactory to himself and to his employers. He had now had considerable practice at reporting debates, and had

acquired great skill and success in the work. He was especially noted for the neatness and accuracy of his notes, and for the ease with which he transcribed them.

At one of the dinners of the Press Fund, in London, where he occupied the chair, he told his audience that the habits of his early life as a reporter so clung to him, that he seldom listened to a clever speech without his fingers mechanically and unconsciously going through the process of reporting it.

All that is now remembered of him in "the Gallery," is that he was reserved, but not shy, and that he took unusual pains with his work. Sometime before this, he rented what are called "Chambers," in Furnival's Inn, Holborn Bars,—one of the two Inns of Chancery attached to Lincoln's Inn, and mentioned not only in *Pickwick*, but also in the fourth part of *Edwin Drood*.

## CHAPTER II.

HIGHER DESTINY.—DAWNINGS OF FAME.—FIRST CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE PRESS.—“SKETCHES BY BOZ.”—EARLY NOTICES BY THE PRESS.—GREAT POPULARITY.—CRUIKSHANK, THE ARTIST.—N. P. WILLIS’ OPINION OF DICKENS.—EXTRACTS FROM THE “SKETCHES” AND EARLY WRITINGS.

“Ay—Father ! I have had those early visions,  
And noble aspirations in my youth,  
To make my mind the mind of other men,  
The enlightener of the nations.”

**B**UT more congenial labors were in store for our young aspirant for fame, and a higher destiny awaited him. It was not by the drudgery and confinement of a reporter’s labors that the rare fabric of his fame was to be reared. But the habits of carefulness and attention which he had acquired while pursuing this avocation, as well as the acquaintance with men and things, with civil and government affairs, which it furnished him were of incalculable value in the profession of one so well fitted to turn them to account.

It was during the period of his employment on the *Chronicle* that young Dickens made his first real experiment in his real vocation. Like many another author, however, he had long before composed “certain tragedies achieved at the mature age of eight or ten, and represented, with great applause to overflowing nurseries.”

How many authors have remembered, and will remem-



ber with amusement and sympathy, their own first experience of print, with its odd, poignant little glory of conscious achievement—like a hen's at hatching, or a human mother's with her first baby—when they read the great novelist's own description :

"The magazine in which my first effusion—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court, in Fleet street—appeared in all the glory of print; on which memorable occasion—how well I recollect it!—I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half-an-hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there."

This sketch was "Mr. Minns and his Cousin," and the magazine was the *Monthly Magazine*, now-a-days often called the *Old Monthly Magazine*, to distinguish it from its comparatively rather "fast" young competitor, the *New Monthly*, in those days just begun. The *Old Monthly* was really old, too, for a magazine, having been established in 1796, and being therefore now forty years old, save one.

Shortly afterward, and during the years 1836 and 1837, the *Sketches by Boz* appeared in the evening edition of the *Chronicle*. Though often re-printed, the author's own statement of the characteristic fancy which selected his well-known signature of "Boz" is better than any other. He says that it was "the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed Moses, in honor of the Vicar of Wakefield, which being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and, being short-



med, became Boz. 'Boz' was a very familiar household word to me, long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it."

One authority—not the best, however—says that it was a little sister who first said Boses, because she could not pronounce it right.

If Dickens had never written anything but the *Sketches by Boz*, it is not improbable that they would have been published in two volumes, as they were; but their author would not at present be heard of any oftener, for instance, than the Spaniard, Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosio, who was a writer of some standing in those days, but of whom nobody knows anything now except people who rummage through long sets of old magazines. The *Sketches* were, however, at once decidedly successful in London, where they belonged, and at once gave their author a recognized standing among the belles-lettres writers of the city. It is easy to trace in them nearly all the characteristics afterward more strongly developed in the novels—the overflowing fun and humor, and sense of the ridiculous and absurd; the almost preternatural sensibility to points, shades, and peculiarities of character, utterance, appearance, and manners; the ease and full abundance of personation; the astounding quantity of grotesque names and surnames; the kindness and sympathy, just as ready and just as abundant as the laughter; the entire originality, often verging toward caricature, of the methods of conceiving the thoughts, and of the forms of expressing them; in short, the super-abounding and almost riotous wealth of material, the unconscious ease and certainty of

management, and the hearty, joyful geniality which bathes the whole. The first series of the *Sketches* was published in two volumes, and was embellished—*really* embellished—with illustrations by George Cruikshank—as great a genius in his art as Dickens in his ; and whose modes of expressing thought pictorially might have been created on purpose for an alliance with the new author, so congenial were they in their healthy mirth, sharp, good-natured satire, and wonderful keenness and closeness of characterization. The practical good sense, or the good fortune, which suggested this immediate union of pen and graver, aided greatly in the success of the *Sketches*, and still more so in that of the romances that followed. Indeed, it might almost be assured, that a novel of the men and manners of the day, must be illustrated, and by able hands too, in order to have anything like a full success. The great mass of readers have none too much power of pictorial imagination ; what they are to receive with pleasure must be so presented as not to require any effort of thought ; and competent pictures afford them exactly the centres of crystallization, so to speak, which they need.

The author of *Random Recollections of the Houses of Lords and Commons*, (Mr. James Grant) thus refers to Mr. Dickens' *débüt* as an author :—

“ It was about the year 1833–4, before Mr. Dickens's connection with the *Morning Chronicle*, and before Mr. Black, the editor of that journal, had ever met with him, that he commenced his literary career as an amateur writer. He made his *débüt* in the latter end of 1834 or beginning of 1835, in the *Old Monthly Magazine*, then

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conducted by Captain Holland, a friend of mine. He sent, in the first instance, his contributions to that periodical anonymously. These consisted of sketches, chiefly of a humorous character, and were simply signed "Boz." For a long time they did not attract any special attention, but were generally spoken of in newspaper notices of the magazine as "clever," "graphic," etc. Early in 1836, the editorship of the *Monthly Magazine*—the adjective "Old" having been by this time dropped—came into my hands; and in making the necessary arrangements for its transfer from Captain Holland—then, I should have mentioned, proprietor as well as editor—I expressed my great admiration of the series of "Sketches by Boz," which had appeared in the *Monthly*, and said I should like to make an arrangement with the writer for the continuance of them under my editorship. With that view I asked him the name of the author. It will sound strange in most ears, when I state that a name which has for so many years filled the whole civilized world with its fame, was not remembered by Captain Holland. But, he added, after expressing his regret that he could not at the moment recollect the real name of "Boz," that he had received a letter from him a few days previously, and that if I would meet him at the same time and place next day, he would bring me that letter, because it related to the *Sketches* of the writer in the *Monthly Magazine*. As Captain Holland knew I was at the time a Parliamentary reporter on the *Morning Chronicle*, then a journal of high literary reputation, and of great political influence—he supplemented his remarks by saying that "Boz" was a Parliamentary reporter; on which I observed that I must, in that case, know him, at least by sight, as I was acquainted in that respect, more or less, with all the reporters in the gallery of the House of Commons. Captain Holland and I met, according to appointment, on the following day, when he brought the letter to which he had referred. I then found that the name of the author of *Sketches by Boz*, was Charles Dickens. The letter was written in the most modest terms. It was

simply to the effect that as he (Mr. Dickens) had hitherto given all his contributions—those signed “Boz”—gratuitously, he would be glad if Captain Holland thought his “Sketches” worthy of any small remuneration, as otherwise he would be obliged to discontinue them, because he was going very soon to get married, and therefore would be subjected to more expenses than he was while living alone, which he was during the time, in Furnival Inn.”

An obituary article in the *Liverpool Albion*, says:—

“It may not be an inadmissible *souvenir* of the all-mourned idol to state here, that the first lines ever Mr. Dickens composed were submitted unconditionally to the writer of these remarks, submitted as the merest matter of professional literary business, hap-hazard, without any introduction or intervention of any kind, and without critic or author having the faintest idea of each other's individuality. It is, perhaps, not a too extravagant hypothesis to surmise that, had the judgment been adverse, there might never have been another appeal elsewhere by the hand which has held the whole reading world in captive admiration to its multitudinous spells ever since—a period of some thirty-five years.

“At that time the *Old Monthly*, as it was called, to distinguish it from the ‘*New*,’ about which latter Colburn, with Campbell for editor, kept blowing such trumpets, was still a puissance, though it had lately parted with its principal contributor, Rev. Dr. Croly, whose *Salthiel* was yet in the flow of its original success; and his ‘Notes of the Month’ were always a piquant feature, even in an age of trenchant and polished penmanship. Under Croly the magazine was ardently tory; but it had become the property of Captain Holland, formerly one of Bolivar's aides-de-camp—a high-bred man, of a type now passed away, most variedly accomplished, and the centre of a congenial circle as gifted as himself, including many who afterwards made the fame of *Fraser*. Holland's Hispanolian liberalism, stimulated by the hot and turbid Eng-

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lish Reform agitation, still seething, and the Campbell and Colburn competition, led him to look for fresh blood to revive the drooping circulation. Hence one reason why Dickens, then buoyantly radical, was drawn thitherwards, although there was nothing whatever political in the slight initial paper, of less than half a dozen pages, he ventured upon. Nor was there in the three or four similar ones he afterwards furnished, and which attracted only the most cursory notice from his fellow-contributors. These articles sufficed, however, to induce Dr. Black, an old friend of his father, to recommend the acceptance of others like them, but of a mere 'social' character, in the after manner of the master, for *Bell's Life*—the proprietor of which was lavishing large means, in every form of publicity, upon his three journals, morning, evening, and weekly. Then the success of 'her Majesty's van' (Peel's newly-devised hearse-like vehicle for conveying prisoners to and from the police courts), and a few more of the like category, though printed in the smallest and densest newspaper type, some two-thirds of a column in length, obtained in all journals the extensive quotation which led to the Chapman and Hall alliance that resulted in *Pickwick*, and in the unexampled celebrity thereupon supervening, and sustained *crescendo* to the last. Unique in all things, Dickens was pre-eminently singular in this, that, though a 'gentleman of the press' to a degree undreamed of in the vocabulary of the right honorable personage who affectedly disavows any other escutcheon, he had no assailants, no traducers, no enemies. And for this reason, that, without being in the least mawkish, tuft-hunting, or mealy-mouthed—on the contrary, being the most out-spoken extirpator of shams, imposture, and, in his own all-exhaustive phrase, of 'Pecksnillism,' he nevertheless traduced, maligned, satirized nobody. Not even his censors. For he had many such. It would be like descending into the catacombs of criticism, so to speak, to unearth proofs of how leading journals, now blatant in his posthumous praise, once ridiculed his pretensions to delineate anything beyond the Marionettes at a peep-

show ; what jubilant clapping of hands there was over Jupiter's pseudo-classic joke, *Procumbit humi Boz*, in reference to his first and last dramatic fiasco, *The Village Coquettes*, under Braham's management, at the St. James, a quarter of a century back ; and what a titter of sardonic approval was evoked by the Superfine Reviewer's pedantic scoff, that Mr. Dickens' readings appeared to be confined to a perusal of his own writings. His first steps were beset with Rigbys, whose 'slashing articles' cried out, 'This will never do!' pointing out how thorough a cockney he was, once his foot was off the flagways of the bills of mortality, and anticipating the late vixenish verdict of a certain screaming sister of the sensational school, that his works are stories of pothouse pleasantries. He won his way into universal favor in virtue of an all-assimilative geniality, against which no predetermination of resistance was proof, as in the case of Sydney Smith, who, with characteristic candor, avowed his intolerance of what he believed to be the cant of Dickens' popularity, and promptly ended in becoming an enthusiastic apostle of the propaganda himself."

Mr. John Black, for some time editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, was not a great admirer, at the time, of Mr. Dickens' literary attempts. He was a matter-of-fact character, little given to humor and little appreciating it. We suspect that it was on this account that the *Sketches* were published only in the tri-weekly afternoon editions of the paper, more especially intended for the country. Dickens' remuneration for them was not high. For this reason many of them found their way into *Bell's Life in London*, a sporting journal of extensive circulation, and hence able to offer better inducements to the young author.

Mr. N. P. Willis, then in London, (1835), writing to the



*Washington National Intelligencer*, concerning Mr. Dickens, then aged 23 years, says :

"I was following a favorite amusement of mine one day in the Strand, London—strolling towards the more crowded thoroughfares, with cloak and umbrella, and looking at people and shop windows. I heard my name called out by a passenger in a street cab. From out the smoke of the wet straw peered the head of my publisher, Mr. Macrone, (a most liberal and noble hearted fellow, since dead). After a little catechism as to my damp destiny for that morning, he informed me he was going to visit Newgate, and asked me to join him. I willingly agreed, never having seen this famous prison, and after I was seated in the cab he said he was to pick up on the way a young paragraphist for the *Morning Chronicle*, who wished to write a description of it. In the most crowded part of Holborn, within a door or two of the Bull and Mouth Inn (the great starting and stoping-place of the stage-coaches), we pulled up at the entrance of a large building used for lawyers' chambers. Not to leave me sitting in the rain, Macrone asked me to dismount with him. I followed by a long flight of stairs to an upper story, and was ushered into an uncarpeted and bleak-looking room, with a deal table, two or three chairs and a few books, a small boy and Mr. Dickens for the contents. I was only struck at first with one thing (and I made a memorandum of it that evening, as the strongest instance I had seen of English obsequiousness to employers), the degree to which the poor author was overpowered with the honor of his publisher's visit! I remember saying to myself as I sat down on a rickety chair, 'My good fellow if you were in America with that fine face and your ready quill, you would have no need to be condescended to by a publisher.' Dickens was dressed very much as he has since described Dick Swiveller—*minus* the swell look. His hair was cropped close to his head, his clothes scant, though jauntily cut, and after changing a ragged office-coat for a shabby blue, he stood by the door, collarless and buttoned up, the



very personification, I thought, of a close sailor to the wind. We went down and crowded into the cab (one passenger more than the law allowed, and Dickens partly in my lap and partly in Macrone's), and drove on to Newgate. In his works, if you remember, there is a description of the prison, drawn from this day's observation. We were there an hour or two, and were shown some of the celebrated murderers confined for life, and one young soldier waiting for execution; and in one of the passages we chanced to meet Mrs. Fry, on her usual errand of benevolence. Though interested in Dickens' face, I forgot him, naturally enough, after we entered the prison, and I do not think I heard him speak during the two hours. I parted from him at the door of the prison, and continued my stroll into the city. Not long after this Macrone sent me the sheets of *Sketches by Boz*, with a note saying that they were by the gentleman who went with us to Newgate. I read the book with amazement at the genius displayed in it, and in my note of reply assured Macrone that I thought his fortune was made as a publisher, if he could monopolize the author.

"Two or three years afterwards I was in London, and was present at the complimentary dinner given to Macready. Samuel Lover, who sat next to me, pointed out Dickens. I looked up and down the table, but was wholly unable to single him out without getting my friend to number the people who sat above him. He was no more like the same man I had seen than a tree in June is like the same tree in February. He sat leaning his head on his hand while Bulwer was speaking, and with his very long hair, his very flash waistcoat, his chains and rings, and with all a much paler face than of old, he was totally unrecognizable. The comparison was very interesting to me, and I looked at him a long time. He was then in his culmination of popularity, and seemed jaded to stupefaction. Remembering the glorious work he had written since I had seen him, I longed to pay him my homage, but had no opportunity, and I did not see him again till he came over to reap his harvest, and upset his hay-cart in America.

When all the ephemera of his imprudences and improvidences shall have passed away—say twenty years hence—I should like to see him again, renowned as he will be for the most original and remarkable works of his time.”

The *Sketches* are the earliest productions of Dickens, and were the product of his leisure hours and odd ends of time, or written as he tells us “to meet the exigencies of a newspaper or magazine.” They were originally published in two series; the first in two volumes, the second in one.

In 1850, when publishing a collective edition of his works, Mr. Dickens says in his preface:

“The whole of these *Sketches* were written and published one by one, when I was a very young man. They were collected and re-published while I was still a very young man; and sent into the world with all their imperfections (a good many) on their heads. They comprise my first attempts at authorship—with the exception of certain tragedies achieved at the mature age of eight or ten, and represented with great applause to overflowing nurseries. I am conscious of their often being extremely crude and ill considered, and bearing obvious marks of haste and inexperience; particularly in that section of the present volume which is comprised under the general head of *Tales*. But as this collection is not originated now, and was very leniently and favorably received when it was first made, I have not felt it right either to remodel or expunge, beyond a few words and phrases here and there.”

The authorship of the *Sketches* had been kept a profound secret, nor was it until the publication of the *Pickwick Papers*, that Mr. Dickens became known to the public. Hence arose the epigram:

“Who the Dickens Boz could be,  
Puzzled many a learned elf;  
But time unveiled the mystery,  
And Boz appeared as Dickens' self.”

These sketches are remarkable for their truthfulness to life, as well as for their humor and sprightliness. They treat of every phase of London life—high as well as low—and exhibit the remarkable capacity of one so young, to depict human character in every condition.

The early success of these works of Dickens was undoubtedly in a great measure due to the illustrations of Cruikshank. This gentleman was Mr. Dickens' senior, and had made himself even better acquainted with London scenes and society than Dickens. His truthful definitions, his aptness in hitting off characters with his pencil, his ready illustration of the text added immensely to the interest in the story. Hardly could author and artist have worked more in unison.

We subjoin a few extracts from his *Sketches of English Life and Character* :

#### A VISIT TO NEWGATE.

"'The force of habit,' is a trite phrase in every body's mouth; and it is not a little remarkable that those who use it most as applied to others, unconsciously afford in their own persons singular examples of the power which habit and the custom exercise over the minds of men, and of the little reflection they are apt to bestow on subjects with which every day's experience has rendered them familiar. If Bedlam could be suddenly removed like another Aladin's palace, and set down on the space now occupied by Newgate, scarcely one man out of a hundred, whose road to business every morning lies through Newgate street or the Old Bailey, would pass the building without bestowing a hasty glance on its small, grated windows, and a transient thought at least upon the condition of the unhappy beings immured in its dismal celis, and yet these same men, day by day, and hour by hour, pass and repass

this gloomy depository of the guilt and misery of London, in one perpetual stream of life and bustle, utterly unmindful of the throng of wretched creatures pent up within it—nay not even knowing, or if they do, not heeding the fact, that as they pass one particular angle of the massive wall with a light laugh or merry whistle, they stand within one yard of a fellow-creature, bound and helpless, whose hours are numbered, from whom the last feeble ray of hope has fled forever, and whose miserable career will shortly terminate in a violent and shameful death. Contact with death even in its last terrible shape is solemn and appalling. How much more awful is it to reflect on this near vicinity to the dying—to men in full health and vigor, in the flower of youth or the prime of life, with all their faculties and perceptions as acute and perfect as your own; but dying, nevertheless—dying as surely—with the hand of death imprinted upon them as indelibly—as if mortal disease had wasted their frames to shadows, and loathsome corruption had already begun!

“It was with some such thoughts as these that we determined not many weeks since to visit the interior of Newgate—in an amateur capacity, of course; and, having carried our intention into effect, we proceed to lay its results before our readers, in the hope—founded more upon the nature of the subject, than on any presumptuous confidence in our own descriptive powers—that this paper may not be found wholly devoid of interest. We have only to premise, that we do not intend to fatigue the reader with any statistical accounts of the prison: they will be found at length in numerous reports of numerous committees, and a variety of authorities of equal weight. We took no notes, made no memoranda, measured none of the yards, ascertained the exact number of inches in no particular room, are unable even to report of how many apartments the jail is composed.

“We saw the prison, and saw the prisoners; and what we did see, and what we thought, we will tell at once in our own way.

“Having delivered our credentials to the servant who

answered our knock at the door of the governor's house, we were ushered into the 'office,' a little room, on the right-hand side as you enter, with two windows looking into the Old Bailey, fitted up like an ordinary attorney's office, or merchant's counting-house, with the usual fixtures—a wainscoted partition, a shelf or two, a desk, a couple of stools, a pair of clerks, an almanac, a clock, and a few maps. After a little delay, occasioned by sending into the interior of the prison for the officer whose duty it was to chaperon us, that functionary arrived; a respectable looking man of about two or three and fifty, in a broad-brimmed hat, and full suit of black, who, but for his keys would have looked quite as much like a clergyman as a turnkey: we were quite disappointed; he had not even top-boots on. Following our conductor by a door opposite to that at which we had entered, we arrived at a small room, without any other furniture than a little desk, with a book for visitors' autographs, and a shelf, on which were a few boxes for papers, and casts of the heads and faces of the two notorious murderers, Bishop and Williams; the former, in particular, exhibiting a style of head and set of features, which would have afforded sufficient moral grounds for his instant execution at any time, even had there been no other evidence against him. Leaving this room also by an opposite door, we found ourself in the lodge which open on the Old Bailey, one side of which is plentifully garnished with a choice collection of heavy sets of iron, including those worn by the redoubtable Jack Sheppard—genuine; and those *said* to have been graced by the sturdy limbs of the no less celebrated Dick Turpin—doubtful. From this lodge a heavy oaken gate, bound with iron, studded with nails of the same material, and guarded by another turnkey, opens on a few steps, if we remember right, which terminate in a narrow and dismal stone passage, running parallel with the Old Bailey and leading to the different yards, through a number of tortuous and intricate windings, guarded in their turn by huge gates and gratings, whose appearance is sufficient to dispel at once the slightest hope of escape that any new



corner may have entertained: and the very recollection of which, on eventually traversing the place again, involves one in a maze of confusion.

"It is necessary to explain here, that the buildings in the prison, or in other words the different wards—form a square, of which the four sides abut respectively on the Old Bailey, the old College of Physicians (now forming a part of Newgate-market), the Sessions-house, and Newgate street. The intermediate space is divided into several paved yards, in which the prisoners take such air and exercise as can be had in such a place. These yards, with the exception of that in which prisoners under sentence of death are confined (of which we shall presently give a more detailed description), run parallel with Newgate street, and consequently from the Old Bailey, as it were, to Newgate market. The women's side is in the right wing of the prison nearest the Sessions-house; and as we were introduced into this part of the building first, we will adopt the same order, and introduce our readers to it also.

"Turning to the right, then, down the passage to which we just now adverted, omitting any mention of intervening gates—for if we noticed every gate that was unlocked for us to pass through, and locked again as soon as we had passed, we should require a gate at every comma—we came to a door composed of thick bars of wood, through which were discernible passing to and fro in a narrow yard, some twenty women, the majority of whom, however, as soon as they were aware of the presence of strangers, retreated to their wards. One side of this yard is walled off at a considerable distance, and formed into a kind of iron cage, about five feet ten inches in height, roofed at the top, and defended in front by iron bars, from which the friends of the female prisoners communicate with them. In one corner of this singular-looking den was a yellow, haggard, decrepit old woman, in a tattered gown that had once been black, and the remains of an old straw bonnet, with faded ribbon of the same hue, in earnest conversation with a young girl—a prisoner of course

—of about two-and-twenty. It is impossible to imagine a more poverty-stricken object, a creature so borne down in soul and body, by excess of misery and destitution. The girl was a good-looking robust female, with a profusion of hair streaming about in the wind—for she had no bonnet on—and a man's pocket-handkerchief was loosely thrown over a most ample pair of shoulders. The old woman was talking in that low, stifled tone of voice which tells so forcibly of mental anguish; and every now and then burst into an irrepressible, sharp, abrupt cry of grief—the most distressing sound that human ears can hear. The girl was perfectly unmoved. Hardened beyond all hope of redemption, she listened doggedly to her mother's exhortations, whatever they were: and, beyond inquiring after 'Jem,' and eagerly catching the few halfpence her miserable parent had brought her, took no more apparent interest in the conversation than the most unconcerned spectators. God knows there were enough of them in the persons of the other prisoners in the yard, who were no more concerned by what was passing before their eyes and within their hearing, than if they were blind and deaf. Why should they be? Inside the prison and on such scenes were too familiar to them, to excite even a passing thought, unless of ridicule or contempt, for the display of feelings which they had long since forgotten and lost all sympathy for.

"A little further on, a squalid-looking woman in a slovenly thick-bordered cap, with her arms muffled up in a large red shawl, the fringed ends of which straggled nearly to the bottom of a dirty white apron, was communicating some instructions to her visitor—her daughter evidently. The girl was thinly clad, and shaking with the cold. Some ordinary word of recognition passed between her and her mother when she appeared at the grating, but neither hope, condolence, regret nor affection was expressed on either side. The mother whispered her instructions, and the girl received them with her pinched-up half-starved features twisted into an expression of careful cunning. It was some scheme for the woman's defence



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that she was disclosing ; and a sullen smile came over the girl's face for an instant, as if she was pleased, not so much at the probability of her mother's liberation, as at the chance of her "getting off" in spite of her prosecutors. The dialogue was soon concluded ; and with the same careless indifference with which they had approached each other, the mother turned towards the inner end of the ward, and the girl to the gate at which she had entered.

"The girl belonged to a class—unhappily but too extensive—the very existence of which should make men's hearts bleed. Barely past her childhood, it required but a glance to discover that she was one of those children born and bred in poverty and vice, who have never known what childhood is ; who have never been taught to love and court a parent's smile, or to dread a parent's frown. The thousand nameless endearments of childhood, its gaiety and its innocence, are alike unknown to them. They have entered at once upon the stern realities and miseries of life, and to their better nature it is almost hopeless to appeal in aftertimes, by any of the references which will awaken, if it be only for a moment, some good feeling in ordinary bosoms, however corrupt they may have become. Talk to them of parental solicitude, the happy days of childhood, and the merry days of infancy ! Tell them of hunger and the streets, beggary and stripes, the gin-shop, the station-house, and the pawnbrokers, and they will understand you.

"Two or three women were standing at different parts of the grating, conversing with their friends, but a very large proportion of the prisoners appeared to have no friends at all, beyond such of their old companions as might happen to be within the walls. So, passing hastily down the yard, and pausing only for an instant to notice the little incidents we have just recorded, we were conducted up a clean and well-lighted flight of stone stairs to one of the wards. There are several in this part of the building, but a description of one is a description of the whole.

"It was a spacious, bare, whitewashed apartment, light-

ed, of course, by windows looking into the interior of the prison, but far more light and airy than one could reasonably expect to find in such a situation. There was a large fire, with a deal table before it, round which ten or a dozen women were seated on wooden forms at dinner. Along both sides of the room ran a shelf; and below it, at regular intervals, a row of large hooks were fixed in the wall, on each of which was hung the sleeping mat of a prisoner, her rug and blanket being folded up, and placed on the shelf above. At night, these mats are placed upon the floor, each beneath the hook on which it hangs during the day; and the ward is thus made to answer the purpose both of a day-room and sleeping apartment. Over the fireplace was a large sheet of pasteboard, on which were displayed a variety of texts from Scripture, which were also scattered about the room in scraps about the size and shape of the copy-slips which are used in schools. On the table was a sufficient provision of a kind of stewed beer and brown bread, in pewter dishes, which are kept perfectly bright, and displayed on shelves in great order and regularity when they are not in use.

"The women rose hastily on our entrance, and retired in a hurried manner to either side of the fireplace. They were all cleanly—many of them decently—attired, and there was nothing peculiar either in their appearance or demeanor. One or two resumed the needlework which they had probably laid aside at the commencement of their meal, others gazed at the visitors with listless curiosity, and a few retired behind their companions to the very end of the room, as if desirous to avoid even the casual observation of the strangers. Some old Irish women, both in this and other wards, to whom the thing was no novelty, appeared perfectly indifferent to our presence, and remained standing close to the seats from which they had just risen; but the general feeling among the females seemed to be one of uneasiness during the period of our stay among them, which was very brief. Not a word was uttered during the time of our remaining, unless indeed by the wardswoman in reply to some

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question which we put to the turnkey who accompanied us. In every ward on the female side a wardswoman is appointed to preserve order, and a similar regulation is adopted among the males. The wardsmen and wardswomen are all prisoners, selected for good conduct. They alone are allowed the privilege of sleeping on bedsteads; a small stump bedstead being placed in every ward for that purpose. On both sides of the jail is a small receiving-room, to which prisoners are conducted on their first reception, and whence they cannot be removed until they have been examined by the surgeon of the prison.\*

"Retracing our steps to the dismal passage in which we found ourselves at first (and which, by the by, contains three or four dark cells for the accommodation of refractory prisoners), we were led through a narrow yard to the "school"—a portion of the prison set apart for boys under fourteen years of age. In a tolerable-sized room, in which were writing-materials and some copy-books, was the schoolmaster, with a couple of his pupils; and the remainder having been fetched from an adjoining apartment, the whole were drawn up in line for our inspection. There were fourteen of them in all, some with shoes, some without; some in pinafores without jackets, others in jackets without pinafores, and one in scarce anything at all. The whole number, without an exception we believe, had been committed for trial on charges of pocket-picking; and fourteen such villainous little faces we never beheld.—There was not one redeeming feature among them—not a glance of honesty—not a wink expressive of anything but the gallows and the hulks, in the whole collection. As to anything like shame or contrition, that was entirely out of the question. They were evidently quite gratified at being thought worth the trouble of looking at; their idea appeared to be that we had come to see Newgate as a grand affair, and that they were an indispensable part of

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\*The regulations of the prison relative to the confinement of prisoners during the day, their sleeping at night, their taking their meals, and other matters of gaol economy, have been all altered—greatly for the better—since this sketch was written, three years ago.

the show ; and every boy, as he 'fell in' to the line, actually seemed as pleased and important as if he had done something excessively meritorious in getting there at all. We never looked upon a more disagreeable sight, because we never saw fourteen such hopeless and irreclaimable wretches before.

"On either side of the school-yard is a yard for men, in one of which—that towards Newgate-street—prisoners of the more respectable class are confined. Of the other, we have little description to offer, as the different wards necessarily partake of the same character. They are provided, like the wards on the women's side, with mats and rugs, which are disposed of in the same manner during the day ; and the only very striking difference between their appearance and that of the wards inhabited by the females, is the utter absence of any employment whatever. Huddled together upon two opposite forms, by the fireside, sit twenty men perhaps ; here a boy in livery, there a man in a rough great-coat and top-boots ; further on, a desperate-looking fellow in his shirt sleeves, with an old Scotch cap upon his shaggy head ; near him again, a tall ruffian, in a smock-frock, and next to him, a miserable being of distressed appearance, with his head resting on his hand ;—but all alike in one respect, all idle and listless. When they do leave the fire, sauntering moodily about, lounging in the window, or leaning against the wall, vacantly swinging their bodies to and fro. With the exception of a man reading an old newspaper in two or three instances, this was the case in every ward we entered.

"The only communication these men have with their friends is through two close iron gratings, with an intermediate space of about a yard in width between the two, so that nothing can be handed across, nor can the prisoner have any communication by touch with the person who visits him. The married men have a separate grating, at which to see their wives, but its construction is the same.

"The prison chapel is situated at the back of the governor's house, the latter having no windows looking into the interior of the prison. Whether the associations con-

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connected with the place—the knowledge that here a portion of the burial service is, on some dreadful occasions, performed over the quick and not upon the dead—cast over it a still more gloomy and sombre air than art has imparted to it, we know not, but its appearance is very striking. There is something in a silent and deserted place of worship highly solemn and impressive at any time; and the very dissimilarity of this one from any we have been accustomed to, only enhances the impression. The meanness of its appointments—the bare and scanty pulpit, with the paltry painted pillars on either side—the women's gallery, with its great heavy curtain, the men's, with its unpainted benches and dingy front—the tottering little table at the altar, with the commandments on the wall above it, scarcely legible through lack of paint, and dust and damp—so unlike the rich velvet and gilding, the stately marble and polished wood of a modern church—are the more striking from their powerful contrast. There is one subject, too, which rivets the attention and fascinates the gaze, and from which we may turn disgusted and horror-stricken in vain, for the recollection of it will haunt us, waking and sleeping, for months afterwards. Immediately below the reading-desk, on the floor of the chapel, and forming the most conspicuous object in its little area, is *the condemned pew*; a huge black pen, in which the wretched men who are singled out for death, are placed, on the Sunday preceding their execution, in sight of all their fellow-prisoners, from many of whom they may have been separated but a week before, to hear prayers for their own souls, to join in the responses of their own burial service, and to listen to an address, warning their recent companions to take example by their fate, and urging themselves, while there is yet time—nearly four-and-twenty hours—to 'turn, and flee from the wrath to come!' Imagine what have been the feelings of the men whom that fearful pew has enclosed, and of whom, between the gallows and the knife, no mortal remnant may now remain; think of the hopeless clinging to life to the last, and the wild despair, far exceeding in anguish the felon's



death itself, by which they have heard the certainty of their speedy transmission to another world, with all their crimes upon their heads, rung into their ears by the officiating clergyman!

"At one time—and at no distant period either—the coffins of the men about to be executed were placed in that pew, upon the seat by their side, during the whole service. It may seem incredible, but it is strictly true. Let us hope that the increased spirit of civilization and humanity which abolished this frightful and degrading custom, may extend itself to other usages equally barbarous; usages which have not even the plea of utility in their defence, as every year's experience has shown them to be more and more ineffectual.

"Leaving the chapel, descending to the passage so frequently alluded to, and crossing the yard before noticed as being allotted to prisoners of a more respectable description than the generality of men confined here, the visitor arrives at a thick iron gate of great size and strength. Having been admitted through it by the turnkey on duty, he turns sharp round to the left, and pauses before another gate; and having past the last barrier, he stands in the most terrible part of this gloomy building—the condemned ward.

"The press-yard, well-known by name to newspaper readers, from its frequent mention (formerly, thank God!) in accounts of executions, is at the corner of the building, and next to the ordinary's house, in Newgate-street: running from Newgate street, towards the centre of the prison parallel with Newgate market. It is a long, narrow court, of which a portion of the wall in Newgate street forms one end, and the gate the other. At the upper end on the left-hand—that is, adjoining the wall in Newgate-street—is a cistern of water, and at the bottom a double grating (of which the gate itself forms a part) similar to that before described. Through these grates the prisoners are allowed to see their friends, a turnkey always remaining in the vacant space between, during the whole interview. Immediately on the right as you enter, is a building con-

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taining the press-room, day room and cells ; the yard is on every side surrounded by lofty walls guarded by *chevaux de frise* ; and the whole is under the constant inspection of vigilant and experienced turnkeys.

"In the first apartment into which we were conducted—which was at the top of a staircase, and immediately over the press-room—were five-and-twenty or thirty prisoners, all under sentence of death, awaiting the result of the Recorder's report—men of all ages and appearances, from a hardened old offender with swarthy face and grizzly beard of three days' growth, to a handsome boy, not fourteen years old, of singularly youthful appearance even for that age, who had been condemned for burglary. There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of these prisoners. One or two decently dressed men were brooding with a dejected air over the fire; several little groups of two or three had been engaged in conversation at the upper end of the room, or in the windows; and the remainder were crowded round a young man seated at the table, who appeared to be engaged in teaching the younger ones to write. The room was large, airy and clean. There was very little anxiety or mental suffering depicted in the countenance of any one of the men ;—they had all been sentenced to death, it is true, and the Recorder's report had not yet been made; but we question whether there was one man among them, notwithstanding, who did not know that although he had undergone the ceremony, it never was intended that his life should be sacrificed. On the table lay a Testament, but there were no signs of its having been in recent use.

"In the press-room below, were three men the nature of whose offence rendered it necessary to separate them, even from their companions in guilt. It is a long, sombre room, with two windows sunk into the stone wall, and here the wretched men are pinioned on the morning of their execution, before moving towards the scaffold. The fate of one of these men was uncertain; some mitigatory circumstances having come to light since his trial, which had been humanely represented in the proper quarter. The



other two had nothing to expect from the mercy of the crown; their doom was sealed; no plea could be urged in extenuation of their crime, and they well knew that for them there was no hope in this world. 'The two short ones,' the turnkey whispered, 'were dead men.'

"The man to whom we have alluded as entertaining some hopes of escape, was lounging at the greatest distance he could place between himself and his companions, in the window nearest the door. He was probably aware of our approach, and had assumed an air of courageous indifference; his face was purposely averted towards the window, and he stirred not an inch while we were present. The other two men were at the upper end of the room. One of them, who was imperfectly seen in the dim light, had his back towards us, and was stooping over the fire, with his right arm on the mantel-piece, and his head sunk upon it. The other was leaning on the sill of the furthest window. The light fell full upon him, and communicated to his pale, haggard face, and disordered hair, an appearance which, at that distance, was perfectly ghastly. His cheek rested upon his hand; and, with his face a little raised, and his eyes widely staring before him, he seemed to be unconsciously intent on counting the chinks in the opposite wall. We passed this room again afterwards. The first man was pacing up and down the court with a firm military step—he had been a soldier in the foot-guards—and a cloth cap jauntily thrown on one side of the head. He bowed respectfully to our conductor, and the salute was returned. The other two still remained in the positions we have described, and were motionless as statues.\*

"A few paces up the yard, and forming a continuation of the building, in which are the two rooms we have just quitted, lie the condemned cells. The entrance is by a narrow and obscure staircase leading to a dark passage, in which a charcoal stove casts a lurid tint over the objects in its immediate vicinity, and diffuses something like

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\*These two men were executed shortly afterwards. The other was respited during his Majesty's pleasure.

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warmth around. From the left-hand side of this passage the massive door of every cell on the story opens, and from it alone can they be approached. There are three of these passages, and three of these ranges of cells one above the other; but in size, furniture and appearance, they are all precisely alike. Prior to the Recorder's report being made, all the prisoners under sentence of death are removed from the day-room at five o'clock in the afternoon, and locked up in these cells, where they are allowed a candle until ten o'clock, and here they remain until seven next morning. When the warrant for a prisoner's execution arrives, he is immediately removed to the cells, and confined in one of them until he leaves it for the scaffold. He is at liberty to walk in the yard, but both in his walks and in his cell he is constantly attended by a turnkey, who never leaves him on any pretence whatever.

"We entered the first cell. It was a stone dungeon, eight feet long by six wide, with a bench at the further end, under which were a common horse-rug, a Bible and a Prayer-Book. An iron candlestick was fixed into the wall at the side; and a small high window in the back admitted as much air and light as could struggle in between a double row of heavy, crossed iron bars. It contained no other furniture of any description.

"Conceive the situation of a man, spending his last night on earth in this cell. Buoyed up with some vague and undefined hope of reprieve, he knew not why—indulging in some wild and visionary idea of escaping, he knew not how—hour after hour of the three preceding days allowed him for preparation, has fled with a speed which no man living would deem possible, for none but this dying man can know. He has wearied his friends with entreaties, exhausted the attendants with importunities, neglected, in his feverish restlessness, the timely warning of his spiritual consoler; and now that the illusion is at last dispelled, now that eternity is before him and guilt behind, now that his fears of death amount almost to madness, and an overwhelming sense of his helpless, hopeless state rushes upon him, he is lost and stupified, and has neither

thoughts to turn to, nor power to call upon the Almighty Being, from whom alone he can seek mercy and forgiveness, and before whom his repentance can alone avail.

"Hours have glided by, and still he sits upon the same stone bench with folded arms, heedless alike of the fast decreasing time before him, and the urgent entreaties of the good man at his side. The feeble light is wasting gradually, and the death-like stillness of the street without, broken only by the rumbling of some passing vehicle which echoes mournfully through the empty yards, warns him that the night is waning fast away. The deep bell of St. Paul's strikes—one! He heard it; it has roused him. Seven hours left! He paces the narrow limits of his cell with rapid strides, cold drops of terror starting on his forehead, and every muscle of his frame quivering with agony. Seven hours! He suffers himself to be led to his seat, mechanically takes the Bible which is placed in his hand, and tries to read and listen. No: his thoughts will wander. The book is torn and soiled by use—how like the book he read his lessons in at school just forty years ago! He has never bestowed a thought upon it since he left it as a child: and yet the place, the time, the room—nay, the very boys he played with, crowd as vividly before him as if they were scenes of yesterday; and some forgotten phrase, some childish word of kindness, rings in his ears like the echo of one uttered but a minute since. The deep voice of the clergyman recalls him to himself. He is reading from the sacred book its solemn promises of pardon for repentance, and its awful denunciation of obdurate men. He falls upon his knees and clasps his hands to pray. Hush! what sound was that? He starts upon his feet. It cannot be two yet. Hark! two quarters have struck;—the third—the fourth. It is! Six hours left. Tell him not of repentance. Six hours' repentance for eight times six years of guilt and sin! He buries his face in his hands, and throws himself on the bench.

"Worn with watching and excitement, he sleeps, and the same unsettled state of mind pursues him in his dreams. An insupportable load is taken from his breast;

he is walking with his wife in a pleasant field, with the bright blue sky above them, and a fresh and boundless prospect on every side—how different from the stone walls of Newgate! She is looking—not as she did when he saw her for the last time in that dreadful place, but as she used when he loved—long, long ago, before misery and ill-treatment had altered her looks, and vice had changed his nature, and she is leaning upon his arm, and looking up into his face with tenderness and affection—and he does *not* strike her now, nor rudely shake her from him. And oh! how glad he is to tell her all he had forgotten in that last hurried interview, and to fall on his knees before her and fervently beseech her pardon for all the unkindness and cruelty that wasted her form and broke her heart! The scene suddenly changes. He is on his trial again: there are the judge and jury, and prosecutors, and witnesses, just as they were before. How full the court is—what a sea of heads—with a gallows, too, and a scaffold—and how all those people stare at *him*! Verdict, ‘Guilty.’ No matter; he will escape.

“The night is dark and cold, the gates have been left open, and in an instant he is in the street, flying from the scene of his imprisonment like the wind. The streets are cleared, the open fields are gained, and the broad wide country lies before him. Onward he dashes in the midst of darkness, over hedge and ditch, through mud and pool, bounding from spot to spot with a speed and lightness astonishing even to himself. At length he pauses; he must be safe from pursuit now; he will stretch himself on that bank and sleep till sunrise.

“A period of unconsciousness succeeds. He wakes cold and wretched; the dull grey light of morning is stealing into the cell, and falls upon the form of the attendant turnkey. Confused by his dreams, he starts from his uneasy bed in momentary uncertainty. It is but momentary. Every object in that narrow cell is too frightfully real to admit of doubt or mistake. He is the condemned felon again, guilty and despairing; and in two hours more he is a corpse.”

The following is one of the liveliest of the *Sketches*, and gives a good idea of his style :

HORATIO SPARKINS.

"Indeed, my love, he paid Teresa very great attention on the last assembly night," said Mrs. Malderton, addressing her spouse, who after the fatigues of the day in the city, was sitting with a silk handkerchief over his head, and his feet on the fender, drinking his pot ;—"very great attention ; and I say again, every possible encouragement ought to be given him. He positively must be asked down here to dine."

"Who must ?" inquired Mr. Malderton.

"Why, you know whom I mean, my dear—the young man with the black whiskers and the white cravat, who has just come out at our assembly, and whom all the girls are talking about. Young—— dear me ! what's his name !—Marianne, what is his name ?" continued Mrs. Malderton, addressing her youngest daughter, who was engaged in netting a purse, and endeavouring to look sentimental.

"Mr. Horatio Sparkins, ma," replied Miss Marianne, with a Juliet-like sigh.

"Oh ! yes, to be sure—Horatio Sparkins," said Mrs. Malderton. "Decidedly the most gentleman-like young man I ever saw. I am sure, in the beautifully-made coat he wore the other night, he looked like—like——"

"Like Prince Leopold, ma,—so noble, so full of sentiment !" suggested Miss Marianne, in a tone of enthusiastic admiration.

"You should recollect, my dear," resumed Mrs. Malderton, "that Teresa is now eight-and-twenty ; and that it really is very important that something should be done."

Miss Teresa Malderton was a very little girl, rather fat, with vermilion cheeks, but good-humored, and still disengaged, although, to do her justice, the misfortune arose from no lack of perseverance on her part. In vain had she flirted for ten years ; in vain had Mr. and Mrs.



Malderton assiduously kept up an extensive acquaintance among the young eligible bachelors of Camberwell, and even of Wandsworth and Brixton; to say nothing of those who "dropped in" from town. Miss Malderton was as well known as the lion on the top of Northumberland House, and had an equal chance of "going off."

"I am quite sure you'd like him," continued Mrs. Malderton; "he is so gentlemanly!"

"So clever!" said Miss Marianne.

"And has such a flow of language!" added Miss Teresa.

"He has a great respect for you, my dear," said Mrs. Malderton to her husband, in a confident tone. Mr. Malderton coughed, and looked at the fire.

"Yes, I'm sure he's very much attached to pa's society," said Miss Marianne.

"No doubt of it," echoed Miss Teresa.

"Indeed, he said as much to me in confidence," observed Mrs. Malderton.

"Well, well," returned Mr. Malderton, somewhat flattered; "if I see him at the assembly to-morrow, perhaps I'll ask him down here. I hope he knows we live at Oak Lodge, Camberwell, my dear?"

"Of course—and that you keep a one-horse carriage."

"I'll see about it," said Mr. Malderton, composing himself for a nap; "I'll see about it."

Mr. Malderton was a man whose whole scope of ideas was limited to Lloyd's, the Exchange, the India House, and the Bank. A few successful speculations had raised him from a situation of obscurity and comparative poverty to a state of affluence. As it frequently happens in such cases, the ideas of himself and his family became elevated to an extraordinary pitch, as their means increased; they affected fashion, taste, and many other fooleries, in imitation of their betters, and had a very decided and becoming horror of anything which could by possibility be considered *low*. He was hospitable from ostentation, illiberal from ignorance, and prejudiced from conceit. Egotism and the love of display induced him to keep an excellent table: convenience, and a love of the good things of this

life, ensured him plenty of guests. He liked to have clever men, or what he considered such, at his table, because it was a great thing to talk about; but he never could endure what he called "sharp fellows." Probably he cherished this feeling out of compliment to his two sons, who gave their respected parent no uneasiness in that particular. The family were ambitious of forming acquaintances and connections in some sphere of society superior to that in which they themselves moved; and one of the necessary consequences of this desire, added to their ignorance of the world beyond their own small circle, was, that any one who could plausibly lay claim to an acquaintance with people of rank and title, had a sure passport to the table at Oak Lodge, Canberwell.

The appearance of Mr. Horatio Sparkins at the assembly had excited no small degree of surprise and curiosity among its regular frequenters. Who could he be?—He was evidently reserved, and apparently melancholy. Was he a clergyman?—He danced too well. A barrister? He was not called. He used very fine words, and said a great deal. Could he be a distinguished foreigner come to England for the purpose of describing the country, its manners and customs; and frequenting public balls and public dinners, with the view of becoming acquainted with high life, polished etiquette, and English refinement?—No, he had not a foreign accent. Was he a surgeon, a contributor to the Magazines, a writer of fashionable novels, or an artist?—No; to each and all of these surmises there existed some valid objection.—"Then," said every body, "he must be *somebody*."—"I should think he must be," reasoned Mr. Malderton, with himself, "because he perceives our superiority, and pays us so much attention."

The night succeeding the conversation we have just recorded was "assembly night." The double-fly was ordered to be at the door of Oak Lodge at nine o'clock precisely. The Miss Maldertons were dressed in sky-blue satin, trimmed with artificial flowers; and Mrs. M. (who was a little fat woman), in ditto ditto, looked like her

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eldest daughter multiplied by two. Mr. Frederick Malderton, the eldest son, in full-dress costume, was the very *beau ideal* of a smart waiter; and Mr. Thomas Malderton, the youngest, with his white dress-stock, blue coat, bright buttons, and red watch-ribbon, strongly resembled the portrait of that interesting, though somewhat rash young gentleman, George Barnwell. Every member of the party had made up his or her mind to cultivate the acquaintance of Mr. Horatio Sparkins. Miss Teresa, of course, was to be as amiable and interesting as ladies of eight-and-twenty on the look out for a husband usually are; Mrs. Malderton would be all smiles and graces; Miss Marianne would request the favor of some verses for her album; Mr. Malderton would patronise the great unknown by asking him to dinner; and Tom intended to ascertain the extent of his information on the interesting topics of snuff and cigars. Even Mr. Frederick Malderton himself, the family authority on all points of taste, dress, and fashionable arrangement—who had lodgings of his own in town; who had a free admission to Covent-garden theatre, who always dressed according to the fashions of the months, who went up the water twice a week in the season, and who actually had an intimate friend who once knew a gentleman who formerly lived in the Albany,—even he had determined that Mr. Horatio Sparkins must be a devilish good fellow, and that he would do him the honor of challenging him to a game at billiards.

The first object that met the anxious eyes of the expectant family on their entrance into the ball-room, was the interesting Horatio, with his hair brushed off his forehead, and his eyes fixed on the ceiling, reclining in a contemplative attitude on one of the seats.

"There he is, my dear, anxiously whispered Mrs. Malderton to Mr. Malderton.

"How like Lord Byron!" murmured Miss Teresa.

"Or Montgomery!" whispered Miss Marianne.

"Or the portraits of Captain Ross!" suggested Tom.

"Tom—don't be an ass!" said his father, who checked him upon all occasions, probably with a view to pre-

vent his becoming "sharp"—which was very unnecessary.

The elegant Sparkins attitudinized with admirable effect until the family had crossed the room. He then started up with the most natural appearance of surprise and delight; accosted Mrs. Malderton with the utmost cordiality, saluted the young ladies in the most enchanting manner; bowed to, and shook hands with Mr. Malderton, with a degree of respect amounting almost to veneration, and returned the greetings of the two young men in a half-gratified, half-patronizing manner, which fully convinced them that he must be an important, and, at the same time, condescending personage.

"Miss Malderton," said Horatio, after the ordinary salutations, and bowing very low, "may I be permitted to presume to hope that you will allow me to have the pleasure——"

"I don't think I am engaged," said Miss Teresa, with a dreadful affectation of indifference—"but, really—so many——"

Horatio looked as handsomely miserable as a Hamlet sliding upon a bit of orangepeel.

"I shall be most happy," simpered the interesting Teresa, at last; and Horatio's countenance brightened up like an old hat in a shower of rain.

"A very genteel young man, certainly!" said the gratified Mr. Malderton, as the obsequious Sparkins and his partner joined the quadrille which was just forming.

"He has a remarkably good address," said Mr. Frederick.

"Yes, he is a prime fellow," interposed Tom, who always managed to put his foot in it—"he talks just like an auctioneer."

"Tom," said his father solemnly, "I think I desired you before not to be a fool."—Tom looked as happy as a cock on a drizzly morning.

"How delightful!" said the interesting Horatio to his partner, as they promenaded the room at the conclusion of the set—"how delightful, how refreshing it is, to re-

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tire from the cloudy storms, the vicissitudes, and the troubles of life, even if it be but for a few short fleeting moments; and to spend those moments, fading and evanescent though they be, in the delightful, the blessed society of one individual—of her whose frowns would be death, whose coldness would be madness, whose falsehood would be ruin, whose constancy would be bliss; the possession of whose affection would be the brightest and best reward that Heaven could bestow on man."

"What feeling! what sentiment!" thought Miss Teresa, as she leaned more heavily upon her companion's arm.

"But enough—enough!" resumed the elegant Sparkins, with a theatrical air. "What have I said? what have I—I—to do with sentiments like these? Miss Malderton—" here he stopped short—"may I hope to be permitted to offer the humble tribute of—"

"Really, Mr. Sparkins," returned the enraptured Teresa, blushing in the sweetest confusion, "I must refer you to papa. I never can, without his consent, venture to—to—"

"Surely he cannot object—"

"Oh, yes. Indeed, indeed, you know him not," interrupted Miss Teresa, well knowing there was nothing to fear, but wishing to make the interview resemble a scene in some romantic novel.

"He cannot object to my offering you a glass of negus," returned the adorable Sparkins, with some surprise.

"Is that all?" said the disappointed Teresa to herself. "What a fuss about nothing!"

"It will give me the greatest pleasure, sir, to see you to dinner at Oak Lodge, Camberwell, on Sunday next at five o'clock, if you have no better engagement," said Mr. Malderton, at the conclusion of the evening, as he and his sons were standing in conversation with Mr. Horatio Sparkins.

Horatio bowed his acknowledgments, and accepted the flattering invitation.

"I must confess," continued the manœuvring father, offering his snuff-box to his new acquaintance, "that I don't enjoy these assemblies half so much as the comfort

—I had almost said the luxury—of Oak Lodge: they have no great charms for an elderly man.”

“And after all, sir, what is man?” said the metaphysical Sparkins—“I say, what is man?”

“Ah! very true,” said Mr. Malderton—“very true.”

“We know that we live and breathe,” continued Horatio; that we have wants and wishes, desires and appetites—”

“Certainly,” said Mr. Frederic Malderton, looking very profound.

“I say we know that we exist,” repeated Horatio, raising his voice, “but there we stop, there is an end to our knowledge; there is the summit of our attainments; there is the termination of our ends. What more do we know?”

“Nothing,” replied Mr. Frederick—than whom no one was more capable of answering for himself in that particular. Tom was about to hazard something, but fortunately for his reputation he caught his father’s angry eye, and slunk off like a puppy convicted of petty larceny.

“Upon my word,” said Mr. Malderton the elder, as they were returning home in the ‘Fly,’ “that Mr. Sparkins is a wonderful young man. Such surprising knowledge! such extraordinary information! and such a splendid mode of expressing himself!”

“I think he must be somebody in disguise,” said Miss Marianne. “How charmingly romantic!”

“He talks very loud and nicely,” timidly observed Tom, “but I don’t exactly understand what he means.”

“I almost begin to despair of *your* understanding anything, sir,” said his father, who, of course, had been much enlightened by Mr. Horatio Sparkins’ conversation.

“It strikes me, Tom,” said Miss Teresa, “that you have made yourself very ridiculous this evening.”

“No doubt of it,” cried everybody, and the unfortunate Tom reduced himself into the least possible space. That night Mr. and Mrs. Malderton had a long conversation respecting their daughter’s prospects and future arrangements. Miss Teresa went to bed considering whether, in the event of her marrying a title, she could conscientiously

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encourage the visits of her present associates ; and dreamt all night of disguised noblemen, large routs, ostrich plumes, bridal favors and Horatio Sparkins.

Various surmises were hazarded on the Sunday morning, as to the mode of conveyance which the anxiously expected Horatio would adopt. Did he keep a gig ?—was it possible he could come on horseback ?—or would he patronize the stage ? These, and various other conjectures of equal importance, engrossed the attention of Mrs. Malderton and her daughters the whole morning.

"Upon my word, my dear, it's a most annoying thing that that vulgar brother of yours should have invited himself to dine here to-day," said Mr. Malderton to his wife. "On account of Mr. Sparkins coming down, I purposely abstained from asking anyone but Flamwell. And then, to think of your brother—a tradesman—it's insufferable. I declare I wouldn't have him to mention his shop before our new guests—no, not for a thousand pounds ! I wouldn't care if he had the good sense to conceal the disgrace he is to the family ; but he is so cursedly fond of his horrid business, that he will let people know what he is."

Mr. Jacob Barton the individual alluded to, was a large grocer ; so vulgar, and so lost to all sense of feeling that he actually never scrupled to avow that he wasn't above his business : "He'd make his money by it, and he didn't care who know'd it."

"Ah ! Flamwell, my dear fellow, how d'ye do ?" said Mr. Malderton as a little spoffish man, with green spectacles, entered the room, "You got my note ?"

"Yes, I did ; and here I am in consequence."

"You don't happen to know this Mr. Sparkins by name ? You know everybody."

Mr. Flamwell was one of those gentlemen of remarkably extensive information, whom one occasionally meets in society, who pretend to know everybody, but in reality know nobody. At Malderton's, where any stories about great people were received with a greedy ear, he was an especial favorite ; and knowing the kind of people he



had to deal with, he carried his passion of claiming acquaintance with everybody to the most immoderate length. He had rather a singular way of telling his greatest lies in a parenthesis, and with an air of self-denial, as if he feared being thought egotistical.

"Why, no I don't know him by that name," returned Flamwell, in a low tone, and with an air of immense importance. "I have no doubt I know him though. Is he tall!"

"Middle sized," said Miss Teresa.

"With black hair?" inquired Flamwell, hazarding a bold guess.

"Yes," returned Miss Teresa, eagerly.

"Rather a snub nose?"

"No," said the disappointed Teresa, "he has a Roman nose."

"I said a Roman nose, didn't I?" inquired Flamwell.

"He's an elegant young man?"

"Oh, certainly."

"With remarkably prepossessing manners?"

"Oh, yes!" said all the family together. "You must know him."

"Yes, I thought you knew him, if he was anybody," triumphantly exclaimed Mr. Malderton. "Who d'ye think he is?"

"Why, from your description," said Flamwell, ruminating, and sinking his voice almost to a whisper, "he bears a strong resemblance to the Honorable Augustus Fitz-Edward Fitz-John Fitz-Osborne. He's a very talented young man, and rather eccentric. It's extremely probable he may have changed his name for some temporary purpose."

Teresa's heart beat high. Could he be the Honourable Augustus Fitz-Edward Fitz-John Fitz-Osborne! What a name to be elegantly engraved upon two glazed cards, tied together with a piece of white satin ribbon! "The Honorable Mrs. Augustus Fitz-Edward Fitz-John Fitz-Osborne!" The thought was transport.

"It's five minutes to five," said Mr. Malderton, looking at his watch: "I hope he's not going to disappoint us."

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"There he is exclaimed Teresa, as a loud double-knock was heard at the door. Everybody endeavored to look—as people when they particularly expect a visitor always do—as if they were perfectly unconscious of the approach of any body.

The room-door opened—"Mr. Barton!" said the servant. "Confound the man!" murmured Malderton. "Ah! my dear sir, how d'ye do! Any news?"

"Why, no," returned the grocer, in his usual honest, bluff manner. "No, none particklar. None that I am much aware of.—How d'ye do, gals and boys?—Mr. Flamwell, sir—glad to see you."

"Here's Mr. Sparkins," said Tom, who had been looking out at the window, "on *such* a black horse!"—There was Horatio, sure enough, on a large black horse, curveting and prancing along like an Astley's supernumerary. After a great deal of reigning in and pulling up, with the usual accompaniments of snorting, rearing, and kicking, the animal consented to stop at about a hundred yards from the gate, where Mr. Sparkins dismounted, and confided him to the care of Mr. Malderton's groom. The ceremony of introduction was gone through in all due form. Mr. Flamwell looked from behind his green spectacles at Horatio with an air of mysterious importance; and the gallant Horatio looked unutterable things at Teresa, who tried in her turn to appear uncommonly lackadaisical.

"Is he the honorable Mr. Augustus—what's his name?" whispered Mrs. Malderton to Flamwell, as he was escorting her to the dining-room.

"Why, no—at least not exactly," returned that great authority—"not exactly."

"Who is he then?"

"Hush!" said Flamwell, nodding his head with a grave air, importing that he knew very well; but was prevented by some grave reasons of state from disclosing the important secret. It might be one of the ministers making himself acquainted with the views of the people.

"Mr. Sparkins," said the delighted Mrs. Malderton,



"pray divide the ladies. John, put a chair for the gentleman between Miss Teresa and Miss Marianne." This was addressed to a man who, on ordinary occasions, acted as half-groom, half-gardener; but who, as it was most important to make an impression on Mr. Sparkins, had been forced into a white neckerchief and shoes, and touched up and brushed to look like a second footman.

"The dinner was excellent; Horatio was most attentive to Miss Teresa, and every one felt in high spirits except Mr. Malderton, who, knowing the propensity of his brother-in-law, Mr. Barton, endured that sort of agony which the newspapers inform us is experienced by the surrounding neighborhood when a pot-boy hangs himself in a hay-loft, and which is "much easier to be imagined than described."

"Have you seen your friend, Sir 'Thomas Noland, lately, Flamwell?" inquired Mr. Malderton, casting a side-long look at Horatio, to see what effect the mention of so great a name had upon him.

"Why, no—not very lately; I saw Lord Gubbleton the day before yesterday."

"Ah! I hope his lordship is very well," said Malderton, in a tone of the greatest interest. It is scarcely necessary to say that until that moment he had been quite innocent of the existence of such a person.

"Why, yes; he was very well—very well indeed. He's a devilish good fellow; I met him in the City, and had a long chat with him. Indeed, I'm rather intimate with him. I couldn't stop to talk to him as long as I could wish, though, because I was on my way to a banker's, a very rich man, and a member of Parliament, with whom I am also rather, indeed I may say, very intimate."

"I know whom you mean," returned the host, consequentially, in reality knowing as much about the matter as Flamwell himself.

"He has a capital business."

"This was touching on a dangerous topic."

"Talking of business," interposed Mr. Barton, from the centre of the table. "A gentleman that you knew very

well, Malderton, before you made that first lucky spec of yours, called at our shop the other day, and——”

“Barton, may I trouble you for a potato,” interrupted the wretched master of the house, hoping to nip the story in the bud.

“Certainly,” returned the grocer, quite unconscious of his brother-in-law’s object—“and he said in a very plain manner——”

“*Floury*, if you please,” interrupted Malderton again; dreading the termination of the anecdote, and fearing a repetition of the word “shop.”

“He said, says he,” continued the culprit, after despatching the potato—“says he, how goes on your business? So I said jokingly—you know my way—says I, I’m never above my business, and I hope my business will never be above me. Ha, ha!”

“Mr. Sparkins,” said the host, vainly endeavoring to conceal his dismay, “a glass of wine!”

“With the utmost pleasure, sir.”

“Happy to see you.”

“Thank you.”

“We were talking the other evening,” resumed the host, addressing Horatio, partly with the view of displaying the conversational powers of his new acquaintance, and partly in the hope of drowning the grocer’s stories—“we were talking the other day about the nature of man. Your argument struck me very forcibly.”

“And me,” said Mr. Frederick. Horatio made a graceful inclination of the head.

“Pray, what is your opinion of woman, Mr. Sparkins?” inquired Mrs. Malderton. The young ladies simpered.

“Man,” replied Horatio, “man, whether he ranged the bright, gay, flowery plains of a second Eden, or the more sterile, barren, and, I may say, commonplace regions, to which we are compelled to accustom ourselves in times such as these; man, I say, under any circumstances, or in any place—whether he were bending beneath the withering blasts of a frigid zone, or scorching under the rays of a vertical sun—man, without woman, would be—alone.”

"I'm very happy to find you entertain such honorable opinions, Mr. Sparkins," said Mrs. Malderton.

"And I," added Miss Teresa. Horatio looked his delight, and the young lady blushed like a full-blown peony.

"Now, it's my opinion," said Mr. Barton——

"I know what you're going to say," interposed Malderton, determined not to give his relation another opportunity, "and I don't agree with you."

"What?" inquired the astonished grocer.

"I am sorry to differ from you, Barton," said the host, in as positive a manner as if he really were contradicting a position which the other had laid down, "but I cannot give my assent to what I consider a very monstrous proposition."

"But I meant to say——"

"You never can convince me," said Malderton, with an air of obstinate determination. "Never."

"And I," said Mr. Frederick, following up his father's attack, "cannot entirely agree in Mr. Sparkins' argument."

"What?" said Horatio, who became more metaphysical, and more argumentative, as he saw the female part of the family listening in wondering delight—"what! is effect the consequence of cause? Is cause the precursor of effect?"

"That's the point," said Flamwell.

"To be sure," said Mr. Malderton.

"Because, if effect is the consequence of cause, and if cause does precede effect, I apprehend you are decidedly wrong," added Horatio,

"Decidedly," said the toad-eating Flamwell.

"At least I apprehend that to be the just and logical deduction," said Mr. Sparkins, in a tone of interrogation.

"No doubt of it," chimed in Flamwell again. "It settles the point."

"Well, perhaps it does," said Mr. Frederick; "I didn't see it before."

"I don't exactly see it now," thought the grocer; but I suppose it's all right."

"How wonderfully clever he is!" whispered Mrs. Mal-

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derton to her daughters, as they retired to the drawing-room.

"Oh, he's quite a love!" said both of the young ladies together; he talks like an oracle. He must have seen a great deal of life."

"The gentlemen being left to themselves, a pause ensued, during which every body looked grave, as if they were quite overcome by the profound nature of the previous discussion. Flamwell, who had made up his mind to find out who and what Mr. Horatio Sparkins really was, first broke silence.

"Excuse me, sir," said that distinguished personage—"I presume you have studied for the bar? I thought of entering once myself—indeed I'm rather intimate with some of the highest ornaments of that distinguished profession."

"No—no!" said Horatio, with a little hesitation; "not exactly."

"But you have been much among the silk gowns, or I mistake?" inquired Flamwell deferentially.

"Nearly all my life," returned Sparkins.

"The question was thus pretty well settled in the mind of Mr. Flamwell.—He was a young gentleman "about to be called."

"I shouldn't like to be a barrister," said Tom, speaking for the first time, and looking round the table to find somebody who would notice the remark.

"No one made any reply.

"I shouldn't like to wear a wig," added Tom, hazarding another observation.

"Tom, I beg you'll not make yourself ridiculous," said his father. "Pray listen, and improve yourself by the conversation you hear, and don't be constantly making these absurd remarks."

"Very well, father," replied the unfortunate Tom, who had not spoken a word since he had asked for another slice of beef at a quarter past five, P. M., and it was then eight.

"Well, Tom," observed his good-natured uncle, "never

mind; I think with you. *I shouldn't like to wear a wig. I'd rather wear an apron.*"

Mr. Malderton coughed violently. Mr. Barton resumed—"For if a man's above his business——"

The cough returned with tenfold violence, and did not cease until the unfortunate cause of it, in his alarm, had quite forgotten what he intended to say.

"Mr. Sparkins," said Flamwell, returning to the charge, "do you happen to know Mr. Delafontaine, of Bedford square?"

"I have exchanged cards with him; since which, indeed, I have had an opportunity of serving him considerably," replied Horatio, slightly coloring, no doubt, at having been betrayed into making the acknowledgment.

"You are very lucky, if you have had an opportunity of obliging that great man," observed Flamwell, with an air of profound respect.

"I don't know who he is," he whispered to Mr. Malderton, confidentially, as they followed Horatio up to the drawing-room. "It's quite clear, however, that he belongs to the law, and that he is somebody of great importance, and very highly connected."

"No doubt, no doubt," returned his companion.

The remainder of the evening passed away most delightfully. Mr. Malderton, relieved from his apprehensions by the circumstance of Mr. Barton's falling into a profound sleep, was as affable and gracious as possible. Miss Teresa played the "Fall of Paris," as Mr. Sparkins declared, in a most masterly manner, and both of them, assisted by Mr. Frederick, tried over glees and trios without number; they having made the pleasing discovery that their voices harmonized beautifully. To be sure, they all sang the first part; and Horatio, in addition to the slight drawback of having no ear, was perfectly innocent of knowing a note of music; still they passed time away very agreeably, and it was past twelve o'clock before Mr. Sparkins ordered the mourning-coach-looking steed to be brought out—an order which was only complied with, upon the distinct understanding that he was to repeat his visit on the following Sunday.



"But, perhaps, Mr. Sparkins will form one of our party to-morrow evening?" suggested Mrs. M. "Mr. Malderton intends taking the girls to see the pantomime."—Mr. Sparkins bowed, and promised to join the party in box 48, in the course of the evening.

"We will not tax you for the morning," said Miss Teresa, bewitchingly; "for ma is going to take us to all sorts of places, shopping. But I know that gentlemen have a great horror of that employment." Mr. Sparkins bowed again, and declared that he should be delighted, but business of importance occupied him in the morning. Flamwell looked at Malderton significantly.—"It's term time!" he whispered.

At twelve o'clock on the following morning, the "fly" was at the door of Oak Lodge, to convey Mrs. Malderton and her daughters on their expedition for the day. They were to dine and dress for the play at a friend's house; first driving thither with their band-boxes, they departed on their first errand to make some purchases at Messrs. Jones, Spruggins, and Smith's, of Tottenham-court road; after which they were to go to Redmayne's, in Bond-street; and thence to innumerable places that no one ever heard of. The young ladies beguiled the tediousness of the ride by eulogizing Mr. Horatio Sparkins, scolding their mamma for taking them so far to save a shilling, and wondering whether they should ever reach their destination. At length the vehicle stopped before a dirty-looking ticketed linen-draper's shop, with goods of all kinds, and labels of all sorts and sizes in the window. There were dropsical figures of a seven with a little three-farthings in the corner, something like the aquatic animalculæ disclosed by the gas microscope, "perfectly invisible to the naked eye;" three hundred and fifty thousand ladies' boas, *from* one shilling and a penny halfpenny; real French kid shoes, at two and ninepence per pair; green parasols, with handles like carving-forks, at an equally cheap rate; and "every description of goods," as the proprietors said—and they must know best—"fifty per cent. under cost price."

"La! ma, what a place you have brought us to!" said



Miss Teresa; "what *would* Mr. Sparkins say if he could see us!"

"Ah! what, indeed!" said Miss Marianne, horrified at the idea.

"Pray be seated, ladies. What is the first article?" inquired the obsequious master of ceremonies of the establishment, who, in his large white neckcloth and formal tie, looked like a bad "portrait of a gentleman" in the Somerset-house exhibition.

"I want to see some silks," answered Mrs. Malderton.

"Directly, ma'am.—Mr. Smith! Where is Mr. Smith?"

"Here, sir," cried a voice at the back of the shop.

"Pray make haste, Mr. Smith," said the M. C. "You never are to be found when you're wanted, sir."

Mr. Smith, thus enjoined to use all possible dispatch, leaped over the counter with great agility, and placed himself before the newly-arrived customers. Mrs. Malderton uttered a faint scream; Miss Teresa, who had been stooping down to talk to her sister, raised her head, and beheld—Horatio Sparkins!

"We will draw a veil," as novel writers say, over the scene that ensued. The mysterious, philosophical, romantic, metaphysical Sparkins—he who, to the interesting Teresa, seemed like the embodied idea of the young dukes and poetical exquisites in blue silk dressing-gowns, and ditto ditto slippers, of whom she had read and dreamt, but had never expected to behold—was suddenly converted into Mr. Samuel Smith, the assistant at a "cheap shop;" the junior partner in a slippery firm of some three weeks' existence. The dignified evanishment of the hero of Oak Lodge on this unexpected announcement, could only be equalled by that of a furtive dog with a considerable kettle at his tail. All the hopes of the Maldertons were destined at once to melt away, like the lemon ices at a Company's dinner; Almacks was still to them as distant as the North Pole; and Miss Teresa had about as much chance of a husband as Captain Ross had of the north-west passage.

Years have elapsed since the occurrence of this dread-

ful morning. The daisies have thrice bloomed on Camberwell-green—the sparrows have thrice repeated their vernal chirps in Camberwell-grove; but the Miss Maldertons are still unmated. Miss Teresa's case is more desperate than ever; but Flamwell is yet in the zenith of his reputation; and the family have the predilection for aristocratic personages, with an increased aversion to anything low."

We give the following as a sample of his inimitable comic humor, and ability to take off the peculiarities and eccentricities of human nature :

#### THE PARLOR ORATOR.

We had been lounging one evening, down Oxford-street, Holborn, Cheapside, Coleman-street, Finsbury-square, and so on, with the intention of returning by Pentonville and the New-road, when we began to feel rather thirsty, and disposed to rest for five or ten minutes. So, we turned back towards an old, quiet, decent public-house which we remembered to have passed but a moment before, (it was not far from the City-road,) for the purpose of solacing ourself with a glass of ale. The house was none of your stuccoed, French-polished, illuminated palaces, but a modest public-house of the old school, with a little old bar, and a little old landlord, who, with a wife and daughter of the same pattern, was comfortably seated in the bar aforesaid—a snug little room with a cheerful fire, protected by a large screen, from behind which the young lady emerged on our representing our inclination for a glass of ale.

"Won't you walk into the parlor, sir?" said the young lady, in seductive tones.

"You had better walk into the parlor, sir," said the little old landlord, throwing his chair back, and looking round one side of the screen, to survey our appearance.

"You had much better step into the parlor, sir," said the little old lady, popping out her head, on the other side of the screen.

We cast a slight glance around, as if to express our ignorance of the locality so much recommended. The little old landlord observed it; bustled out of the small door of the small bar; and forthwith ushered us into the parlor itself.

It was an ancient, dark-looking room, with oaken wainscoting, a sanded floor, and a high mantelpiece. The walls were ornamented with three or four old colored prints in black frames, each print representing a naval engagement, with a couple of men-of-war banging away at each other most vigorously, while another vessel or two were blowing up in the distance, and the foreground presented a miscellaneous collection of broken masts and blue legs sticking up out of the water. Depending from the ceiling in the centre of the room, were a gas-light and bell-pull; and on each side were three or four long narrow tables, behind which was a thickly planted row of nose-slippy, shiny-looking wooden chairs, peculiar to places of this description. The monotonous appearance of the sanded boards was relieved by an occasional spittoon; and a triangular pile of those useful articles adorned the two upper corners of the apartment.

At the furthest table, nearest the fire, with his face towards the door at the bottom of the room, sat a stoutish man of about forty, whose short, stiff, black hair curled closely round a broad high forehead, and a face to which something besides water and exercise had communicated a rather inflamed appearance. He was smoking a cigar, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, and had that confident oracular air which marked him as the leading politician, general authority, and universal anecdote-relater of the place. He had evidently just delivered himself of something very weighty: for the remainder of the company were puffing at their respective pipes and cigars in a kind of solemn abstraction, as if quite overwhelmed with the magnitude of the subject recently under discussion.

On his right hand sat an elderly gentleman with a white head and broad brimmed brown hat; and on his left, a sharp-nosed light-haired man in a brown surtout

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reaching near his heels, who took a whiff at his pipe, and an admiring glance at the red-faced man, alternately.

"Very extraordinary!" said the light-haired man after a pause of five minutes. A murmur of assent ran through the company.

"Not at all extraordinary—not at all," said the red-faced man, awakening suddenly from his reverie, and turning upon the light-haired man, the moment he had spoken.

"Why should it be extraordinary?—why is it extraordinary?—prove it to be extraordinary!"

"Oh, if you come to that—" said the light-haired man.

"Come to that!" ejaculated the man with the red face; "but we must come to that. We stand, in these times, upon a calm elevation of intellectual attainment, and not in the dark recess of mental deprivation. Proof is what I require—proof, and not assertions in this stirring times. Every gen'lem'n that knows me, knows what was the nature and effect of my observations, when it was in the contemplation of the Old Street Suburban Representative Discovery Society, to recommend a candidate for that place in Cornwall there—I forgot the name of it. 'Mr. Snobee,' said Mr. Wilson, 'is a fit and proper person to represent the borough in Parliament.' 'Prove it,' says I. 'He is a friend to Reform,' says Mr. Wilson. 'Prove it,' says I. 'The abolitionist of the national debt, the unflinching opponent of pensions, the uncompromising advocate of the negro, the reducer of sinecures and the duration of Parliament; the extender of nothing but the suffrages of the people,' says Mr. Wilson. 'Prove it,' says I. 'His acts prove it,' says he. 'Prove *them*,' says I.

"And he could not prove them," said the red-faced man, looking round triumphantly; "and the borough didn't have him; and if you carried this principle to the full extent, you have no debt, no pensions, no sinecures, no negroes, no nothing. And then standing upon an elevation of intellectual attainment, and having reached the summit of popular prosperity, you might bid defiance to the nations of the earth, and erect yourselves in the proud

confidence of wisdom and superiority. This is my argument—this always has been my argument—and if I was a Member of the House of Commons to-morrow I'd make 'em shake in their shoes with it." And the red faced man having struck the table with his clenched fist, by way of adding weight to his declaration, smoked away like a brewery.

"Well!" said the sharp-nosed man, in a very slow and soft voice, addressing the company in general, "I always do say that of all the gentlemen I have the pleasure of meeting in this room, there is not one whose conversation I like to hear so much as Mr. Rogers's, or who is such improving company."

"Improving company?" said Mr. Rogers, for that was the name of the red faced man, "You may say I am improving company, for I've improved you all to some purpose, though as to my conversation being as my friend Mr. Ellis here describes it, that is not for me to say anything about. You, gentlemen, are the best judges on that point; but this I will say, when I first came into this parish, and first used this room, ten years ago, I don't believe there was a man in it who knew he was a slave, and now you all know it, and writhe under it. Inscribe that upon my tomb, and I am satisfied."

"Why as to inscribing it on your tomb," said a little greengrocer with a rather chubby face, "of course you can have anything chalked up, as you likes to pay for, so far as it relates to yourself and your affairs; but when you come and talk about slaves and that there abuse, you had better keep it in the family, 'cos I for one don't like to be called them names night after night."

"You *are* a slave," said the red faced man, "and the most pitiable of all slaves."

"Werry hard if I am," interrupted the greengrocer, "for I got no good out of the twenty million that was paid for 'mancipation, any how."

"A willing slave," ejaculated the red faced man, getting more red with eloquence and contradiction—"resigning the dearest birthright of your children—neglecting the

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sacred call of Liberty—who standing imploringly before you appeals to the warmest feelings of your heart and points to your helpless infants, but in vain.”

“Prove it,” said the greengrocer.

“Prove it!” sneered the man with the red face. “What! bending beneath the yoke of an insolent and factious oligarchy; bowed down by the domination of cruel laws; groaning beneath tyranny and oppression on every hand, at every side, and in every corner. Prove it!” The red faced man abruptly broke off, sneered melo-dramatically, and buried his countenance and his indignation together in a pint pot.

“Ah, to be sure, Mr. Rogers,” said a stout broker in a large waistcoat, who had kept his eyes fixed on this luminary all the time he was speaking. “Ah, to be sure,” said the broker with a sigh, “that’s the point.”

“Of course, of course,” said divers members of the company, who understood almost as much about the matter as the broker himself.

“You had better let him alone, Tommy,” said the broker, by way of advice to the little greengrocer, “he can tell what’s o’clock by an eight-day, without looking at the minute-hand, he can. Try it on on some other suit; it won’t do with him, Tommy.”

“What is a man?” continued the red faced specimen of the species, jerking his hat indignantly from its peg on the wall. “What is an Englishman? Is he to be trampled upon by every oppressor? Is he to be knocked down at every body’s bidding? What’s freedom? Not a standing army. What’s a standing army? Not freedom. What’s general happiness? Not universal misery. Liberty ain’t the window tax, is it? The Lords ain’t the Commons, are they?” And the red faced man gradually bursting into a radiating sentence, in which such adjectives as “dastardly,” “oppressive,” “violent,” and “sanguinary,” formed the most conspicuous words, knocked his hat indignantly over his eyes, left the room, and slammed the door after him.

“Wonderful man!” said he of the sharp nose.

“Splendid speaker,” added the broker.



"Great power!" said everybody but the greengrocer. And, as they said it, the whole party shook their heads mysteriously, and one by one retired, leaving us alone in the old parlor.

If we had followed the established precedent in all such instances, we should have fallen into a fit of musing, without delay. The ancient appearance of the room—the old panelling of the wall—the chimney blackened with smoke and age—would have carried us back a hundred years at least, and we should have gone dreaming on, until the pewter-pot on the table, or the little beer chiller on the fire, had started into life, and addressed to us a long story of days gone by. But by some means or other, we were not in a romantic humour; and although we tried very hard to invest the furniture with vitality, it remained perfectly unmoved, obstinate and sullen. Being thus reduced to the unpleasant necessity of musing about ordinary matters, our thoughts reverted to the red-faced man, and his oratorical display.

A numerous race are those red faced men; there is not a parlour, or club-room, or benefit society, or humble party of any kind without its red-faced man. Weak-pate ddolts they are, and a great deal of mischief they do to their cause, however good. So, just to hold a pattern one up, to know the others by, we took his likeness at once, and put him in here. And this is the reason why we have written this paper.

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## CHAPTER III.

RIISING FAME.—NEGOTIATIONS WITH MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL.—SEYMOUR, THE ARTIST.—“PICKWICK PAPERS.”—MONTHLY SERIES.—DEDICATION.—ORIGIN OF THE TITLE.—ITS FAILURE FEARED.—SAM WELLER.—IMMENSE SUCCESS.—RIVAL AUTHORS.—BULWER.—SCOTT.—COMMENTS.—EXTRACTS.

“Take a portion of wit,  
And fashion it fit,  
Like a needle with point and with eye :  
A point that can wound,  
An eye to look round,  
And at folly or vice let it fly.”—HOVEY.

UR hero had now reached his twenty-fourth year (1836). His literary labors, outside of the duties of his reportorial occupation, had been confined to a few sketches, written without any settled purpose, and published in such journals as would accept of them, and pay a slight remuneration. His endeavors had sufficed, however, to give him a considerable reputation, and to create a demand for his productions. It was the culminating point in his career. He had gained experience in delineating character, and practise in writing. All that he now required was an opportunity. He had overcome the first great difficulty ; and an opening for future and more ambitious endeavors was not long delayed.

While the *Sketches* were still appearing in the *Chronicle*, or in the *Monthly*, or both, it happened that there

was in London a firm of stationers and booksellers, in a small way, by name Messrs. Chapman & Hall. One day a lady, evidently in necessitous circumstances, entered their shop, and desired Mr. Hall to buy certain designs which she showed him. They were by her husband, she said, Mr. Seymour, the artist; she was Mrs. Seymour; they were in need; and she had been trying to sell these designs, at one place and another, for a few shillings. After some conversation, Mr. Hall paid her some small price for them, and she went away.

When Mr. Chapman came in, Mr. Hall told him about the purchase; and the partners proceeded to consider what they could do with their designs, since they had bought them. They were all, or nearly all, drawings of a sort for which there was in those days a good deal of demand—namely, illustrations of the absurdities and mishaps of Cockneys in search of sport, science, adventures, or the picturesque; and had been executed by the artist—a man of undoubted ability, but not more gifted than other people with the faculty of getting on in the world—on speculation, for whomsoever would buy. The first conclusion reached was, to procure some text of some kind to be “written up” to the pictures, to be of an amusing character, and to be issued in shilling numbers. The next question was, who shall write this text? and, on still further consultation, it was decided that the best hand would be the young man, whoever he was—it seems to have been taken for granted that he was young—who was writing the *Sketches by Boz*, which were amusing people so much. It is not unlikely that the firm also re-

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membered a comic opera about that time produced, called "The Village Coquettes," whose text was also by the same Boz, and which was fairly successful.

Mr. Dickens has himself recorded the account of the negotiation which ensued, and which resulted in the composition of the *Pickwick Papers*. He tells of the pleasant surprise with which he beheld in the visitor a countenance of good augury.

Youthful and unknown, without patrons or friends, he had succeeded in getting his *Sketches* placed before the world, in the substantial form of a book, and a publisher saw sufficient in them to warrant the expense of having them illustrated by George Cruikshank, then very famous for the spirit, truth and humor of his designs. The *Sketches* had been favorably, kindly noticed in the public journals, and their author was laboring in preparing a third volume, when an incident occurred which is best told in his own words :

"I was a young man of two or three-and-twenty, when Messrs. Chapman & Hall, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper or had just written in the old *Monthly Magazine* (of which one series had been lately collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers—then only known to me, or, I believe, to any body else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used to be carried about the country by peddlers, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears before I had served my apprenticeship to life.

"When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the







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person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, a paper, in which my first contribution to the press—in the *Sketches*, called Mr. Minns and his Cousin—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet-street—appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dim with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen; and so fell to business.

“The idea propounded to me was, that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour; and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or of my visitor (I forget which), that a “Nimrod Club,” the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that although born and partly bred in the country, I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had been already much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I should like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number; from the proof-sheets of which, Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the Club, and that happy portrait of its founder, by which he is always recognized, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club, because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour. We started with a number of twenty-four pages instead of thirty-two, and

four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's sudden and lamented death before the second number was published, brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation; the number became one of thirty-two pages with two illustrations, and remained so to the end. My friends told me it was a low, cheap form of publication, by which I should ruin all my rising hopes; and how right my friends turned out to be, everybody now knows."

The issue of the work in shilling parts was a comparatively new idea at that time. The *Pickwick Papers* would have cost, if issued in the customary form, nearly five guineas. It was sold, when completed, in its bound state, for one guinea, including upwards of forty engravings from original designs. The issue in this form had been objected to by his friends as being a low and cheap form of publication. There were, however, other works of merit then being sold through the country in the same style, including various *Histories of the War*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, &c, as well as the novels mentioned by Dickens himself.

These "interminable novels" were doubtless *The Romance of the Forest*, *The Scottish Chiefs*, and other works of the same kind; for, in the days when Dickens was young enough to cry over such books, they and their like used to be sold and delivered serially, in separate numbers, about the country by the "peddlers," or chapmen—personages much like what are in this country at present sufficiently notorious by the more stately designation of "subscription book-agents." Indeed, the same sort of business is carried on in England still, although the books now sold in the serial form are, perhaps, a grade higher in literary merit than they were fifty years ago.

No apology is necessary for the repetition or particularity used in this mode of recording the process of production of so significant a work as *The Pickwick Papers*. The facts are important and interesting, and there has been more or less confusion, or at least indistinctness, about them ; but the present order of occurrence is either given in the words of Mr. Dickens himself, or is accurately the substance of the narrative of those personally cognizant of the facts. First came the preparation of certain designs by Mr. Seymour, to be sold as should be practicable ; his wife, after hawking them about for a time, sells them to Chapman & Hall ; the firm ask Mr. Dickens to write a text to them ; he agrees, not precisely to this, but to write a text, for which Mr. Seymour is to prepare plates ; he writes accordingly, and Mr. Seymour at first, and afterward Mr. Halbot K. Brown, illustrate the book. Apparently the only one of the original set of designs sold by Mrs. Seymour which was actually used in the book was that of Mr. Alfred Jingle's intelligent dog Ponto perusing the notice, "Gamekeeper has orders to shoot all dogs found in this enclosure," and declining to enter, while his admiring master, with flint-lock fowling-piece on his shoulder, stares back at him from within the paling. Abundance of comic pictures of this general character are to be found in the literature of London of those days, and some of them are from time to time sold at the book auctions in New York.

The first number of *The Pickwick Papers*, with its memorable picture of Mr. Pickwick addressing the Club, appeared March 1, 1836. The success of the work was

soon so immense, as to mark the power and fix the fame of their youthful author—for he was now only twenty-four years old. His reputation was made as suddenly, based as firmly, maintained as high and as long, as those of Scott or Byron. He was at once recognized as a genius of the first rank, and as the series of his works lengthened, they confirmed this reputation until it is no more to be questioned than those of the two great writers just named.

The first issue was in the form of a monthly serial, as before stated; it was clothed in green paper covers, with numerous emblematic designs. This style and color of cover was continued by Dickens, and known as his color, while Lever similarly adopted red, and Thackeray yellow. The author often pleasantly refers to this fact. The issue of the work continued for a year and six months; the concluding chapter having been issued in the month of October of the following year (1837). With this concluding number came a title page, dedication, index, and all the preliminary matter usually accompanying a complete novel. The form of the work had changed entirely since its inception. At first intended merely as a collection of sketches, not necessarily having any close connection one with another, it had taken the shape of a continuous tale, as we have elsewhere more fully explained. The original design, as the author tells us, was "to place before the reader a constant succession of characters and incidents; to paint them in as vivid colors as he could command; and to render them, at the same time, life-like and amusing."

The dedication of the work was to Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, as is well known, not only as a testimonial of friendship, but, as Dickens says, "as a slight and most inadequate acknowledgment of the inestimable services you are rendering to the literature of your country, and of the lasting benefits you will confer upon the authors of this and succeeding generations, by securing to them and their descendants a permanent interest in the copyright of their works."

This acknowledgment may be explained by the fact that Talfourd, then in the "Commons," had that year introduced a new "Copyright Act," which, however, was only passed in 1842, and which extended an author's right to his works from twenty-eight to forty-two years. This law, however, though at present in vogue, has redounded to the benefit of publishers, rather than authors, since the author rarely receives more for the longer than for the shorter term. Dickens anticipated, however, a different result, for he writes that it will immensely serve "those who devote themselves to the most precarious of all pursuits," (literature,) and, still addressing his friend, said, "Many a fevered head and palsied hand will gather new vigor in the hour of sickness and distress from your excellent exertions; many a widowed mother and orphan child, who would otherwise reap nothing from the fame of departed genius but its too frequent legacy of poverty and suffering, will bear, in their altered condition, higher testimony to the value of your labors than the most lavish encomiums from lip or pen could ever afford."

The preface tells us that he originally designed "to



place before the readers a constant succession of characters and incidents ; to paint them in as vivid colors as he could command ; and to render them, at the same time, life-like and amusing." He added that, "deferring to the judgment of others in the outset of the undertaking, he adopted the machinery of the club, which was suggested as that best adapted to his purpose ; but, finding that it tended rather to his embarrassment than otherwise, he gradually abandoned it, considering it a matter of very little importance to the work whether strictly epic justice were awarded to the club or not."

He assures them also that throughout the book no incident or expression occurs which could call a blush into the most delicate cheek, or wound the feelings of the most sensitive person, and his closing words are, "If any of his imperfect descriptions, while they afford amusement to the perusal, should induce only one reader to think better of his fellow-men, and to look upon the brighter and more kindly light of human nature, he would indeed be proud and happy to have led to such a result."

It is an interesting inquiry, and has been the subject of much discussion, as to the manner in which the title of the work was arrived at. It was at first intended to entitle it *Nimrod*, but a name which pleased him better was soon discovered. While the first number was in press, Mr. Dickens astonished the publishers on a certain day by rushing in, in great excitement, exclaiming, "I have it now—Moses Pickwick, Bath, coach-master." When asked for an explanation, he said that he had seen the above title painted on the door of a stage-coach which

passed him, and that the name suited him to a charm. Moses he changed to Samuel, and thus the immortal title arose. This fact is referred to in the papers themselves. After the famous trial, when Mr. Pickwick resolved to visit Bath, and proceeded to the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, a noted coaching and booking hotel in those days, Sam Weller drew his attention to the fact that PICKWICK was inscribed on the stage-coach, in gilt letters of goodly size, and adds, "that ain't all: not content vith writin' up Pickwick, they puts 'Moses' afore it, vich I call addin' insult to injury, as the parrot said ven they not only took him from his native land, but made him talk the English langwidge arterwards." His indignation and sorrow, when he found that "nobody was to be whopped for taking this here liberty," was unbounded, and for a time he half lost faith in his master, as being too timid to resent a terrible insult. Mr. Chapman, the publisher, described to Mr. Dickens and to Seymour, the artist, an eccentric elderly gentleman, whom he saw looking over the Thames at Richmond. The idea was caught up by both readily, and hence arose the famous character of world-wide celebrity, "Samuel Pickwick," of the "Pickwick Club." Mr. Seymour at once sketched the rotund form of the philosophical enquirer, the identical likeness by which he has ever since been known, and which is sufficient to this day to identify him everywhere.

The success of the work was slow. Much less than had been expected. Without the stimulus which the publication in monthly parts lent to the sale, it would have fallen quite flat upon the book market. So depressed were the

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publishers in regard to the small sale, that they pronounced the work a failure, and made some arrangements for its discontinuance. This state of things continued up to the time of the introduction into the story of the eccentric character "Samuel Weller." Upon his advent, critics at once changed their opinion concerning the tale, and pronounced "Sam" an entirely original character and the production of a genius. A sudden demand for the work now arose. Applications began to pour in for the back numbers of the serial, and the work became widely known. So great was the success, that, when the work was no more than half published, the proprietors felt able to hand to Mr. Dickens a check for £500 sterling, or \$2500, as an instalment for his labors. Before the completion of the work, its circulation had reached nearly 50,000 copies. Mr. Dickens received, up to the time of its conclusion, a total sum of £3,000 from the publishers, in addition to the 15 guineas agreed upon as the guarantee price per number, in all say £3,500. Messrs. Chapman and Hall themselves are reputed to have cleared £20,000 by the publication. Certainly not a bad result from so uncertain a beginning.

Mr. Dickens has told us that between himself and his publishers "there never had been a line of written agreement, but that author, printer, artist and publisher had all proceeded on simply verbal assurances, and that there never had arisen a word to interrupt or prevent the complete satisfaction of every one."

The reputation of *The Pickwick Papers* was now established. It is doubtful whether any novel up to that

time had acquired anything like the same popularity so early after publication. Miss Mitford, herself a popular novelist, writing in 1837, says:—"So you never heard of *The Pickwick Papers*! Well, they publish a number once a month, and print 25,000. The bookseller has made about £10,000 by the speculation. It is fun—London life—but without anything unpleasant; a lady might read it *aloud*; and this so graphic, so individual, and so true, that you could curtsy to all the people as you see them in the streets. I did think there had not been a place where English is spoken to which 'Boz' had not penetrated. All the boys and girls talk his fun—the boys in the streets; and yet those who are of the highest taste like it the most. Sir Benjamin Brodie takes it to read in his carriage, between patient and patient; and Lord Denman studies *Pickwick* on the bench while the jury are deliberating. Do take some means to borrow *The Pickwick Papers*. It seems like not having heard of Hogarth, whom he resembles greatly, except that he takes a far more cheerful view, a Shakespearian view, of humanity. It is rather fragmentary, except the trial (No. 11 or 12), which is as complete and perfect as any bit of comic writing in the English language. You must read *The Pickwick Papers*. It is very odd that I should not object to the perfectly low-life of *The Pickwick Papers*, because the closest copies of things that are, and yet dislike the want of elegance in Charles Lamb's letters, which are merely his own fancies; but I think you will understand the feeling."

Mr. Dickens by no means had the field to himself, an

easy conquest. His competitors were numerous and able. Ainsworth, Bulwer, Warren, author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, Mrs. Trollope, G. P. R. James, Disraeli, Lover, Miss Mitford, Miss Landen, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Crosby, Hood, and a host of others were all rival aspirants in the world of fiction. Here was a young man of twenty years throwing down the gage in the presence of a score of writers, many with established reputations. Yet his marked talents, descriptive powers, and keen insight into human nature, joined with his ready wit, at once gave him a position in advance of all others. Walter Scott in his day had the field of fiction to himself; but Dickens was subjected to the keenest of competition. Thackeray, another rival aspirant, since became famous, was then engaged in writing for mere bread, in *Fraser's Magazine*. The fields which Dickens and Bulwer had respectively chosen for the display of their powers of delineation of character were as widely separated as they could well have been. The latter had selected the so called fashionable society as his theme, and depicts the aristocratic and snobbish elements of English society. The former, guided by his more genial and sociable instincts, chose to devote his literary labors to the welfare of the then ignorant and despised classes of society, and the elevation of the masses of his fellow beings. This very sympathy of our author with the humble and the lowly, and the fact of the selection of such classes for the subjects of his *Sketches*, begot Dickens a host of enemies and detractors amongst the snobbish journalists and magazine scribblers of his day. Contemptuous and disparaging criticism in maga-

zines of standing would undoubtedly prove somewhat annoying and discouraging to a young writer of twenty-five; yet one of his abilities could well afford to ignore the carping criticisms of those who affected to despise whatever related to the masses as being beneath their lordly notice. How many of these scribblers are forgotten in their graves, while the memory of those who have been the objects of their detraction is still fresh and green. Bulwer, writing in 1840, fifteen years after the beginning of his successful authorship, said: "Long after my name was not quite unknown in every other country where English literature is received, the great quarterly journals of my own disdained to recognize my existence."

It may be interesting to compare the success of *Waverley*, Scott's earliest production, with that of the *Pickwick Papers*. The first edition of *Waverley* comprised 1,000 copies; and the number issued only rose to 5,000 during the year following: and the publishers were only able to hand to Scott, on dividing the profits, the sum of about \$3,000. We have seen that the *Pickwick* rose to 50,000 copies at once, and that, although the form of publication was a cheap one, it was very remunerative to all concerned.

The form of the publication had, however, undoubtedly lent success to the work, which was largely increased by the comical and pleasing illustrations. The work was very extensive, and in a volume might have been looked upon as too long drawn out. In the serial form however, the objection to its extent was avoided; and the constantly arriving numbers recurred to its readers to bring



back old friends. The mode of its inception and its object, as a series of sketches for amusement and illustration merely, fully accounts for its want of plot. Although the design was afterwards enlarged, yet the work preserved its character as a series of adventures, rather than a connected novel to the end. Speaking on this subject in the preface to a subsequent edition, Mr. Dickens says :

“ It has been observed of Mr. Pickwick, that there is a decided change in his character, as these pages proceed, and that he becomes more good and more sensible. I do not think this change will appear forced or unnatural to my readers, if they will reflect that in real life the peculiarities and oddities of a man who has anything whimsical about him, generally impress us first, and that it is not until we are better acquainted with him that we usually begin to look below these superficial traits, and to know the better part of him.

“ I have found it curious and interesting, looking over the sheets of this reprint, to mark what important social improvements have taken place about us, almost imperceptibly, ever since they were originally written. The license of counsel, and the degree to which juries are ingeniously bewildered, are yet susceptible of moderation ; while an improvement in the mode of conducting Parliamentary elections (especially for counties) is still within the bounds of possibility. But, legal reforms have pared the claws of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg ; a spirit of self-respect, mutual forbearance, education, and co-operation, for such good ends, has diffused itself among their clerks ; places far apart are brought together, to the present convenience and advantage of the Public, and to the certain destruction, in time, of a host of petty jealousies, blindnesses, and prejudices, by which the Public alone have always been the sufferers ; the laws relating to imprisonment for debt are altered ; and the Fleet Prison is pulled down !

“ With such a retrospect comprised within so short a period, who knows, but it may be discovered, within this

century, that there are even magistrates in town and country, who should be taught to shake hands every day with Common Sense and Justice; that even Poor Laws may have mercy on the weak, the aged, and unfortunate; that Schools, on the broad principles of Christianity, are the best adornment for the length and breadth of this civilized land; that Prison-doors should be barred on the outside, no less heavily and carefully than they are barred within; that the universal diffusion of common means of decency and health is as much the right of the poorest of the poor, as it is indispensable to the safety of the rich, and of the State; that a few petty boards and bodies—less than drops in the great ocean of humanity, which roars around them—are not to let loose Fever and Consumption on God's creatures at their will, or always to keep their little fiddles going for a Dance of Death!"

Numerous stories, having no connection with the work itself, were introduced from time to time, being put into the mouths of the various characters introduced. These were probably written with the intention of publishing them as another volume of *Sketches*; but when the new design of *The Pickwick Papers* was adopted, they were probably used to fill up, when the author was short of other matter; or with the prudent purpose of making use of old material on hand. The scene early in the *Papers* where two members of the "club" abuse each other, and then apologize and declare the words to have been used only in a "Pickwickian sense," was a take-off on a then recent scene in Parliament, where two members similarly pronounce ungentlemanly language to have been intended only in a "Parliamentary sense." This was the first good and taking hit. Sam Weller is undoubtedly the most decidedly original and satisfactory character introduced into the

work. His wit is sparkling, and at the same time always natural. His style of enumerating the guests of the famous "Inn" at which he officiated as "Boots" is inimitable:—"There's a wooden leg in number six;" says he, "there's a pair of Hessians in thirteen; there's two pair of halves in the commercial; these 'ere painted tops in the snug-gery inside the bar; and five more tops in the coffee room." We give a few extracts from the *Papers* below. We presume that most of our readers are familiar with them; those who are not, should make it a point to become so at once. It may be necessary to premise here for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the circumstances connected with the celebrated trial recorded below, that Mr. Pickwick had announced to his landlady, Mrs. Bardell, his intention of employing a man servant, asking her whether, in her opinion, it would cost much more to keep one than two—meaning himself and his servant. The announcement, however, having been made somewhat ambiguously, and Mrs. Bardell, like widows in general, being on the look out for "chances," takes Mr. Pickwick's allusion to two to refer to that gentleman and herself—in fact, as an incipient and timid proposal of matrimony. Whereat the good lady falls into the arms of the astonished Pickwick, and calls him a dear, good creature—so thoughtful, and several other endearing terms. Pickwick is found by his friends in this rather annoying predicament, endeavoring to pacify the lady and appealing to her to "think what a predicament if any body should come." From this slight affair rose the celebrated law-suit, which ended by consigning Mr. Pickwick to Fleet Prison; a terri-

ble warning to bachelors to be very careful in their dealings with elderly ladies in general, and widows in particular :

A FULL AND FAITHFUL REPORT OF THE MEMORABLE TRIAL  
OF BARDELL AGAINST PICKWICK.

"I wonder what the foreman of the jury, whoever he'll be, has got for breakfast," said Mr. Snodgrass, by way of keeping up a conversation, on the eventful morning of the fourteenth of February.

"Ah!" said Perker, "I hope he's got a good one."

"Why so?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Highly important; very important, my dear sir," replied Perker. "A good, contented, well-breakfasted jurymen, is a capital thing to get hold of. Discontented or hungry jurymen, my dear sir, always find for the plaintiff."

"Bless my heart," said Mr. Pickwick, looking very blank; "what do they do that for?"

"Why, I don't know," replied the little man, coolly; "saves time, I suppose. If it's near dinner-time, the foreman takes out his watch when the jury has retired, and says, 'Dear me, gentlemen, ten minutes to five, I declare. I dine at five, gentlemen.' 'So do I,' says every body else, except two men who ought to have dined at three, and seem more than half disposed to stand out in consequence. The foreman smiles, and puts up his watch:—'Well, gentlemen, what do we say, plaintiff or defendant, gentlemen? I rather think, so far as I am concerned, gentlemen,—I say, I rather think,—but don't let that influence you,—I rather think the plaintiff's the man.' Upon this, two or three other men are sure to say that they think so too—as of course they do; and then they get on very unanimously and comfortably. Ten minutes past nine!" said the little man, looking at his watch. "Time we were off, my dear sir; breach of promise trial—court is generally full in such cases. You had better ring for a coach, my dear sir, or we shall be rather late."

Mr. Pickwick immediately rang the bell; and a coach having been procured, the four Pickwickians and Mr. Perker ensconced themselves therein, and drove to Guildhall; Sam Weller, Mr. Lowten, and the blue bag, following in a cab.

"Lowten," said Perker, when they reached the outer hall of the court, "put Mr. Pickwick's friends in the students' box; Mr. Pickwick himself had better sit by me. This way, my dear sir, this way." Taking Mr. Pickwick by the coat sleeve, the little man led him to the low seat just beneath the desks of the King's Counsel, which is constructed for the convenience of attorneys, who, from that spot, can whisper into the ear of the leading counsel in the case, any instructions that may be necessary during the progress of the trial. The occupants of this seat are invisible to the great body of spectators, inasmuch as they sit on a much lower level than either the barristers or the audience, whose seats are raised above the floor. Of course they have their backs to both, and their faces towards the judge.

"That's the witness-box, I suppose," said Mr. Pickwick, pointing to a kind of pulpit, with a brass rail, on his left hand.

"That's the witness-box, my dear sir," replied Perker, disinterring a quantity of papers from the blue bag, which Lowten had just deposited at his feet.

"And that," said Mr. Pickwick, pointing to a couple of enclosed seats on his right, "that's where the jurymen sit, is it not?"

"The identical place, my dear sir," replied Perker, tapping the lid of his snuff-box.

Mr. Pickwick stood up in a state of great agitation, and took a glance at the court. There were already a pretty large sprinkling of spectators in the gallery, and a numerous muster of gentlemen in wigs, in the barristers' seats: who presented, as a body, all that pleasing and extensive variety of nose and whisker for which the bar of England is so justly celebrated. Such of the gentlemen as had a brief to carry, carried it in as conspicuous a manner as

possible, and occasionally scratched their nose therewith to impress the fact more strongly on the observation of the spectators. Other gentlemen who had no briefs to show, carried under their arms goodly octavos, with a red label behind, and that underdone-pie-crust-colored cover which is technically known as "law calf." Others, who had neither briefs nor books, thrust their hands into their pockets, and looked as wise as they conveniently could; others, again, moved here and there with great restlessness and earnestness of manner, content to awaken thereby the admiration and astonishment of the uninitiated strangers. The whole, to the great wonder of Mr. Pickwick, were divided into little groups, who were chatting and discussing the news of the day in the most unfeeling manner possible,—just as if no trial at all were coming on.

A bow from Mr. Phunky, as he entered, and took his seat behind the row appropriated to the King's Counsel, attracted Mr. Pickwick's attention; and he had scarcely returned it when Mr. Serjeant Snubbin appeared, followed by Mr. Mallard, who half hid the Serjeant behind a large crimson bag, which he placed on his table, and after shaking hands with Perker, withdrew. Then there entered two or three more Serjeants; and among them, one with a fat body and a red face, who nodded in a friendly manner to Mr. Serjeant Snubbin, and said it was a fine morning.

"Who's that red-faced man, who said it was a fine morning, and nodded to our counsel?" whispered Mr. Pickwick.

"Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz," replied Perker. "He's opposed to us; he leads on the other side. That gentleman behind him is Mr. Skimpin, his junior."

Mr. Pickwick was on the point of enquiring, with great abhorrence of the man's cold-blooded villany, how Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, who was counsel for the opposite party, dared to presume to tell Mr. Serjeant Snubbin, who was counsel for him, that it was a fine morning, when he was interrupted by a general rising of the barristers, and a loud cry of "Silence!" from the officers of the court.



Looking round, he found that this was caused by the entrance of the judge.

Mr. Justice Stareleigh (who sat in the absence of the Chief Justice, occasioned by indisposition,) was a most particularly short man, and so fat, that he seemed ail face and waistcoat. He rolled in upon two little turned legs, and having bobbed gravely to the bar, who bobbed gravely to him, put his little legs underneath his table, and his little three-cornered hat upon it; and when Mr. Justice Stareleigh had done this, all you could see of him was two queer little eyes, one broad pink face, and somewhere about half of a big and very comical-looking wig.

The judge had no sooner taken his seat, than the officer on the floor of the court called out "Silence!" in a commanding tone, upon which another officer in the gallery cried "Silence!" in an angry manner, whereupon three or four more ushers shouted "Silence!" in a voice of indignant remonstrance. This being done, a gentleman in black who sat below the judge, proceeded to call over the names of the jury; and after a great deal of bawling, it was discovered that only ten special jurymen were present. Upon this, Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz prayed a *tales*: the gentleman in black then proceeded to press into the special jury two of the common jurymen; and a green-grocer and a chemist were caught directly.

"Answer to your names, gentlemen, that you may be sworn," said the gentleman in black. "Richard Upwitch."

"Here," said the green-grocer.

"Thomas Groffin."

"Here," said the chemist.

"Take the book, gentlemen. You shall well and truly try—"

"I beg this court's pardon," said the chemist, who was a tall, thin, yellow-visaged man, "but I hope this court will excuse my attendance."

"On what grounds, sir?" said Mr. Justice Stareleigh.

"I have no assistant, my Lord," said the chemist.

"I can't help that, sir," replied Mr. Justice Stareleigh.

"You should hire one."

"I can't afford it, my Lord," rejoined the chemist.

"Then you ought to be able to afford it, sir," said the judge, reddening; for Mr. Justice Stareleigh's temper bordered on the irritable, and brooked not contradiction.

"I know I *ought* to do, if I got on as well as I deserved, but I don't my Lord," answered the chemist.

"Swear the gentleman," said the judge, peremptorily.

The officer had got no further than the "You shall well and truly try," when he was again interrupted by the chemist.

"I am to be sworn, my Lord, am I?" said the chemist.

"Certainly, sir," replied the testy little judge.

"Very well, my Lord," replied the chemist, in a resigned manner. "Then there'll be murder before this trial's over; that's all. Swear me if you please, sir;" and sworn the chemist was, before the judge could find words to utter.

"I merely wanted to observe, my Lord," said the chemist, taking his seat with great deliberation, "that I've left nobody but an errand-boy in my shop. He is a very nice boy, my Lord, but he is not acquainted with drugs; and I know that the prevailing impression on his mind is, that Epsom salts means oxalic acid; and syrup of senna, laudanum. That's all, my Lord." With this, the tall chemist composed himself into a comfortable attitude, and, assuming a pleasant expression of countenance, appeared to have prepared himself for the worst.

Mr. Pickwick was regarding the chemist with feelings of the deepest horror, when a slight sensation was perceptible in the body of the court; and immediately afterwards, Mrs. Bardell, supported by Mrs. Cluppins, was led in, and placed, in a drooping state, at the other end of the seat on which Mr. Pickwick sat. An extra sized umbrella was then handed in by Mr. Dodson, and a pair of pattens by Mr. Fogg, each of whom had prepared a most sympathising and melancholy face for the occasion. Mrs. Sanders then appeared, leading in Master Bardell. At sight of her child, Mrs. Bardell started; suddenly recollecting herself, she kissed him in a frantic manner; then

relapsing into a state of hysterical imbecility, the good lady requested to be informed where she was. In reply to this, Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sandersturned their heads away and wept, while Messrs. Dodson and Fogg intreated the plaintiff to compose herself. Serjeant Buzfuz rubbed his eyes very hard with a large white handkerchief, and gave an appealing look towards the jury, while the judge was visibly affected, and several of the beholders tried to cough down their emotions.

"Very good notion that, indeed," whispered Perker to Mr. Pickwick, "Capital fellows those Dodson and Fogg; excellent ideas of effect, my dear sir, excellent."

As Perker spoke, Mrs. Bardell began to recover by slow degrees, while Mrs. Cluppins, after a careful survey of Master Bardell's buttons and the button-holes to which they severally belonged, placed him on the floor of the court in front of his mother,—a commanding position in which he could not fail to awaken the full commiseration and sympathy of both judge and jury. This was not done without considerable opposition, and many tears, on the part of the young gentleman himself, who had certain inward misgivings that the placing him within the full glare of the judge's eye was only a formal prelude to his being immediately ordered away for instant execution, or for transportation beyond the seas, during the whole term of his natural life, at the very least.

"Bardell and Pickwick," cried the gentleman in black, calling on the case, which stood first on the list.

"I am for the plaintiff, my Lord," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Who is with you, brother Buzfuz?" said the judge. Mr. Skimpin bowed, to intimate that he was.

"I appear for the defendant, my Lord," said Mr. Serjeant Snubbin.

"Anybody with you, brother Snubbin?" inquired the court.

"Mr. Phunky, my Lord," replied Serjeant Snubbin.

"Serjeant Buzfuz and Mr. Skimpin for the plaintiff," said the judge, writing down the names in his note-book,

and reading as he wrote; "for the defendant, Serjeant Snubbin and Mr. Monkey."

"Beg your Lordship's pardon, Phunky."

"Oh, very good," said the judge; "I never had the pleasure of hearing the gentleman's name before." Here Mr. Phunky bowed and smiled, and the judge bowed and smiled too, and then Mr. Phunky, blushing into the very whites of his eyes, tried to look as if he didn't know that everybody was gazing at him: a thing which no man ever succeeded in doing yet, or in all reasonable probability, ever will.

"Go on," said the judge.

The ushers again called silence, and Mr. Skimpin proceeded to "open the case;" and the case appeared to have very little inside it when he had opened it, for he kept such particulars as he knew, completely to himself, and sat down, after a lapse of three minutes, leaving the jury in precisely the same advanced stage of wisdom as they were in before.

Serjeant Buzfuz then rose with all the majesty and dignity which the grave nature of the proceedings demanded, and having whispered to Dodson, and conferred briefly with Fog, pulled his gown over his shoulders, settled his wig, and addressed the jury.

Serjeant Buzfuz began by saying, that "never, in the whole course of his professional experience—never, from the very first moment of his applying himself to the study and practice of the law—had he approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon him—a responsibility, he would say, which he could never have supported, were he not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong that it amounted to positive certainty that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of his much-injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom he now saw in that box before him."

Counsel usually begin in this way, because it puts the jury on the very best terms with themselves, and makes

them think what sharp fellows they must be. A visible effect was produced immediately ; several jurymen beginning to take voluminous notes with the utmost eagerness.

"You have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen," continued Serjeant Buzfuz, well knowing that, from the learned friend alluded to, the gentlemen of the jury had heard just nothing at all—"you have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at £1,500. But you have not heard from my learned friend, inasmuch as it did not come within my learned friend's province to tell you, what are the facts and circumstances of the case. Those facts and circumstances, gentlemen, you shall hear detailed by me, and proved by the unimpeachable female whom I will place in that box before you."

Here Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, with a tremendous emphasis on the word "box," smote his table with a mighty sound, and glanced at Dodson and Fogg, who nodded admiration of the serjeant, and indignant defiance of the defendant.

"The plaintiff, gentlemen," continued Serjeant Buzfuz, in a soft and melancholy voice, "the plaintiff is a widow ; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying for many years, the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford."

At this pathetic description of the decease of Mr. Bardell, who had been knocked on the head with a quart-pot in a public-house cellar, the learned serjeant's voice faltered and he proceeded with emotion :

"Some time before his death, he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell-street ; and here she placed in her front parlor-window a written placard, bearing this inscription—  
'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire

within.'” Here Serjeant Buzfuz paused, while several gentlemen of the jury took a note of the document.

“There is no date to that, is there, sir?” inquired a juror.

“There is no date, gentlemen,” replied Serjeant Buzfuz; but I am instructed to say that it was put in the plaintiff’s parlor-window just this time three years. I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document. ‘Apartments furnished for a single gentleman’! Mrs. Bardell’s opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear, she had no distrust, she had no suspicion, all was confidence and reliance. ‘Mr. Bardell,’ said the widow; ‘Mr. Bardell was a man of honor, Mr. Bardell was a man of his word, Mr. Bardell was no deceiver, Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation; *in* single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodging be let.’ Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen,) the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught the innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor-window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlor-window three days—three days—gentlemen—a Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell’s house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant.”

Serjeant Buzfuz, who had proceeded with such volubility that his face was perfectly crimson, here paused for breath. The silence awoke Mr. Justice Stareleigh, who

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immediately wrote down something with a pen without any ink in it, and looked unusually profound, to impress the jury with the belief that he always thought most deeply with his eyes shut. Serjeant Buzfuz proceeded.

"Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villany."

Here Mr. Pickwick, who had been writing in silence for some time, gave a violent start, as if some vague idea of assaulting Serjeant Buzfuz, in the august presence of justice and law, suggested itself to his mind. An admonitory gesture from Perker restrained him, and he listened to the learned gentleman's continuation with a look of indignation, which contrasted forcibly with the admiring faces of Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders.

"I say systematic villany, gentlemen," said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking through Mr. Pickwick and talking at him; "and when I say systematic villany, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you well know how to value and how to appreciate them; and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first, or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson."

This little divergence from the subject in hand, had of course the intended effect of turning all eyes to Mr. Pickwick. Serjeant Buzfuz, having partially recovered from the state of moral elevation into which he had lashed himself, resumed:

"I shall show you, gentleman, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and after inquiring whether he had won any *alley tors* or *com-moneys* lately (both of which I understand to be a particular species of marble much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression: 'How should you like to have another father?' I shall prove to you, gentlemen, that about a year ago, Pickwick suddenly began to absent himself from home, during long intervals, as if with the intention of gradually breaking off from my client; but I shall show you also, that his resolution was not at that time sufficiently strong, or that his better feelings conquered, if better feelings he has, or that the charms and accomplishments of my client prevailed against his unmanly intentions; by proving to you that, on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms, offered her marriage: previously however, taking special care that there should be no witness to their solemn contract; and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends,—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen—most unwilling witnesses—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments."

A visible impression was produced upon the auditors by this part of the learned serjeant's address. Drawing forth two very small scraps of paper, he proceeded:

"And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the hand-writing of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—'Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, PICKWICK.' Gentlemen, what does this mean? 'Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick!' Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away, by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. 'Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.' And then follows this very remarkable expression. 'Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan.' The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan! When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick, with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of

this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!"

Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz paused in this place, to see whether the jury smiled at his joke; but as nobody took it but the green-grocer, whose sensitiveness on the subject was very probably occasioned by his having subjected a chaise-cart to the process in question on that identical morning, the learned serjeant considered it advisable to undergo a slight relapse into the dismal before he concluded.

"But enough of this, gentlemen," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, "it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his 'alley tors' and his 'commoneys,' are alike neglected; he forgets the long familiar cry of 'knuckle down,' and at tip-cheese, or odd and even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sword—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless Tomata sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages—is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathising, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen." With this beautiful peroration, Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz sat down, and Mr. Justice Stareleigh woke up.

"Call Elizabeth Cluppins," said Serjeant Buzfuz, rising a minute afterwards, with renewed vigor.

The nearest usher called for Elizabeth Tuppins ; another one, at a little distance off, demanded Elizabeth Jupkins ; and a third rushed in a breathless state into King street, and screamed for Elizabeth Muffins until he was hoarse.

Meanwhile Mrs. Cluppins, with the combined assistance of Mrs. Bardell, Mrs. Sanders, Mr. Dodson, and Mr. Fogg, was hoisted into the witness-box ; and when she was safely perched on the top step, Mrs. Bardell stood on the bottom one, with the pocket-handkerchief and pattens in one hand, and a glass bottle that might hold about a quarter of a pint of smelling salts in the other, ready for any emergency. Mrs. Sanders, whose eyes were intently fixed on the judge's face, planted herself close by, with the large umbrella : keeping her right thumb pressed on the spring with an earnest countenance, as if she were fully prepared to put it up at a moment's notice.

"Mrs. Cluppins," said Serjeant Buzfuz, "pray compose yourself, ma'am." Of course, directly Mrs. Cluppins was desired to compose herself she sobbed with increasing vehemence, and gave divers alarming manifestations of an approaching fainting fit, or, as she afterwards said, of her feelings being too many for her.

"Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins ?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, after a few unimportant questions, "do you recollect being in Mrs. Bardell's back one-pair of stairs, on one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Pickwick's apartment ?"

"Yes, my Lord and Jury, I do," replied Mrs. Cluppins.

"Mr. Pickwick's sitting-room was the first-floor front, I believe ?"

"Yes, it were, sir," replied Mrs. Cluppins.

"What were you doing in the back room, ma'am ?" inquired the little judge.

"My Lord and Jury," said Mrs. Cluppins, with interesting agitation, "I will not deceive you."

"You had better not, ma'am," said the little judge.

"I was there," resumed Mrs. Cluppins, "unbeknown to



Mrs. Bardell ; I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pound of red kidney purtaties, which was three pound tuppence ha'penny, when I see Mrs. Bardell's street door on the jar."

"On the what?" exclaimed the little judge.

"Partly open, my Lord," said Serjeant Snubbin.

"She *said* on the jar," said the little judge, with a cunning look.

"It's all the same my Lord," said Serjeant Snubbin. The little judge looked doubtful, and said he'd make a note of it. Mrs. Cluppins then resumed.

"I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good mornin', and went, in a permiscuous manner, up-stairs, and into the back room. Gentlemen, there was the sound of voices in the front room, and——"

"And you listened, I believe, Mrs. Cluppins?" said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," replied Mrs. Cluppins, in a majestic manner, "I would scorn the haction. The voices was very loud, sir, and forced themselves upon my ear."

"Well, Mrs. Cluppins, you were not listening, but you heard the voices. Was one of those voices Pickwick's?"

"Yes, it were, sir."

And Mrs. Cluppins, after distinctly stating that Mr. Pickwick addressed himself to Mrs. Bardell, repeated by slow degrees, and by dint of many questions, the conversation with which our readers are already acquainted.

The jury looked suspicious, and Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz smiled and sat down. They looked positively awful when Serjeant Snubbin intimated that he should not cross-examine the witness, for Mr. Pickwick wished it to be distinctly stated that it was due to her to say, that her account was in substance correct.

Mrs. Cluppins having once broken the ice, thought it a favorable opportunity for entering into a short dissertation on her own domestic affairs ; so she straightway proceeded to inform the court that she was the mother of eight children at that present speaking, and that she entertained confident expectations of presenting Mr. Clup-

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pins with a ninth, somewhere about that day six months. At this interesting point, the little judge interposed most irascibly ; and the effect of the interposition was, that both the worthy lady and Mrs. Sanders were politely taken out of court under the escort of Mr. Jackson, without further parley.

"Nathaniel Winkle !" said Mr. Skimpin.

"Here !" replied a feeble voice. Mr. Winkle entered the witness box, and having been duly sworn, bowed to the judge with considerable deference.

"Don't look at me, sir," said the judge sharply, in acknowledgment of the salute ; "look at the jury."

Mr. Winkle obeyed the mandate, and looked at the place where he thought it most probable the jury might be ; for seeing anything in his then state of intellectual complication was wholly out of the question.

Mr. Winkle was then examined by Mr. Skimpin, who, being a promising young man of two or three and forty, was of course anxious to confuse a witness who was notoriously predisposed in favor of the other side, as much as he could.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Skimpin, "have the goodness to let his Lordship and the jury know what your name is, will you ?" and Mr. Skimpin inclined his head on one side to listen with great sharpness to the answer, and glanced at the jury meanwhile, as if to imply that he rather expected Mr. Winkle's natural taste for perjury would induce him to give some name which did not belong to him.

"Winkle," replied the witness.

"What's your Christian name, sir ?" angrily inquired the little judge.

"Nathaniel, sir."

"Daniel—any other name ?"

"Nathaniel, sir—my Lord, I mean."

"Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel ?"

"No, my Lord, only Nathaniel ; not Daniel at all."

"What did you tell me it was Daniel for, then, sir ?" inquired the judge.

"I didn't, my Lord," replied Mr. Winkle.

"You did, sir," replied the judge with a severe frown. "How could I have got Daniel on my notes unless you told me so, sir?"

This argument was, of course, unanswerable.

"Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory, my Lord," interposed Mr. Skimpin, with another glance at the jury. "We shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done with him, I dare say."

"You had better be careful, sir," said the little judge, with a sinister look at the witness.

Poor Mr. Winkle bowed, and endeavoured to feign an easiness of manner, which, in his then state of confusion, gave him rather the air of a disconcerted pickpocket.

"Now, Mr. Winkle," said Mr. Skimpin, "attend to me, if you please, sir; and let me recommend you, for your own sake, to bear in mind his Lordship's injunction to be careful. I believe you are a particular friend of Pickwick, the defendant, are you not?"

"I have known Mr. Pickwick now, as well as I recollect at this moment, nearly——"

"Pray Mr. Winkle do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not a friend of the defendant's?"

"I was just about to say that——"

"Will you, or will you not, answer my question, sir?"

"If you don't answer the question you'll be committed, sir," interposed the little judge, looking over his notebook.

"Come, sir," said Mr. Skimpin, "yes or no, if you please."

"Yes I am," replied Mr. Winkle.

"Yes, you are. And why couldn't you say that at once, sir? Perhaps you know the plaintiff, too? Eh, Mr. Winkle?"

"I don't know her; I've seen her."

"Oh, you don't know her, but you've seen her? Now, have the goodness to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you mean by *that*, Mr. Winkle."

"I mean that I am not intimate with her, but I have

seen her when I went to call on Mr. Pickwick in Goswell street."

"How often have you seen her, sir?"

"How often?"

"Yes, Mr. Winkle, how often? I'll repeat the question for you a dozen times, if you require it, sir." And the learned gentleman, with a firm and steady frown, placed his hands on his hips, and smiled suspiciously at the jury.

On this question there arose the edifying brow-beating, customary on such points. First of all, Mr. Winkle said it was quite impossible for him to say how many times he had seen Mrs. Bardell. Then he was asked if he had seen her twenty times, to which he replied, "Certainly—more than that." Then he was asked whether he had not seen her a hundred times—whether he could not swear that he had seen her more than fifty times—whether he didn't know that he had seen her at least seventy-five times—and so forth; the satisfactory conclusion which was arrived at, at last, being, that he had better take care of himself, and mind what he was about. The witness having been by these means reduced to the requisite ebb of nervous perplexity, the examination was continued as follows:

"Pray, Mr. Winkle, do you remember calling on the defendant Pickwick at these apartments in the plaintiff's house in Goswell street, on one particular morning, in the month of July last?"

"Yes, I do."

"Were you accompanied on that occasion by a friend of the name of Tupman, and another of the name of Snodgrass?"

"Yes, I was."

"Are they here?"

"Yes, they are," replied Mr. Winkle, looking very earnestly towards the spot where his friends were stationed.

"Pray, attend to me, Mr. Winkle, and never mind your friends," said Mr. Skimpin, with another expressive look at the jury. "They must tell their stories without any

previous consultation with you, if none has yet taken place (another look at the jury.) Now, sir, tell the gentlemen of the jury what you saw on entering the defendant's room, on this particular morning. Come, out with it, sir; we must have it, sooner or later."

"The defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff in his arms, with his hands clasping her waist," replied Mr. Winkle, with natural hesitation, "and the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away."

"Did you hear the defendant say anything?"

"I heard him call Mrs. Bardell a good creature, and I heard him ask her to compose herself, for what a situation it was, if anybody should come, or words to that effect."

"Now, Mr. Winkle, I have only one more question to ask you, and I beg you to bear in mind his lordship's caution. Will you undertake to swear that Pickwick, the defendant, did not say on the occasion in question, 'My dear Mrs. Bardell, you're a good creature; compose yourself to this situation, for to this situation you must come,' or words to *that* effect?"

"I—I didn't understand him so, certainly," said Mr. Winkle, astounded at this ingenious dove-tailing of the few words he had heard. "I was on the staircase, and couldn't hear distinctly. The impression on my mind is —"

"The gentlemen of the jury want none of the impressions on your mind, Mr. Winkle, which I fear would be of little service to honest, straightforward men," interposed Mr. Skimpin. "You were on the staircase, and didn't distinctly hear; but you will not swear that Pickwick did not make use of the expressions I have quoted? Do I understand that?" "No, I will not," replied Mr. Winkle; and down sat Mr. Skimpin with a triumphant countenance.

Mr. Pickwick's case had not gone off in so particularly happy manner, up to this point, that it could very well afford to have any additional suspicion cast upon it. But as it could afford to be placed in a rather better light, if possible, Mr. Phunky rose for the purpose of getting some-

thing important out of Mr. Winkle in cross-examination. Whether he did get anything important out of him will immediately appear.

"I believe, Mr. Winkle," said Mr. Phunky, "that Mr. Pickwick is not a young man?"

"Oh no," replied Mr. Winkle; "old enough to be my father."

"You have told my learned friend that you have known Mr. Pickwick a long time. Had you ever any reason to suppose or believe that he was about to be married?"

"Oh no; certainly not," replied Mr. Winkle with so much eagerness, that Mr. Phunky ought to have got him out of the box with all possible dispatch. Lawyers hold that there are two kinds of particularly bad witnesses: a reluctant witness, and a too-willing witness; it was Mr. Winkle's fate to figure in both characters.

"I will even go further than this, Mr. Winkle," continued Mr. Phunky, in a most smooth and complacent manner. "Did you ever see anything in Mr. Pickwick's manner and conduct towards the opposite sex, to induce you to believe that he ever contemplated matrimony of late years, in any case?"

"Oh no; certainly not," replied Mr. Winkle.

"Has his behavior, when females have been in the case, always been that of a man, who, having attained a pretty advanced period of life, content with his own occupation and amusements, treats them only as a father might his daughter?"

"Not the least doubt of it," replied Mr. Winkle, in the fulness of his heart. "That is—yes—oh yes—certainly."

"You have never known anything in his behavior towards Mrs. Bardell, or any other female, in the least degree suspicious?" said Mr. Phunky, preparing to sit down; for Serjeant Snubbin was winking at him.

"N—n—no," replied Mr. Winkle, "except on one trifling occasion, which I have no doubt, might be easily explained."

Now, if the unfortunate Mr. Phunky had sat down when Serjeant Snubbin winked at him, or if Serjeant Buzfuz

had stopped this irregular cross-examination at the outset (which he knew better than to do: observing Mr. Winkle's anxiety, and well knowing it would, in all probability, lead to something serviceable to him), this unfortunate admission would not have been elicited. The moment the words fell from Mr. Winkle's lips, Mr. Phunky sat down, and Serjeant Snubbin rather hastily told him he might leave the box, which Mr. Winkle prepared to do with great readiness, when Serjeant Buzfuz stopped him.

"Stay, Mr. Winkle, stay!" said Serjeant Buzfuz, "will your lordship have the goodness to ask him, what this one instance of suspicious behavior towards females on the part of this gentleman, who is old enough to be his father, was?"

"You hear what the learned counsel says, sir," observed the judge, turning to the miserable and agonized Mr. Winkle. "Describe the occasion to which you refer."

"My lord," said Mr. Winkle, trembling with anxiety, "I—I'd rather not."

"Perhaps so," said the little judge; "but you must."

Amid the profound silence of the whole court, Mr. Winkle faltered out, that the trifling circumstance of suspicion was Mr. Pickwick's being found in a lady's sleeping apartment at midnight; which had terminated, he believed, in the breaking off of the projected marriage of the lady in question, and had led, he knew, to the whole party being forcibly carried before George Nupkins, Esq., magistrate and justice of the peace, for the borough of Ipswich!

"You may leave the box, sir," said Serjeant Snubbin. Mr. Winkle *did* leave the box, and rushed with delirious haste to the George and Vulture, where he was discovered some hours after, by the waiter, groaning in a hollow and dismal manner, with his head buried beneath the sofa cushions.

Tracy Tupman, and Augustus Snodgrass, were severally called into the box; both corroborated the testimony of their unhappy friend; and each was driven to the verge of desperation by excessive badgering.



Susannah Sanders was then called, and examined by Serjeant Buzfuz and cross-examined by Serjeant Snubbin. Had always said and believed that Pickwick would marry Mrs. Bardell; knew that Mrs. Bardell's being engaged to Pickwick was the current topic of conversation in the neighborhood, after the fainting in July; had been told it herself by Mrs. Mudberry which kept a mangle, and Mrs. Bunkin which clear-starched, but did not see either Mrs. Mudberry or Mrs. Bunkin in court. Had heard Pickwick ask the little boy how he should like to have another father. Did not know that Mrs. Bardell was at that time keeping company with the baker, but did know that the baker was then a single man and is now married. Couldn't swear that Mrs. Bardell was not very fond of the baker, but should think that the baker was not very fond of Mrs. Bardell, or he wouldn't have married somebody else. Thought Mrs. Bardell fainted away on the morning in July, because Pickwick asked her to name the day; knew that she (witness) fainted away stone dead when Mr. Sanders asked *her* to name the day, and believed that everybody as called herself a lady would do the same, under similar circumstances. Heard Pickwick ask the boy the question about the marbles, but upon her oath did not know the difference between an alley tor and a com-money.

By the COURT.—During the period of her keeping company with Mr. Sanders, had received love letters, like other ladies. In the course of their correspondence, Mr. Sanders had often called her a "duck," but never "chops," nor yet "tomato sauce." He was particularly fond of ducks. Perhaps if he had been as fond of chops and tomato sauce, he might have called her that, as a term of affection.

Serjeant Buzfuz now rose with more importance than he had yet exhibited, if that were possible, and vociferated: "Call Samuel Weller."

It was quite unnecessary to call Samuel Weller; for Samuel Weller stepped briskly into the box the instant his name was pronounced; and placing his hat on the

floor, and his arms on the rail, took a bird's-eye view of the bar, and a comprehensive survey of the bench, with a remarkably cheerful and lively aspect.

"What's your name, sir?" inquired the judge.

"Sam Weller, my lord," replied the gentleman.

"Do you spell it with a 'V' or a 'W'?" inquired the judge.

"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord," replied Sam. "I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spell it with a 'V.'"

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed aloud, "Quite right, too, Samivel, quite right. Put it down a we, my lord, put it down a we."

"Who is that, who dares to address the court?" said the little judge, looking up. "Usher."

"Yes, my lord."

"Bring that person here instantly."

"Yes, my lord."

But as the usher didn't find the person, he didn't bring him; and, after a great commotion, all the people who had got up to look for the culprit, sat down again. The little judge turned to the witness as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak, and said,

"Do you know who that was, sir?"

"I rayther suspect it was my father, my lord," replied Sam.

"Do you see him here now?" said the judge.

"No, I don't, my lord," replied Sam, staring right up into the lantern in the roof of the court.

"If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly," said the judge.

Sam bowed his acknowledgments, and turned, with unimpaired cheerfulness of countenance, towards Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, sir," replied Sam.

"I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller."

"I mean to speak up, sir," replied Sam; "I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'man, and a wery good service it is."

"Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose," said Serjeant Buzfuz, with jocularly.

"Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," replied Sam.

"You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man said, sir," interposed the judge; "it's not evidence."

"Wery good, my lord," replied Sam.

"Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant; eh, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Yes, I do, sir," replied Sam.

"Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was."

"I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury," said Sam, "and that was a wery partickler and uncommon circumstance vith me in those days."

Hereupon there was a general laugh; and the little judge, looking with an angry countenance over his desk, said, "You had better be careful, sir."

"So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord," replied Sam; "and I was wery careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes; wery careful, indeed, my lord."

The judge looked sternly at Sam for full two minutes, but Sam's features were so perfectly calm and serene that the judge said nothing, and motioned Serjeant Buzfuz to proceed.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, folding his arms emphatically; and turning half round to the jury, as if in mute assurance that he would bother the witness yet: "Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?"

"Certainly not," replied Sam. "I was in the passage 'till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there."

"Now, attend, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, dipping a large pen into the inkstand before him, for the purpose of frightening Sam with a show of taking down his answer. "You were in the passage, and yet saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?"

"Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam, "and that's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my wision's limited."

At this answer, which was delivered without the slightest appearance of irritation, and with the most complete simplicity and equanimity of manner, the spectators tittered, the little judge smiled, and Serjeant Buzfuz looked particularly foolish. After a short consultation with Dodson and Fogg, the learned Serjeant again turned towards Sam, and said, with a painful effort to conceal his vexation, "Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please."

"If you please, sir," rejoined Sam, with the utmost good-humor.

"Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house, one night in November last?"

"Oh yes, wery well."

"Oh, you *do* remember that, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, recovering his spirits; "I thought we should get at something at last."

"I rayther thought that too, sir," replied Sam; and at this the spectators tittered again.

"Well; I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial—eh, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking knowingly at the jury.

"I went up to pay the rent; but we *did* get a talkin' about the trial," replied Sam.

"Oh, you did get a talking about the trial," said Serjeant Buzfuz, brightening up with the anticipation of some important discovery. "Now, what passed about the trial; will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?"

"Vith all the pleasure in life, sir," replied Sam. "Arter a few unimportant obserwations from the two virtuous females as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a very great state o' admiration at the honorable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Fogg—them two gen'l'men as is settin' near you now." This, of course, drew general attention to Dodson and Fogg, who looked as virtuous as possible.

"The attorneys for the plaintiff," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz. "Well! They spoke in high praise of the honorable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?"

"Yes," said Sam, "they said what a very gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothing at all for costs unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick."

At this very unexpected reply, the spectators tittered again, and Dodson and Fogg, turning very red, leant over to Serjeant Buzfuz, and in a hurried manner whispered something in his ear.

"You are quite right," said Serjeant Buzfuz aloud, with affected composure. "It's perfectly useless, my lord, attempting to get at any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir."

"Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anythin'?" inquired Sam, taking up his hat, and looking round most deliberately.

"Not I, Mr. Weller, thank you," said Serjeant Snubbin, laughing.

"You may go down, sir," said Serjeant Buzfuz, waving his hand impatiently. Sam went down accordingly, after doing Messrs. Dodson and Fogg's case as much harm as he conveniently could, and saying just as little respecting Mr. Pickwick as might be, which was precisely the object he had had in view all along.

"I have no objection to admit, my lord," said Serjeant Snubbin, "if it will save the examination of another witness, that Mr. Pickwick has retired from business, and is a gentleman of considerable independent property."

"Very well," said Serjeant Buzfuz, putting in the two letters to be read, "Then that's my case, my lord."

Serjeant Snubbin then addressed the jury on behalf of the defendant, and a very long and a very emphatic address he delivered, in which he bestowed the highest possible eulogiums on the conduct and character of Mr. Pickwick; but inasmuch as our readers are far better able to form a correct estimate of that gentleman's merits and deserts than Serjeant Snubbin could possibly be, we do not feel called upon to enter at any length into the learned gentleman's observations. He attempted to show that the letters which had been exhibited, merely related to Mr. Pickwick's dinner, or to the preparations for receiving him in his apartments on his return from some country excursion. It is sufficient to add in general terms, that he did the best he could for Mr. Pickwick; and the best, as everybody knows, on the infallible authority of the old adage, could do no more.

Mr. Justice Stareleigh summed up in the old-established and most approved form. He read as much of his notes to the jury as he could decipher on so short a notice, and made running comments on the evidence as he went along. If Mrs. Bardell were right, it was perfectly clear that Mr. Pickwick was wrong, and if they thought the evidence of Mrs. Cluppins worthy of credence they would believe it, and, if they didn't, why they wouldn't. If they were satisfied that a breach of promise of marriage had been committed, they would find for the plaintiff with such damages as they thought proper; and if, on the other hand, it appeared to them that no promise of marriage had ever been given, they would find for the defendant with no damages at all. The jury then retired to their private room to talk the matter over, and the judge retired to *his* private room, to refresh himself with a mutton chop and a glass of sherry.

An anxious quarter of an hour elapsed; the jury came back; the judge was fetched in. Mr. Pickwick put on his spectacles, and gazed at the foreman with an agitated countenance and a quickly beating heart.



"Gentlemen," said the individual in black, "are you all agreed upon your verdict?"

"We are," replied the foreman.

"Do you find for the plaintiff, gentlemen, or for the defendant?"

"For the plaintiff."

"With what damages, gentlemen?"

"Seven hundred and fifty pounds."

Mr. Pickwick took off his spectacles, carefully wiped the glasses, folded them into their case, and put them into his pocket; then having drawn on his gloves with great nicety, and stared at the foreman all the while, he mechanically followed Mr. Perker and the blue bag out of court.

They stopped in a side room while Perker paid the court fees; and here, Mr. Pickwick was joined by his friends. Here, too, he encountered Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, rubbing their hands with every token of outward satisfaction.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick,

"Well, sir," said Dodson: for self and partner.

"You imagine you'll get your costs, don't you, gentlemen?" said Mr. Pickwick.

Fogg said they thought it rather probable. Dodson smiled, and said they'd try.

"You may try, and try, and try again, Messrs. Dodson and Fogg," said Mr. Pickwick vehemently, "but not one farthing of costs or damages do you ever get from me, if I spend the rest of my existence in a debtor's prison."

"Ha, he!" laughed Dodson. "You'll think better of that, before next term, Mr. Pickwick."

"He, he, he!" We'll soon see about that, Mr. Pickwick," grinned Fogg.

Speechless with indignation, Mr. Pickwick allowed himself to be led by his solicitor and friends to the door, and there assisted into a hackney-coach, which had been fetched for the purpose, by the ever watchful Sam Weller.

Sam had put up the steps, and was preparing to jump upon the box, when he felt himself gently touched on the

shoulder; and looking round, his father stood before him. The old gentleman's countenance wore a mournful expression, as he shook his head gravely, and said, in warning accents:

"I know'd what 'ud come 'o this here mode 'o doin' bisness. O Sammy, Sammy, vy worn't there a alleybi!"

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## CHAPTER IV

CONCLUSION OF "PICKWICK."—"BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY" STARTED.—MR. DICKENS ENGAGED AS EDITOR.—BRILLIANT STAFF. — HIS OWN CONTRIBUTIONS. — FATHER PROUT'S POEM TO "BOZ."—"OLIVER TWIST" COMMENCED. —GREAT SUCCESS OF "BENTLEY'S."—DESCRIPTION OF JACOB'S ISLAND.—COMMENTS OF THE PRESS ON MR. DICKENS' WRITINGS. — THE REVIEWS. — WASHINGTON IRVING.

—"Oh! lead me oftentimes to huts  
Where poor men lie; that I may learn the stuff  
Which life is made of, its true good and ills;  
What things are daily bringing grief and joy,  
Unto the hearts of millions of our race."



OUR author had now (1837) reached his twenty-sixth year. The *Sketches* and *The Pickwick Papers*, which were now nearly completed, had given him a considerable reputation as a writer, and had attracted the notice of Mr. Richard Bentley of New Burlington street, London, a publisher. This gentleman was about to establish a new periodical under the title of *Bentley's Miscellany*, but had experienced considerable difficulty in finding an editor capable of managing it. The success of *The Pickwick Papers* induced him to make so liberal an offer to Mr. Dickens, that it was promptly accepted by him. The first number appeared on the first of January, 1837, under the editorship of "Boz." The Magazine was powerful and well conducted. Among the contributors appeared the names

of J. Fenimore Cooper, Samuel Lover, the early chapters of whose *Handy Andy* enlivened its pages, the witty Hook, Sheridan Knowles, and many others of considerable note. The illustrations were by George Cruikshank, H. K. Browne and others. Mr. Dickens, himself, contributed several short sketches, amongst which are the *Public Life of Mr. Tubrumble, mayor of Mudfog*; *The Pantomime of Life*; and the *Reports of the Proceedings of the Mudfog Association*, a burlesque upon the sittings of the "British Association for the Advancement of Science," then newly established. In the address at the close of the first year, he says, in relation to the future, that he is "hoping to make many changes for the better, and none for the worse; and to show that, while we have one grateful eye to past patronage, we have another wary one to future favors; in that, thus, like the heroine of the sweet poem, descriptive of the faithlessness and perjury of Mr. John Oakham, of the Royal Navy, we look two ways at once." He closes: "These, and a hundred other great designs, preparations, and surprises are in contemplation, for the fulfilment of which we are already bound in two volumes cloth, and have no objection, if it be any additional security to the public, to stand bound in twenty more."

In the number for January, 1838, occurs the following poem addressed by Father Prout to "Boz:"

POETICAL EPISTLE FROM FATHER PROUT TO BOZ.

I.

A rhyme! a rhyme! from a distant clime,—from the gulf of the Genoeae,  
O'er the rugged scalps of the Julian Alps, dear Boz! I send you these,  
To light the *Wick* your candlestick holds up, or, should you list,  
To usher in the yarn you spin concerning Oliver Twist.

## II.

Immense applause you've gained, oh, Boz ! through continental Europe ;  
 You'll make Pickwick æumenick ; of fame you have a sure hope :  
 For here your books are found, gadzooks ! in greater *luxé* than any  
 That have issued yet, hotpress'd or wet, from the types of GALIGNANI.

## III.

But neither when you sport your pen, oh, potent mirth-compeller !  
 Winning our hearts " in monthly parts," can Pickwick or Sam Weller  
 Cause us to weep with pathos deep, or shake with laugh spasmodical  
 As when you drain your copious vein from Bentley's periodical.

## IV.

Folks all enjoy your Parish Boy—so truly you depict him :  
 But I alack ! while thus you track your stunted poor-law's victim,  
 Must think of some poor nearer home,—poor who, unheeded perish,  
 By equires despoiled, by " patriots " gulled,—I mean the starving Irish.

## V.

Yet there's no dearth of Irish mirth, which, to a mind of feeling,  
 Seemeth to be the Helot's glee before the Spartan reeling ;  
 Such gloomy thought o'ercometh not the glow of England's humor,  
 Thrice happy isle ! long may the smile of genuine joy illumine her !

## VI.

Write on, young sage ! still o'er the page pour forth the flood of fancy ;  
 Wax still more droll, wave o'er the soul Wit's wand of necromancy.  
 Behold ! e'en now around your brow th' immortal laurel thickens ;  
 Yea, SWIFT or STERNE might gladly learn a thing or two from DICKENS.

## VII.

A rhyme ! a rhyme ! from a distant clime,—a song from the sunny south !  
 A goodly theme, so Boz but deem the measure not uncouth,  
 Would, for thy sake, that " PROUT " could make his bow in fashion finer,  
 " *Partant* " (from thee) " *pour la Syrie*," for Greece and Asia Minor.

Genoa, 14th December, 1837.

But it was in February, 1837, that the leading and most attractive story which graced the pages of that magazine was commenced. This was from the pen of our author, and was entitled *Oliver Twist, or the Parish Boy's Progress*, a tale now so widely known. It narrates the adventures and sufferings of the little boy Oliver, who had the misfortune to be born in an English work-house. Half starved here, he drew down on himself the special vindictiveness of the authorities, matron, beadle, and all, by having the audacity, on a certain occasion, to

ask for "more" soup for his comrades and himself. Such a piece of temerity had never been known before in the whole annals of workhouse history. After a time, Oliver is taken to London where he is kidnapped by a gang of thieves. The man Sikes, here depicted, is the very incarnation of a fiend. Twice rescued from this den of infamy by new found friends, Oliver, at length, finds the first happiness that life has in store for him.

The self seeking and stupidity of the town beadle are well shown; and the scenes in his courtship of the matron are amongst the richest in literature. After his marriage he is reduced to complete submissiveness by the strong-minded matron, and on a certain occasion, he remarks, as the summary of his experience, that if the law imagines the husband to be the head of the wife, "the law's a h'ass, that's all." The story is well told, the characters managed by the hand of a master, and strikingly contrasted. Pathos and humor are uppermost by turns. It is in the thieves' den, however, that Dickens put forth his great power, and exhibited such a Rembrandt-like skill in the contrast of lights and shadows. Notwithstanding the place, we are spell bound. We perceive that though brought amongst a low and villainous gang, we are there with a purpose in view.

The story is quite a contrast to the other work of our author.

*Pickwick* began to appear March 1st, 1836. *Oliver Twist* was commenced in *Bentley's Miscellany*, February 1, 1837, and was published in book form toward the end of 1838. During much of this time the two stories were



written together, part by part, just fast enough to satisfy the requirements of the press. *Pickwick* had carried the world by storm with its inexhaustible laughter. *Oliver Twist*, reversing the process, set the world in tears. It was a second unexpected revelation, and showed that the great master of fun was at least as great a master of pathos; that he could also deal with the terrible. Instead of a mere comedian, he stood forth an irresistible governor of three of the strongest elements of humanity, stirring at his will the depths of laughter, of sympathy, of horror. The death-bed of the pauper mother; the sufferings and perils of Oliver; the infamies of the criminal life of London; the inexpressible brutality of Bumble and the poor-house, of Noah Claypole, of Mr. William Sikes, and Fang, the scoundrelly police magistrate; the still deeper abomination of Fagan and his thief-school; the murder of Nancy, pursuit and death of Sikes; the horrors of Fagan's last hours—were a series of pictures so utterly frightful, yet so blazing with the terrible light of their perfect truthfulness—and, moreover, were so astonishingly disclosed, as it were from close beneath the very feet of the readers, as if a trap-door into Tophet had been opened in their very parlor-floor—that the public was actually both frightened and put to a stand on the question of the morality of such disclosures. It was no wonder. In society, if not in the individual, the exposure of its defects is pretty certain to arouse what a wit has called “the virtuous indignation of a guilty conscience;” and the first effort of this particular faculty is pretty likely to be an attempt to divert the charge of evil doing to the person

who reveals it, as the Artful Dodger and Charley Bates, having stolen a handkerchief, cried "Stop thief!" with particular zeal. In his Preface to a later edition of *Oliver Twist*, Mr. Dickens has very squarely and forcibly answered his critics of this sort. After observing, with satirical emphasis, that the story had been "objected to on high moral grounds in some high moral quarters," he says:

"It was, it seemed, a coarse and shocking circumstance, that some of the characters in these pages are chosen from the most criminal and degraded of London's population; that Sikes is a thief, and Fagan a receiver of stolen goods; that the boys are pickpockets, and the girl is a prostitute."

Mr. Dickens' justification of the means and end of his story is indignant, powerful, and conclusive, equally in justifying the direct and plain-spoken way in which he exhibited criminal England to respectable England, and in reproving the squeamish, selfish cowardice that would fain ignore the evils it was too indolent or careless to try to cure:

"I have yet to learn," he says, with a broad philosophy as true as it is bold, "that a lesson of the purest good may not be drawn from the vilest evil. I have always believed this to be a recognized and established truth, laid down by the greatest men the world has ever seen, constantly acted upon by the best and wisest natures, and confirmed by the reason and experience of every thinking mind. I saw no reason, when I wrote this book, why the dregs of life, so long as their speech did not offend the ear, should not serve the purpose of a moral, at least, as well as its froth and cream. Nor did I doubt that there lay festering in Saint Giles's as good materials toward the truth as any to be found in St. James's."

"In this spirit, when I wished to show, in little Oliver, the principle of Good surviving through every adverse circumstance, and triumphing at last; and when I considered among what companions I could try him best, having regard to that kind of men into whose hands he would most naturally fall, I bethought myself of those who figure in these volumes. When I came to discuss the subject more maturely with myself, I saw many strong reasons for pursuing the course to which I was inclined. I had read of thieves by scores—seductive fellows (amiable for the most part), faultless in dress, plump in pocket, choice in horse-flesh, bold in bearing, fortunate in gallantry, great at a song, a bottle, pack of cards, or dice-box, and fit companions for the bravest. But I had never met (except in HOGARTH) with the miserable reality. It appeared to me that to draw a knot of such associates in crime as really do exist; to paint them in all their deformity, in all their wretchedness, in all the squalid poverty of their lives; to show them as they really are, for ever skulking uneasily through the dirtiest paths of life, with the great, black, ghastly gallows closing up their prospect, turn them where they may; it appeared to me that to do this would be to attempt a something which was greatly needed, and which would be a service to society. And therefore I did it as I best could."

This line of argument is followed at some length, and with some very apt illustrations and contrasts. These point out that when stories of criminal life do harm, it is not because they are stories of criminal life, but because they tell lies about it, and represent it as good, and not as bad. The truth about crime will exhibit it as the most utterly forlorn and miserable of human conditions. In discussing the subject, Mr. Dickens does skilful justice to the motives of the *Beggar's Opera* and of *Paul Clifford*, whose real object, fanciful treatment, and unpractical atmosphere, as he shows, prevent them from working

any great positive evil. He could not gracefully, nor indeed properly, make a direct attack on Mr. Ainsworth, who, in January, 1839, succeeded him as editor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, and whose infamous devil's gospel of *Jack Sheppard* was then printed in that magazine. But the very silence of the preface to *Oliver Twist* on that really scoundrelly book—which might very well be reckoned the reply of the Fagin school to *Oliver Twist's* indictment—and the solicitous specification of the two other most prominent English belles-lettres compositions based on criminal life, constitute a very intelligible definition of opinion. Mr. Dickens totally disapproved of the Ainsworth school—the thief-breeding school—of literature. Abundance of cases are on record, and proved by legally valid testimony, where the reading of *Jack Sheppard*, or presence at its dramatized representation, has turned reasonably decent boys into thieves and burglars. But nobody, young or old, ever felt or could feel any temptation to a life of crime from reading *Oliver Twist*. Even the rollicking, artificial merriment of the Artful Dodger and his chums, does not hide the nastiness of their physical condition, nor the hardship of their slavery to Fagin on one hand, and to the police on the other. And if any man has been inspired to imitate the way of living and dying of Fagin or of Sikes, or any woman the career of Nancy, it has not been heard of, and would not be believed if it had.

The debtors' prison scenes in *Pickwick* were described because the description was naturally part of the story as it grew under its writer's hands; and the misery of

Jingle and Job Trotter, the ruin of the fortunate legatee who was defendant in a proceeding for contempt, and the death of the twenty years' chancery prisoner, were painted in as pathetic accessories only, and with no other purpose, just as the relapse into good sense of Mrs. Weller, on her death-bed, and the ready kindness of her husband, were used in like manner. But there is a detail, a strength, a directness, a distinct feeling of purpose about the pictures of poor-house life in *Oliver Twist*, that unavoidably suggests indignation, and the intention to expose and reform.

*Oliver Twist* had the honor of being thrice introduced to the public. First, in the preface to the edition of 1839; next, in April, 1841, when the next edition was published; and finally in the edition of March, 1850. The third preface has not latterly been reprinted. It was a defence of the author against Sir Peter Laurie, a thick-headed alderman of London. In one of the closing chapters, which narrated, in a most effective manner, the well-merited fate of Sikes, that tragedy was located in a place called Jacob's Island, near that part of the Thames on which the church of Rotherhithe abuts, beyond Dockhead, in the Borough of Southwark, and Dickens described it as the filthiest, the strangest, the most extraordinary of the many localities that are trodden in London, wholly unknown by name to the great mass of its inhabitants. The view of this foul den, he thus presented:

"To reach this place, the visitor has to penetrate through a maze of close, narrow, and muddy streets, thronged by the roughest and poorest of water-side people, and devoted to the traffic that may be supposed to occas-

ion. The cheapest and least delicate provisions are heaped in the shops, the coarsest and commonest articles of wearing apparel dangle at the salesman's door, and stream from the house parapet and windows. Jostling with unemployed laborers of the lowest class, ballast-heavers, coal-whippers, brazen women, ragged children, and the very raff and refuse of the river, he makes his way with difficulty along, assailed by offensive sights and smells from the narrow alleys which branch off on the right and left, and deafened by the clash of ponderous wagons that bear great piles of merchandise from the stacks of warehouses that rise from every corner. Arriving at length in streets remoter and less frequented than those through which he had passed, he walks beneath tottering house-fronts projecting over the pavement, dismantled walls that seem to totter as he passes, chimneys, half crushed, half hesitating to fall, windows guarded by rusty iron bars, that time and dust have almost eaten away, and every imaginable sign of desolation and neglect.

"In such a neighborhood, beyond Dockhead, in the Borough of Southwark, stands Jacob's Island, surrounded by a muddy ditch, six or eight feet deep, and fifteen or twenty wide, when the tide is in, once called Mill Pond, but known in these days as Folly Ditch. It is a creek or inlet from the Thames, and can always be filled up at high water by opening the sluices at the headmills, from which it took its old name. At such times, a stranger, looking from one of the wooden bridges thrown across it at Mill Lane, will see the inhabitants of the houses on either side lowering from their back doors and windows, buckets, jars, domestic utensils of all kinds, in which to haul the water up; and when his eye is turned from these operations to the houses themselves, his utmost astonishment will be excited by the scene before him. Crazy wooden galleries, common to the backs of half-a-dozen houses, with holes from which to look upon the sluice beneath; windows broken and patched, with poles thrust out on which to dry linen that is never there; rooms so small, so filthy, so confined, that the air would seem too tainted even for

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the dirt and squallor which they shelter; wooden chambers thrusting themselves out above the mud, and threatening to fall into it—as some have done; dirt-besmeared walls and decaying foundations; every repulsive lineament of poverty; every loathsome indication of filth, rot, and garbage—all these ornament the banks of Folly Ditch.

“In Jacob’s Island the warehouses are roofless and empty, the walls are crumbling down, the windows are windows no more, the doors are falling into the street, the chimneys are blackened, but they yield no smoke. Thirty or forty years ago, before losses and chancery suits came upon it, it was a thriving place; but now it is a desolate island indeed. The houses have no owners; they are broken open and entered upon by those who have the courage, and there they live and there they die. They must have powerful motives for a secret residence, or be reduced to a destitute condition indeed, who seek a refuge in Jacob’s Island.”

This was written in the fall of 1838. Twelve years later, in 1850, at a public meeting called to discuss Social Reforms, the Bishop of London presiding, and at which Mr. Dickens was present, the discussion turned upon the condition of Jacob’s Island. At a subsequent meeting, a few days later, Sir Peter Laurie, before mentioned, undertook to deny the existence of any such locality, asserting that it only existed in a work of fiction by Mr. Dickens. This drew from the latter the following comments:

“When I came to read this, I was so much struck by the honesty, by the truth, and by the wisdom of this logic, as well as by the fact of the sagacious vestry, including members of parliament, magistrates, officers, chemists, and I know not who else listening to it meekly (as become them), that I resolved to record the fact here, as a certain means of making it known to, and causing it to be revered by, many thousands of people. Reflecting upon this logic,

and its universal application ; remembering that when Fielding described Newgate, the prison immediately ceased to exist ; that when Smollett took Roderick Randolph to Bath, that city instantly sank into the earth ; that when Scott exercised his genius on Whitefriars, it incontinently glided into the Thames ; that an ancient place called Windsor was entirely destroyed in the reign of Elizabeth by two Merry Wives of that town, acting under the direction of a person of the name of Shakespeare ; and that Mr. Pope, after having, at a great expense, completed his grotto at Twickenham, incautiously reduced it to ashes by writing a poem upon it ;—I say, when I came to consider these things, I was inclined to make this preface the vehicle of my humble tribute of admiration to Sir Peter Laurie. But, I am restrained by very painful consideration—by no less a consideration than the impossibility of *his* existence. For Sir Peter Laurie having been himself described in a book (as I understand he was, one Christmas time, for his conduct on the seat of Justice), it is but too clear that there can be no such man !”

The popularity of the new story gave great assistance to *Bentley's*, and its circulation was greatly increased. It at once took a leading position amongst the magazines. The story itself was completed in 1838, and was published in book form towards the close of that year. It has since been several times dramatized, with greater or less success ; and still claims a place upon the stage.

It is interesting and instructive to look back to the old magazines of those times, and compare the utterances of the various supposed organs, or rather directors, of literary opinion—for the critics of thirty years ago were much more lordly and lofty in their deliverances than now. Moreover, this very claim of superiority has become funny by age, if we only stop to consider the relative weight to-

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day of these nameless scribblers or their yellow, old "back numbers," and of the modern Anglo-Saxon classic whom they dealt with so patronizingly or so cavalierly. And still further, the agreeable jostling and even internecine contradictoriness of their various verdicts is a profitable spectacle—for they vetoed, or denied, or reversed, or dissolved, or annihilated—whatever the correct technic may be—the judgments of their contemporaries, like so many judges nullifying each other's motions in an important railroad case. However, the voice of the people settled the matter with small heed to the gentlemen of the quill. *Pickwick* became a "rage." Everybody bought it, laughed at it, cried over it, thought it, talked it. It permeated and tinged the whole reading mind of the United States and England with a penetrating and positive power, like the magic of a strong chemical re-agent; in six months a whole new chapter was opened in English literature. Though often copied, there is a graphic passage from the *Quarterly Review* of October, 1837, which must be quoted here; for the sake both of the facts it gives and the good sense with which it interprets them. The reviewer says:

"The popularity of this writer is one of the most remarkable literary phenomena of recent times, for it has been fairly earned without resorting to any of the means by which most other writers have succeeded in attracting the attention of their contemporaries. He has flattered no popular prejudice, and profited by no passing folly; he has attempted no caricature sketches of the manners or conversation of the aristocracy; and there are very few political or personal allusions in his works. Moreover, his class of subjects are such as to expose him at the outset to the

fatal objection of vulgarity; and with the exception of occasional extracts in the newspapers, he received little or no assistance from the press. Yet, in less than six months from the appearance of the first number of the *Pickwick Papers*, the whole reading public were talking about them; the names of Winkle, Wardle, Weller, Snodgrass, Dodson and Fogg, had become familiar in our mouths as household words, and Mr. Dickens was the grand object of interest to the whole tribe of 'Leo Hunters,' male and female, of the metropolis. Nay, Pickwick chintzes figured in linen-drappers' windows, and Weller corduroys in breeches-makers' advertisements; Boz cabs might be seen rattling through the streets, and the portrait of the author of *Pelham*, or *Crichton*, was scraped down or pasted over, to make room for that of the new popular favorite, in the omnibusses. This is only to be accounted for on the supposition that a fresh vein of humor had been opened; that a new and decidedly original genius had sprung up; and the most cursory reference to preceding English writers of the comic order will show that, in his own peculiar walk, Mr. Dickens is not simply the most distinguished, but the first."

The *Eclectic Review* for March, 1837, testifies unconsciously to the perfect originality of the new phenomenon, by the innocent perplexity of almost its first words. After complimenting the *Sketches*, and saying that "the present work will certainly not diminish in reputation—we are much mistaken if it do not add to it," it says, comically enough, "It would be somewhat difficult to determine that precise species of the very extensive genus of fictitious publications to which 'The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club' ought to be referred." Naturally, if the ornithologist discovers a new bird specifically different from any old bird, he will find it hard to assign it to a genus, until he makes the necessary new one for it.

*Pickwick* would not range with any known species, because it was an unknown species, not yet classified. This writer goes wandering on in a good-natured, helpless way, but still entirely and amusingly at sea about his genera, and about as much at home as a hen with a brood of young ducks. He complains that there is no plot, or if there is, that it is not adhered to; he says he "presumes" it must be considered a work of fiction, "notwithstanding the gravity with which the title-page assures us that it is a faithful record;" and he gets through with his task by means of a kind of subdued enumeration, as if he was afraid of the creature, of such good and bad qualities as he can perceive. He has seized upon the great central quality of all—the transcendent power and truth of Dickens in seeing and reproducing individualities. "His personages impress us with all the force and vividness of reality. They are not described—they are exhibited," he says, Sundry extracts are added, which are judiciously selected; and to conclude there is a grave admonition—though a very cautious one—more timidly phrased than ever, about the "few instances of profanity," and the "making sport of fanaticism and hypocrisy," which the reviewer terms a "dangerous task," and intimates, very gingerly indeed, that it had better be let alone. The *Eclectic* was a Dissenting magazine, and it was natural enough that it should dislike the pictures of Mr. Stiggins and his brethren and sisters of the Brick Lane Branch; but the reviewer had to be very careful not to put his head into that cap.

*Blackwood's Magazine* maintained a perfect silence

about the new novelist for a number of years. This was no doubt in consequence of the decidedly Liberal politics of Mr. Dickens, and the still more decided Toryism of the great Scotch periodical, which was always unscrupulously injected into all its dealings with literature, without much regard to truth, justice, or decency. However, it was a matter of no consequence, and when, at last, it spoke, it is really of no consequence what it said. An opinion delayed from such motives, and at last expressed from such motives, must necessarily be worthless in itself. The mere fact of any expression of it becomes the strongest testimony at once to the importance of the subject, and the foolishness of the critic.

Not much attention was paid by the critics to the *Sketches* until the appearance of *Pickwick*, when they were frequently noticed together, sometimes with the addition of *Oliver Twist*, as in the case of the *Westminster Review*, which, in July, 1837, devoted an article to the new literary luminary. By this time Mr. Bentley, the publisher, sharply on the watch for whatever might promote the prosperity of his *Miscellany*, then just projected, had offered Mr. Dickens its editorship, which he had accepted. The first number of it appeared January 1st, 1837, and in its second number had been commenced *Oliver Twist*.

The first paragraph of the *Westminster Review* does justice to the intrinsic merits of the author. The modesty which had decided him to use an *incognito* at his first appearance had been deservedly rewarded by the overpowering success, not of a name, of a prestige, or of an influence



—for no new author could have been more utterly destitute of these helps—but of the most genuine excellence, and of excellence most genuinely alone. And this triumph was all the greater in a society so bathed, soaked, ingrained with social prejudice and pride of rank, with regard for influence, and distrust of newcomers, and where even yet literary lords and ladies found that their titles on their title-pages visibly enhanced the mercantile value of their books.

It is true, however, that, as in other cases of such anonymous risks, the mystery which, in case of failure, would simply have made the obscurity of the disappearing aspirant darker and more silent, made the celebrity of his success noisier and brighter. All exclaimed, "What a great romancer!" as loudly as if they had known who it was; and all exclaimed, too, "Who is this great romancer?" so that the excitement was at least doubled, curiosity and wonder being superadded to admiration and enjoyment.

The *Westminster Review* begins thus:

"Our readers will not, we imagine, be surprised at finding that the general popularity of the *Pickwick Papers* induces us to enter on a criticism of their author, more serious than is generally accorded to the anonymous writers of productions given to the world in so very fugitive a form as that in which the whole of them have appeared. That popularity is so extensive, that it would be impossible to give an accurate idea either of the most remarkable writers of the day, or of the taste of the reading public of this country, without noticing works which have perhaps elicited more general and warmer admiration than any works of fiction which have been published for several years past. It must be observed, too, that this

great reputation has been acquired without the aid of any interest excited by the personal notoriety of the author."

Equally friendly and just is the following conclusion, at the close of the discussion:

"The great and extensive popularity of 'Boz' is the result, not of popular caprice, or of popular bad taste, but of great intrinsic powers of mind, from which we augur considerable future excellence, etc."

The *Spectator* said, very aptly putting a number of shrewd points:

"The secret of this extraordinary success is, that he exactly hits the level of the capacity and taste of the mass of readers. He furnishes, too, that commodity which mankind in all ages and countries most eagerly seek for and readily appreciate—amusement. He skims lightly over the surface of men and manners, and takes rapid glances at life in city and suburb, indicating the most striking and obvious characteristics with a ready and spirited pencil, giving a few strokes of comic humor and satire, and a touch of the pathetic, with equal effect, and introducing episodical incidents and tales to add life and interest to the picture. 'Boz' is the Cruikshank of writers."

*Fraser's Magazine* for April, 1840, began an article on *Dickens and his Works* thus:

"Few writers have risen so rapidly into extensive popularity as Dickens, and that by no mean or unjustifiable pandering to public favor, or the use of low arts of trickery, puffery, or pretence. Four years ago his name was almost unknown, except in some narrow newspaper circles, and his compositions had not extended beyond ephemeral sketches and essays, which, though shrewd, clever, and amusing, would never have been collected, as they now are, into volumes, but for the speedily-acquired and far diffused fame of *Pickwick*. [This is an error, for at least one series of the *Sketches* had been issued in two

volumes before *Pickwick* was suggested.] Before we pass from these *Sketches*, we must say that they contain germs of almost every character 'Boz' has since depicted, as well as of his incidents and stories, and that they display the quaint peculiarities of his style. Some of them, indeed, are, we think, better than anything which he has written in his more celebrated performances."

The *Edinburgh Review*, a liberal publication—at least as able and influential a periodical as its Tory townfellow and adversary, *Blackwood*, and certainly more respectable in manners and morals, and a more trustworthy literary tribunal,—in its issue for October, 1838, put forth a somewhat elaborate estimate of Mr. Dickens, from which are extracted the following passages, which refer to the author's first four works collectively, and which judge him from them :

"He has put them [viz., *Sketches*, *Pickwick*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Oliver Twist*] forth in a form attractive, it is true, to that vast majority, the *idle* readers, but not one indicative of high literary pretension, or calculated to inspire a belief of probable permanence of reputation. They seem, at first sight, to be among the most evanescent of the literary *ephemera* of their day—mere humorous specimens of the lightest kind of light reading, expressly calculated to be much sought and soon forgotten; fit companions for the portfolio of caricatures; good nonsense; and nothing more. This is the view which many persons will take of Mr. Dickens' writings; but this is not our deliberate view of them. We think him a very original writer—well entitled to his popularity, and not likely to lose it—and the truest and most spirited delineator of English life, amongst the middle and lower classes, since the days of Smollett and Fielding. He has remarkable powers of observation, and great skill in communicating what he has observed; a keen sense of the

ludicrous ; exuberant humor ; and that mastery in the pathetic which, though it seems opposed to the gift of humor, is often found in conjunction with it. Add to these qualities an unaffected style, fluent, easy, spirited, and terse, a good deal of dramatic power, and great truthfulness and ability in description. We know no other English writer to whom he bears a marked resemblance. He sometimes imitates other writers, such as Fielding, in his introductions, and Washington Irving, in his detached tales ; and this exhibits his skill as a parodist. But his own manner is very distinct, and comparison with any other would not serve to illustrate and describe it. We would compare him rather with the painter Hogarth.

Like Hogarth, he takes a keen and practical view of life—is an able satirist—very successful in depicting the ludicrous side of human nature, and rendering its follies more apparent by humorous exaggeration—peculiarly skilful in its management of details. . . . It is fair, in making this comparison, to add, that it does not hold good throughout, and that Mr. Dickens is exempt from two of Hogarth's least agreeable qualities—his cynicism and his coarseness. There is no misanthropy in his satire, and no coarseness in his descriptions—a merit enhanced by the nature of his subjects. His works are chiefly pictures of humble life—frequently of the humblest. The reader is led through scenes of poverty and crime, and all the characters are made to discourse in the appropriate language of their respective classes ; and yet we recollect no passage which ought to cause pain to the most sensitive delicacy, if read aloud in female society.

“We have said that his satire was not misanthropic. This is eminently true. One of the qualities we the most admire in him is his comprehensive spirit of humanity, the tendency of his writings to make us practically benevolent—to excite our sympathy in behalf of the aggrieved and suffering in all classes, and especially to those who are most removed from observation. He especially directs our attention to the helpless victims of untoward circumstances, or a vicious system—to the imprisoned debtor—

the orphan pauper—the parish apprentice—the juvenile criminal—and to the tyranny which, under the combination of parental neglect with the mercenary brutality of a pedagogue, may be exercised with impunity in schools. His humanity is plain, practical, and manly. It is quite untainted with sentimentality. There is no mawkish wailing for ideal distresses—no morbid exaggeration of the evils incident to our lot—no disposition to excite unavailing discontent, or to turn our attention from remediable grievances to those which do not admit a remedy. Though he appeals much to our feelings, we can detect no instance in which he has employed the verbiage of spurious philanthropy.

“He is equally exempt from the meretricious cant of spurious philosophy. He never endeavors to mislead our sympathies—to pervert plain notions of right and wrong—to make vice interesting in our eyes, and shake our confidence in those whose conduct is irreproachable, by dwelling on the hollowness of seeming virtue. His vicious characters are just what experience shows the average to be, and what the natural operation of those circumstances to which they have been exposed would lead us to expect. . . .

“Good feeling and sound sense are shown in his application of ridicule. It is never levelled at poverty or misfortune; or at circumstances which can be rendered ludicrous only by their deviation from artificial forms; or by regarding them through the medium of a conventional standard.” . . . .

These extracts are none too numerous nor too full for illustrating the force of the impression which Dickens made upon his time, nor for showing what manner of impression it was.

A small addition, moreover, is necessary, to show something of the other side, and also for the not uninteresting purpose of affording means for a judgment upon criticism

itself. Thus far the sum of the opinions has been, with small reservations, favorable. It was favorable, however, "the day after the fair." The critical band did not discover anything; it was the reading public who discovered. The popularity of the *Sketches* was hardly recognized at all by the high and mighty gentlemen of the magazines. But when the *Sketches* had been prosperous in an evening newspaper, then in a morning newspaper, then in a magazine, and then in a book; when thirty thousand copies of *Pickwick* had been sold; when not one, but several, dramatized versions of it had been put on the London stage, and the new writer had actually instilled a new color into actual English life—after all that, it was no very surprising discernment which stimulated one reviewer and another reviewer to earn a few guineas by returning to the public, through a magazine article, the opinions which the public had already formed and given to the writer. The fact is, however, that it is this very quality—their mere reflection of public opinion, their very lack of any intrinsic utterance of their own—which makes these articles available now more than a whole generation after their first appearance, as a means of explaining the nature of the advent which occasioned them. Except the invidious silence of *Blackwood*, little or nothing is visible of any outside motive in this collection of verdicts.

There were some varieties of opinion, of course. Some of these are both instructive and amusing; for they both illustrate the important doctrine of the differences of taste, and show, in a sufficiently entertaining way, how unsafe it is to pin one's faith upon the utterances of a



reviewer. The Reverend Mr. Wilbur has recorded his sensations upon perusing the review, in a certain periodical, of a sermon which the worthy clergyman had prepared with much labor, and published with some pardonable confidence. The review was an unfavorable one; but such was the weighty gravity and old experience in its tone, that the mortified parson judged it to have been written by a sage of not less than three hundred years old. It turned out, however, that the writer was in fact a student in college, who had thus revenged himself upon Mr. Wilbur for correcting a certain false quantity in the boy's examination in Latin. There is no trace of any such personal enmity among the reviews of Dickens' works, either now or at any other period; for it is not merely his good fortune, but his merit, to have lived almost or altogether without any properly literary enemies.

The effort to classify the new phenomenon has been already mentioned. Some thought he was most like Fielding; some like Irving; and some with a wider generalization, conceded him at once a place of his own among the masters, and sought to describe him by analogies with other departments of creative genius—calling him a Cruikshank, a Hogarth, a Teniers. In one instance, an effort was made to prove him an actual plagiarist. The *Quarterly Review* for October, 1837, devotes a number of pages to the laudable purpose of convicting Mr. Dickens of having substantially copied his description of Mr. Weller, senior, from Irving's delineation of the English stage-coachman in the *Sketch Book*. The pineal gland of this similarity is a single sentence. In Irving it is this;

"He has commonly a broad full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced, by hard feeling into every vessel of the skin."

In Dickens it is this :

" . . . . and his complexion exhibited that peculiarly mottled combination of colors, which is only to be seen in gentlemen of his profession, and underdone roast beef."

It is probable that if Mr. Dickens had omitted the word "mottled," the *Quarterly* would not have italicised those two sentences for identity. And to so italicise them and condemn him, because, being a very accurate observer, he applied to a mottled surface the only proper word to describe it, after another very accurate observer had done the same, is hyper-critical. It would never have been done if each had said the face in question was red. It may, however, be granted that Mr. Dickens admired Irving, and it is perfectly safe to admit further that he may have read Irving's description not long before writing his own ; and still further, that Mr. Irving's description did in fact give even tone and color to Mr. Dickens' description. But all this will not establish any charge of plagiarism, on any just principle of criticism nor of evidence, nor on any principle at all, except the undeniable one that he is to be found guilty who cannot prove himself innocent. Such charges have often been made ; and other cases where, as in this case, there was certainly a coincidence and probably an unconscious reproduction, have often been given as cases of actual literary dishonesty. But charity in judging and presumptions in favor of good character and intentions, not against them, are exactly as indispensable, for justice in literary criticism as they are in a court of

law, or in the Christian religion. The question has a sufficiently broad interest to justify the citation of one parallel case where the coincidence is far more striking, because the reproduction is so much more nearly word for word, and so identical in thought and form, but where nobody ever thought of charging the dishonesty of purpose which constitutes plagiarism, and nobody ever will. Poe, in his *Raven*, wrote :

“ And the silken, sad, *uncertain* rustling of each *purple curtain*  
Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before.”

Mrs. Browning, in *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, wrote :

“ With a murmurous stir *uncertain*, in the air, the *purple curtain*  
Swelleth in and swelleth out around her motionless pale brows.”

Here, instead of one single epithet almost as unavoidable under the circumstances as if two different persons had separately described four to be the result of adding two and two, we have identical, 1, metre ; 2, rhythm ; 3, rhyme ; 4, choice of thing described (for the curtain was not necessary) ; 5, choice of the same two epithets, one of color and the other of metaphorical quality. And in spite, of all this concentrated, cumulative, and indeed irresistible evidence, the proof if honestly estimated, simply shows *reminiscence*, not plagiarism. And in the case of Dickens and Irving, even the reminiscence is less distinct, as any one will see who will take the trouble to read the context of the two passages concerned. The truth is, lastly, that most of the charges of plagiarism which have often been made, with supposed proof in specified sentences, are resolvable into either accidental coincidence or unintentional

reminiscence. The same is true of co-incident musical strains and phrases; and if the fundamental bass of a composition were to be recognized as its radical thought, somewhat as critics have sometimes made abstraction of the *differentia* of two passages in order to get at their real fabric or foundation, the number of original musical compositions would not be very great; hundreds and thousands of them, indeed, would come down to this one succession: the first of the key, the fourth, the fifth, a dominant seventh, and the tonic again. But both artists and authors, like people in general, are a good deal better than some people think. And the critics as a body will never be numbered collectively, *a priori* on the optimist side.

Besides this actual imputation of wrong-doing, there were of course such merely depreciatory expressions of opinion as resulted from variations of taste or belief. The chief of these were such as came from the organs of the Dissenting religious body. Throughout the whole range of his works, and in the earlier ones quite as distinctly as in the latter, Mr. Dickens has discharged the sharpest of his satire upon unworthy ministers of the gospel. In this discrimination he is perfectly right; since in proportion as a profession is more sacred, its abuse is more deserving of exposure and punishment. But the exponents of clerical vices and pretences in his books have usually been of denominations other than the Church of England. The Dissenting magazines were thus the likeliest to object to such characters as Stiggins, and to the whole range of Dickens' pretenders to religion, and they did so accordingly.

The *North British Review* re-enforces the opposition, but on a different line of attack. It has nothing to say about any danger of irreverent dealings with what is holy, but it charges him with vulgarity, the absence of real religious principle, and of real moral principle too, mere kind and good impulses being, it is asserted, the only substitutes used for them. As a North Briton should do (though it be praising a Cavalier at the expense of the Puritans), the *Review* instances Scott as a bright contrast to Dickens in these particulars. The paragraphs in question are these:

"The mention of the *Waverley Novels*, and their broad Scottish dialect, leads unavoidably to the remark that, unlike the author of these matchless productions, Mr. Dickens makes his low characters almost always *vulgar*. . . .

"In the next place, the good characters of Mr. Dickens' novels do not seem to have a wholesome moral tendency. The reason is, that many of them—all the author's favorites—exhibit an excellence flowing from constitution and temperament, and not from the influence of moral or religious motive. They act from impulse, not from principle. They present no struggle of contending passions; they are instinctively incapable of evil; they are, therefore, not constituted like other human beings, and do not feel the force of temptation as it assails our less perfect hearts. It is this that makes them unreal—

'Faultless monsters that the world ne'er saw!'

This is the true meaning of 'the simple heart' which Mr. Dickens so perpetually eulogizes. Indeed, they often degenerate into simpletons, sometimes into mere idiots. . . . Another error is the undue prominence given to good temper and kindness, which are constantly made substitutes for all other virtues, and an atonement for the want of them; while a defect in these good qualities is the signal for instant condemnation and the charge of hypocrisy. It is unfortunate, also, that Mr. Dickens so fre-

quently represents persons with pretensions to virtue and piety as mere rogues and hypocrites, and never depicts any whose station as clergymen, or reputation for piety, is consistently adorned and verified. . . . We cannot but sometimes contrast the tone of Mr. Dickens' purely sentimental passages with that of Sir Walter Scott on similar occasions, and the stilted pomp with which the former often parades a flaunting rag of threadbare morality, with the quiet and graceful ease with which the latter points out and enforces a useful lesson."

If it be the question whether Sir Walter Scott be an ideal standard of ethical instruction, ten times as many pious Scotchmen will be found on record against him as for him. If this criterion of moral teachings be applied to novels, what will follow? They must represent, according to it, good characters; and those characters must be orthodox in their goodness; in a word, such as would, on examination, be accepted into the membership of [my] church. With the *odium theologicum* thus crossed upon the *odium criticum*, the race of reviewers would become a band of indescribable miscreants. Mr. Lowell has, with a most bitter sarcasm, represented the critic as a peculiarly offensive kind of bug. The improved breed, however, would combine the mere malodorous disgustfulness of the noxious insect with the venom of a cobra di capello, and the reckless wrath of a hornet. Inquisitors would be mere wet-nurses in comparison to such devilish beings.

All such discussions as these of the *Eclectic* and *North British* are entirely beside the mark. They do not touch the real question. That question is this: Are there such people as the novelist draws? and has he drawn them well? Both these questions have been answered in the



affirmative by the civilized world for thirty years, so far as Mr. Dickens is concerned. It is not the office of a novel to teach orthodox denominational views, nor even to diffuse true religion, any more than it is the office of a pocket-handkerchief. Handkerchiefs with the Thirty-nine Articles printed on each, or with the Shorter Catechism run serially through each dozen, might perhaps be sold; yet the diffusion of such symbols in such goods is not the business, and would not have built the fortune of Mr. A. T. Stewart.

It is not necessary, however, to argue the question here in full, interesting as it is. It is part of the present plan, however, to do briefly something that will serve quite as well as a refutation inform, both to set Mr. Dickens right and to show what is the real significance of a body of *ex cathedra* criticism. This something is, to present one or two instances, out of many that might be given, of mutual extinction among the critics; who in various points may fairly enough be taken to nullify each other, no matter how brilliant they were singly; as, according to opticians, two equal beams of perfect sunlight may be, as it were, fired into each other, so as to extinguish each other and produce a darkness.

"Mr. Dickens' faults," says the *North British*, "are vulgarity, unnaturalness in his personages, and a non-morality that amounts substantially to immorality." "Among Mr. Dickens' characteristic virtues," says the *Westminster*, "are great closeness to nature, and absence of coarseness." "And," adds the *Edinburgh*, "besides that there is no passage which should cause pain to the most sensitive female

delicacy, one of the qualities we most admire in him is (surely not an immoral one, at least, if there is any truth in the New Testament) his comprehensive spirit of humanity, his tendency to make us practically benevolent."

Again (on the point of mere artistic truth and skill, and leaving out the questions of minor or major morals): "Mr. Jingle," says the *Westminster*, "is absurd and impossible (*because* we never saw him!); and Mr. Pott is the best character in the book." "Mr. Jingle," says *Fraser*, "is the best preserved character in the book. Dr. Slammer, too," he adds, "and other incidental characters, are probable, *because*, again, we have such people; but the 'standing characters'—that is, of course, most of all, Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller—are absurd." "The two Wellers, in particular," says the *Westminster*, "are admirable representatives of classes." "And," observes the *Edinburgh*, "there are many characters truly excellent. First stand Pickwick and his man Weller."

Even if we dared advance far into such a battle of giants, we need not. Like the little boy at the peep-show, we can pay our penny and please ourselves. The difficulty is obviously—as it will probably always be where any considerable number of these wise men are compared—to choose which charmer we will be happy with. It is true, to be sure, that an argument may be made in favor of the method of forming an independent opinion and neglecting the critics; though this method involves the waste of a great quantity of fine writing, and the labor of careful thinking.

This assortment of judgments would not be complete

without that of the London *Athenæum*, which greeted *Pickwick* at its first appearance with a characteristic assertion. This paper, giving the only or almost the only wholly contemptuous opinion put forth by any periodical of any pretensions to standing, allowed Mr. Dickens only "cleverness." It said :

"The writer of the periodical which is now before us has great cleverness, but he runs closely on some leading hounds in the humorous pack, and when he gives tongue (perchance a vulgar tongue) he reminds you of the bay-ing of several deep dogs who have gone before. The Papers of the 'Pickwick Club,' in fact, are made up of two pounds of Smollett, three ounces of Sterne, a handful of Hook, a dash of grammatical Pierce Egan—incidents at pleasure, served up with an original sauce piquant."

In the mass of contemporary criticism on *Pickwick* there is one curious omission—that is, it would be curious if the book were first published in 1870. This is, the omission of any objection to the tippling and actual drunkenness which dribbles all over the story. This is certainly one of its least agreeable traits; but it does not seem to have been so much as observed in its day. Even the carping critics do not say a word about the pineapple rum which was Mr. Stiggins' "particular wanity." The truth is, of course, that tippling was simply universal in England in those days; although the heavy swilling, so usual in good society in the time of the Regency, had in a great measure gone by. In the year 1835, the Rev. Heman Humphrey, D.D., President of Amherst College, made a tour in Great Britain, France, and Belgium, of which his account was published in two volumes, 12mo, 1838; and

a decidedly intelligent and readable book it is, besides affording many contemporary hints about society, manners, etc., which illustrate points in *Pickwick* in particular. As to this very question of temperance, the good Doctor, who carried credentials from the American Temperance Society to the British and Foreign Temperance Society, devotes thirty-nine horrified pages of mingled moans and mathematics to a detailed exposition of the frightful prevalence of alcoholism amongst all ranks and conditions of men in Great Britain.

This is the proper place to note one other similar piece of accidental testimony to the truthfulness of the descriptions in *Pickwick*. It amounts only to this: that the fearful strings of verbal outrage hurled at each other by Messrs. Pott and Slurk, the rival editors of Eatanswill, are probably as little caricature as anything in the book—or, for that matter, in any book. To a reader of this generation, those virulent invectives seem extravagant. But Dr. Humphrey, in his *Tour*, while he admits that the English newspapers are edited with much ability, says, in substance, that the British press is even licentious in its freedom of utterance; that it would be out of the question to coin a term of denunciation more bitter than those which are constantly used with perfect impunity; and that practically there is no restraint to keep the press even within the bounds of reason and public safety. It must have been a pretty free-spoken company of editors who could wear such an appearance to an American. But it is of the newspapers of that very year that Anderson (*History of British Journalism*, ii., 221, et seq.) speaks,

when he says that their style, "although vastly improved upon that of former times, would startle those who are accustomed to the more subdued tone, and calmer language of modern newspaper controversy." The *London Times*, in 1835, called Mr. Macaulay "Mr. Babbletongue Macaulay;" and said that another member of Parliament borrowed his second name from a gin-shop, which his father must have kept; and it always called the great Irish orator, O'Connell, "the big beggarman." Mr. Disraeli, in answering the *Globe* (in the *Times*) said, that that paper "tosses its head with all the fluttering indignation and affected scorn of an enraged and supercilious waiting-woman;" and another letter in the *Times* calls an obnoxious editor "an obscure animal," and "the thing who concocts the meagre sentences and drivels out the rheumy rhetoric of the *Globe*." Another letter in the *Times*, a little afterward, contained the following fine specimen of stercoraceous literature: "It is not, then, my passion for notoriety that has induced me to tweak the editor of the *Globe* by the nose, and to inflict sundry kicks on the baser part of his base person—to make him eat dirt, and his own words fouler than any filth; but because I wished to show to the world what a miserable poltroon—what a craven dullard—what a literary scarecrow—what a mere thing stuffed with straw and rubbish," etc. These letters, it should be remembered, were part of the regular political controversies of the paper, and were semi-editorial therefore, and substantially the utterances of the paper—not mere casual contributions. Once more: Mr. Disraeli, in his *Letters of Runnymede*, afterward published in a volume, called

Lord John Russell "an infinitely small scaramouch—an insect;" Palmerston and Grant, "two sleek and long-tailed rats;" and William Bentinck, "one of those mere lees of debilitated humanity and exhausted nature, which the winds periodically waft to the hopeless breezes of their native cliffs," and "a drivelling nabob of weak and perplexed mind and grovelling spirit." Where the foremost newspaper in the world, and the future Prime Minister of the British Empire, dealt in such gardy-loo rhetoric as that, it is not likely that two enraged, vulgar country editors would fall behind them in desperation or in dirt. Dickens himself was a newspaper man too, and quite as slangy and fluent as was necessary. But he did not exceed the reality in Pott and Slurk—nor even he could caricature the controversial editorials of that period. As easily make a black mark on charcoal.

The extent and variety of the foregoing citations and comments was for the sake of depicting, with some degree of fulness, the kind and quantity of excitement produced by the advent into literature of this powerful new luminary. Beyond the Atlantic, the welcome was at least as hearty, and the admiration at least as enthusiastic. In this case, as in abundance of other similar ones, remoteness of situation and consequent freedom from English local prejudices and conventional habits, enabled the American public to rival and often to surpass the English public in appreciating the work of English minds.

The *North American Review* for January, 1843, says:  
". . . the name of Charles Dickens started into a celebrity, which, for extent and intensity, for its extraordin-



ary influence upon social feelings and even political institutions, and for the strength of favorable regard and even warm personal attachment by which it has been accompanied all over the world, we believe is without a parallel in the history of letters. The demand for the *Pickwick Papers* grew greater and greater with every succeeding number. English gentlemen, travelling on the Continent, left orders to have them forwarded to their address. At home, everybody who could afford his monthly shilling hurried to pay it on the morning of the publishing day; and with an adroitness for money-making, commonly supposed to mark the American only, boys let out their copies to those who could not afford to buy, at a penny an hour.

"Among readers in the United States, the eagerness to get these papers was to the full as general and intense. They were republished in every form of newspaper, weekly and monthly journal, and close-printed volume; the incessant industry of the metropolitan presses proved hardly equal to supplying the country demand; and long before the adventures of Mr. Pickwick were brought to a conclusion, the name of Charles Dickens was not only a classical name in English literature, but one ever after to be spoken with an affectionate warmth of higher value than the widest lettered renown. . . .

"We had heard intelligent Englishmen express much surprise at the American popularity of Mr. Dickens. They supposed his works were too national in spirit and tendency, too local in their wit and allusions, to be fully enjoyed anywhere out of England; and when they found that his American readers far outnumbered his English, because his works were more widely and cheaply circulated here than at home, they were astonished at so startling and unexpected a fact. The truth is, that Mr. Dickens' peculiar genius is nearly as well understood here as it is in London." . . .

Another periodical, not perhaps so widely circulated, nor of so high reputation as a critical authority, but certainly not

at all inferior to the *North American* in point of ability and trustworthiness—the *Christian Examiner*, in its issue of November, 1839, has an article twelve pages long, remarkably careful and well thought out, which is in form a review of *Oliver Twist*, and which powerfully though indirectly testifies to the depth and extent of Dickens' popularity, by assuming its universality and intensity, and going into an elaborate examination of the reasons of it. This paper is signed "J. S. D.," and is no doubt by that competent and careful scholar John S. Dwight. It is beyond comparison the best single view of Mr. Dickens' abilities and character as a writer, which had appeared up to that time, and it is doubtful whether it has been surpassed since.

The reviewer recognized, first of all, the two chief and greatest of all Mr. Dickens' qualities, his power of vision and of representation; and along with these, the sympathy with what is good and the enmity for what is bad, which gave him so sure a hold on the heart:

"As we read along, pleasant amusement deepened into intense and pure emotion; and after these were gone, there remained a substantial product in our hands. Our faith as well as our knowledge of the world, had grown. We had been seeing worse ideas of human life exposed than had ever entered our thought before, and exposed in such a way that we could still see the evil subordinated to the good, and that there is yet more to be hoped, than to be feared, for man. We had been led through the labyrinths of a great city by a true and wise observer,—one who goes everywhere into the midst of facts, and does not get lost among them; one who dares to look into the rotten parts of the world, and yet forgets not its beauty as a whole, but still has faith enough to

love this human nature, whose manners he knows so well."

"In seeking now what qualities go to the making up of such a work, the first thing that suggests itself is, the writer's astonishing power of observation and description. . . . This writer's great power, which lies not so much in any ideal invention, as in strong and accurate perception of things as they are, betokens a rare tendency, and one still more rarely favored by our modes of education. . . . He is a genius in his way. He sees things with his own eyes. There is fine integrity and healthfulness in his perceptions. Objects make their full impression upon his open senses; he accepts the whole without evasion, and trusts it, inasmuch as it is real; and he paints it to us again in quick, bold, expressive strokes, with a free manner, marred by no misgivings, yet modest. He is as objective as Goethe could desire. It is the *thing* which he gives us, and not *himself*. He is neither egotist nor imitator. Not from works of poetry or romance, from the classics, or critical codes founded upon them, does he take his suggestion and his model, but from his own vivid observations, from what he has seen and lived, and this, too, keeping his own personality in the back ground, thereby escaping the fault of many of the most genuine writers of the day, the stamp of genius upon whose pages is not enough to reconcile us to their morbid self-consciousness. He has the health and many of the best qualities of Scott, only not his learning and fondness for the past."

The reviewer further specifies as the office of the new romancer, "describing low life in great cities, and hitting off the conventionalisms and pretensions of all classes." He adverts to the wonderful abundance of his personages, and to their equally wonderful individuality; to the similarly striking distinctness of his descriptions of things and places; to his abounding and never-failing humor; to his great power in the pathetic; to his genial satire,

healthy in tone, and just in purpose and direction ; and to his vivid sympathy with what is best in the spirit of the age in which he lives. Thus, although only discussing directly one or two of his works, the clear analysis and accurate judgment of this critic has evolved a quite complete and detailed portrait of his subject.

This discussion of the brilliant opening scene of Mr. Dickens' career needs a few further observations. These refer to a feature in *Pickwick*, which has often been commented on, and about which the author himself seems to have, for some reason, avoided any very clear explanation. This is the gradual development within the book itself, from the mere string of comic sketches which was its character at first, to an actual novel, with a framework of events, if not a regular plot, character, and a moral. A number of the early reviews of the book animadvert upon this inconsistency, and with much gravity and kindness show how incorrect it is, and how the author might have done better. Mr. Dickens, himself, a little sophistically, in his Preface to *Pickwick*, thus deals with the charge :

"It has been observed of Mr. Pickwick that there is a decided change in his character as these pages proceed, and that he becomes more good and more sensible. I do not think this change will appear forced or unnatural to my readers, if they will reflect that in real life the peculiarities and oddities of a man who has anything whimsical about him, generally impresses us first, and that it is not until we are better acquainted with him that we usually begin to look below the superficial traits, and to know the better part of him."

That is all very well, but assuredly it is an after-thought. Of all Mr. Dickens' novels, *Pickwick* is in-

comparably the most spontaneous, the most unconscious, the most unsophisticated. No one who is familiar with his works can fail to observe that *Pickwick* was not written with a purpose, whereas most of the others were. When *Pickwick* was begun, the fact is, that Mr. Dickens did not yet know that he was a novel-writer. *Pickwick* formed of itself as he went on with it; and yielding to his own inspiration with the infallible tact of genius, he let it form. It was this influence—the free working of his own creative power—that developed Mr. Pickwick into a real character, instead of the empty caricature of a sciolist, as it also shaped the whole story round him. It has often been intimated that the book was meant to attack the system of the English courts of law and imprisonment for debt. The internal evidence is to the contrary; as was just said, the book was not written with any purpose except to write the book. It is as absolutely clear of secondary motives as the story of David and Jonathan.

It is exactly this perfectly spontaneous, fresh, open, frank, pictorial, unpremeditated, unconscious quality which renders *Pickwick* in some respects the best of all Mr. Dickens' publications, and even yet the prime favorite of many of his admirers. A certain zealous lover of this joyous, fun-bubbling book has even been heard to assert that it grows yet; that every time he reads it he finds in it not merely something he had not seen before, but something that was not in it before.

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## CHAPTER V.

ESTABLISHED REPUTATION.—CRUIKSHANK, THE ARTIST.—EDITOR OF VARIOUS MAGAZINES.—“MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH GRIMALDI.”—“PIC-NIC PAPERS.”—AS A DRAMATIST.—THE “VILLAGE COQUETTES.”—HIS MARRIAGE.—THE HOGARTH FAMILY.—RESIGNS THE EDITORSHIP OF “BENTLEY’S”—“NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.”—YORKSHIRE SCHOOLS.—MR. LESTER’S OPINION OF DICKENS.

“An elegant sufficiency, content,  
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,  
Progressive virtue and approving Heaven.”—THOMPSON.

**A**FTER the completion of *Oliver Twist*, in *Bentley’s Miscellany*, the reputation of Mr. Dickens was fairly established. When the *Sketches* were completed a few years before, the publishers, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, had been extremely doubtful whether it would prove a remunerative speculation to print and bind an edition of seven hundred copies. Now the call was for thousands, and the green covers of *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist* were seen all over the country. His name was publicly announced as the author of *Pickwick*, when the completed volume was issued in 1838. The same artist who had been engaged to illustrate the *Sketches*, George Cruikshank, lent the attraction of his pencil to *Oliver Twist*; and some of the finest etchings that ever left his studio were contributed to that work. The publishers of the early works of Dickens, doubtful of their



success, did well to secure the services of an artist who knew more of London and London people, probably, than any living man, and whose genius was as great as the author's he was illustrating, though developing itself in a different field. He had caricatured Bonaparte, and made himself a thorn in the side of the Prince Regent; and his etchings to *Life in London* had established his fame. His illustrations to the *Sketches* were admirable; but he surpassed himself on *Oliver Twist*.

Who does not recollect the tragic force of Sikes attempting to destroy his dog—with that wondrous view of distant London in the background? Who has not felt a shuddering horror creep over him at the sight of Fagin in the condemned cell?

Tempted by the liberal offers which were made, Mr. Dickens was in the habit of lending his name and patronage to a number of magazines; and various attempts are made to saddle upon him tales and articles of dubious merit which were not acknowledged by him and are not included in his various editions. This is the work of designing editors, with a view to the increased sale of their wares. The safest plan is to credit nothing to Dickens, except what he himself acknowledged; since, like other successful authors, he finds a host of imitators.

It was during his connection with *Bentley's Miscellany*, that Mr. Dickens undertook to edit the *Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi*, dated February, 1838. This Grimaldi was a celebrated clown, whose father, an Italian by birth, came to London in 1758, and was ballet master at Drury Lane Theatre. It was this ingenious gentleman, who, during

the Riots of 1780, (afterwards so graphically described in *Barnaby Rudge*,) when some of his terrified neighbors chalked "No Popery" upon their doors, to conciliate the furious anti-Catholic mob, wrote "No religion at all" upon *his*, in the expectation, which was realized, that all parties would leave him alone! His son acted in various positions as a clown during his life, devoting, however, his leisure hours to the composition of his *Memoirs*. In relation to his connection with them, Mr. Dickens says:

"My own share in them is stated in a few words. Being much struck by several incidents in the manuscript—such as the description of Grimaldi's infancy, the burglary, the brother's return from sea under the extraordinary circumstances detailed, the adventure of the man with the two fingers on his left hand, the account of Mackintosh and his friends, and many other passages—and thinking that they might be related in a more attractive manner (they were at that time told in the first person, as if by Grimaldi himself, although they had necessarily lost any original manner which his recital might have imparted to them, he accepted a proposal from the publisher to edit the book, and *has* edited it to the best of his ability, altering its form throughout, and making such alterations as he conceived would improve the narration of the facts, without any departure from the facts themselves. The account of Grimaldi's first courtship may appear lengthy in its present form: but it has undergone a double and most comprehensive process of abridgment. The old man was garrulous upon a subject on which the youth had felt so keenly; and as the feeling did him honor in both stages of life, the editor has not had the heart to reduce it further."

The truth is, however, that throughout the whole, there is no one sentence that could be mistaken for the writings of Charles Dickens, and it is not included in his own edi-

tions. He probably received remuneration for the use of his name, and loaned it. The *Memoirs* were illustrated with eight sketches by Cruikshank.

By this time, Mr. George Macrone, the original publisher of the *Sketches*, and who had befriended our author at a time when he sorely needed it, and when to undertake to publish his writings was attended with great pecuniary risk, had died, leaving his family in indigent circumstances. For their benefit Mr. Dickens suggested and undertook to edit two volumes to be called, *The Pic-Nic Papers*. He himself contributed to this publication a lively sketch, entitled, *The Lamplighter's Story*. Amongst the other contributors were Thomas Moore, Talfourd, Ainsworth and Maxwell. To fill up, a hundred pages or so of *Charcoal Sketches*, by Joseph C. Neal, of Philadelphia, were "borrowed;" but acknowledgment was afterwards made. It may be remarked here, however, that the publication did not prove very successful.

Mr. Dickens was fond of the stage, and about this time produced two farces, entitled the *Strange Gentleman*, and *Is She His Wife, or Something Singular*, and an opera called, *The Village Coquettes*—in the latter of which, two country girls are introduced, who leave their village lovers for the greater attractions of two city swells. They see their error, however, in time, and the termination is happy. The music to the opera was fair, and the piece had a short run. This is the extent of his dramatic productions, in which line he cannot claim to have been successful, any more than his contemporary, Thomas Moore, whose *M.P.*, or *The Blue Stocking*, fell flat upon the public ear, and is

never included in his works. To the *Coquettes*, Mr. Dickens prefixed the following dedication :

"To J. P. HARLEY, ESQ.—MY DEAR SIR,—My dramatic bantlings are no sooner born than you father them. You have my *Strange Gentleman* exclusively your own ; you have adopted *Martin Stokes* with equal readiness ; and you still profess your willingness to do the same kind office for all future scions of the same stock.

"I dedicate to you the first play I ever published ; and you made for me the first play I ever produced :—the balance is in your favor, and I am afraid it will remain so.

"That you may long contribute to the amusement of the public, and long be spared to shed a lustre, by the honor and integrity of your private life, on the profession which for many years you have done so much to uphold, is the sincere and earnest wish of, my dear sir, yours most faithfully,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

"December 15th, 1836."

And also this prelude :

" 'Either the honorable gentleman is in the right, or he is not,' is a phrase in very common use within the walls of Parliament. This drama may have a plot, or it may not : and the songs may be poetry, or they may not ; and the whole affair from beginning to end may be great nonsense, or it may not, just as the honorable gentleman or lady who reads it may happen to think. So retaining his own private and particular opinion upon the subject (an opinion which he formed upwards of a year ago, when he wrote the piece), the author leaves every such gentleman or lady to form his or hers, as he or she may think proper, without saying one word to influence or conciliate them.

"All he wishes to say is this—that he hopes Mr. Braham and all the performers who assisted in the representation of this opera will accept his warmest thanks for the interest they evinced in it, from its first rehearsal, and

for their zealous efforts in his behalf—efforts which have crowned it with a degree of success far exceeding his most sanguine anticipations; and of which no form of words could speak his acknowledgment.

“It is needless to add that the *libretto* of an opera must be, to a certain extent, a mere vehicle for the music; and that it is scarcely fair or reasonable to judge it by those strict rules of criticism which would be justly applicable to a five-act tragedy or a finished comedy.”

It was during Mr. Dickens' connection with *Bentley's Miscellany* as editor, that he was married to a daughter of Mr. George Hogarth, who has already been mentioned as having been attached to the staff of various magazines as a sort of musical critic. Mr. Hogarth was able to boast that he had been the adviser and assistant of Walter Scott, during that dark hour for the Scottish novelist in 1826, when both his London and Edinburgh publishers were forced to suspend. The sister of Mr. Hogarth was the wife of Mr. Ballantine, a publisher, and steadfast friend of Scott, and up to the time of her decease, Mr. Hogarth had resided in Edinburgh. But stricken by the loss of his relative, he determined to quit Scotland, and took up his abode in London, where he resided with his family at the time of the advent of Charles Dickens to the world of letters. Mr. Dickens was naturally thrown into very close connection with him during their common engagement with *Bentley's*, and was also a welcome visitor in the family circle of his future father-in-law. This led to his intimacy with Miss Hogarth, whom, after a short acquaintance, he espoused, and also with her two younger sisters, Fanny and Georgina. Fanny, who was engaged to Daniel Maclise, the artist, died very suddenly of heart



disease during a family entertainment, at which Mr. Dickens was present. This sad family bereavement caused the temporary suspension of the *Pickwick Papers* then publishing, and occasioned the following remark in the preface :—

“The following pages have been written from time to time, almost as the periodical occasion arose. Having been written for the most part in the society of a very dear young friend who is now no more, they are connected in the author’s mind at once with the happiest period of his life, and with its saddest and most severe affliction.”

The youngest sister, Georgina, was devotedly attached to him, and acted during the latter part of his life as his housekeeper. Mr. Hogarth was the author of one or two musical works. He died quite recently. Further mention of him is made in *Lockhart’s Life of Scott*.

Up to the year 1838, Mr. Dickens had continued to reside in very modest “apartments” at Furnival’s Inn. During the year mentioned, however, his circumstances being now materially improved, and his ambition, probably, increasing in like ratio, and preparatory possibly to his marriage, he rented a house at Number 48 Doughty street, near the Foundling Hospital, and east of Russell square, a section peopled mostly with professional persons.

In the latter part of this year, Mr. Dickens’ connection with *Bentley’s* ceased at his own desire. He was succeeded in his editorial capacity by W. H. Ainsworth, the author of several novels of gross immorality. Mr. Dickens closed his labors on that magazine with a humorous valedictory about an old coachman introducing the new one. He was now left free, for the first time, to devote his at-



tention to the composition of more artistic and connected stories. *Nicholas Nickleby* was his next creation. This work is dated from the residence above mentioned, in Doughty street. His reputation had now become fully established, and his characters had been admitted as members of the great family of fiction. It was acknowledged that an author of great genius, of brilliant parts, and of uncommon powers of analysis and description had suddenly loomed up into the literary world. *Pickwick* and *Sam Weller* were upon every tongue, and quotations from Dickens were universally in vogue when it was required "to point a moral or adorn a tale." As a natural consequence his forthcoming work was looked for with great eagerness and anticipation.

As *Pickwick* had assailed imprisonment for debt, and the broad license of English legal practise, and *Oliver Twist* the inhumanity and gross mismanagement of the workhouse, so *Nicholas Nickleby* was likewise to be used as a mighty engine for the overturning of evils so great and wide spread as to have become national in their importance. Some recollections of ill-treatment during his own school-boy days, and reports of boarding-school tyranny received from his youthful comrades, had made a deep impression on his mind at the time, and the remembrance of it was not wholly obliterated, even twenty years after. He himself says, in relation to these schools: "My first impressions of them were picked up at that time, and they were, somehow or other, connected with a suppurated abscess that some boy had come home with, in consequence of his Yorkshire guide, philosopher, and

friend, having ripped it open with an inky penknife. The impression made upon me, however made, never left me. I was always curious about them—fell, long afterwards, and at sundry times, into the way of hearing more about them—at last, having an audience, I resolved to write about them.”

Dickens was as careful and painstaking in writing novels as Scott was in the same field, or as Prescott in history. This led him to inquire more searchingly into the manner of conducting these establishments, and in 1839, he went down to Yorkshire to study them on the spot. He says:

“With that intent, I went down into Yorkshire before I began this book, in very severe winter-time, which is pretty faithfully described herein. As I wanted to see a school-master or two, and was forewarned that those gentlemen might, in their modesty, be shy of receiving a visit from me, I consulted with a professional friend here, who had a Yorkshire connection, and with whom I concerted a pious fraud. He gave me some letters of introduction, in the name, I think, of my traveling companion; they bore reference to a suppositious little boy who had been left with a widowed mother who didn’t know what to do with him; the poor lady had thought, as a means of thawing the tardy compassion of her relations in his behalf, of sending him to a Yorkshire school; I was the poor lady’s friend, traveling that way; and if the recipient of the letter could inform me of a school in his neighborhood, the writer would be very much obliged.

“I went to several places in that part of the country where I understood these schools to be plentifully sprinkled, and had no occasion to deliver a letter until I came to a certain town which shall be nameless. The person to whom it was addressed, was not at home; but, he came down at night, through the snow, to the inn where I was

staying. It was after dinner ; and he needed little persuasion to sit down by the fire in a warm corner, and take his share of the wine that was on the table.

"I am afraid he is dead now. I recollect he was a jovial, ruddy, broad-faced man ; that we got acquainted directly ; and that we talked on all kinds of subjects except the school, which he showed a great anxiety to avoid. 'Was there any large school near ?' I asked him in reference to the letter. 'Oh, yes,' he said ; 'there was a pratty big'un.' 'Was it a good one ?' I asked. 'Ey !' he said, 'it was as good as anooother ; that wasa' a matther of opinion ;' and fell to looking at the fire, staring round the room, and whistling a little. On my reverting to some other topic that we had been discussing, he recovered immediately ; but, though I tried him again and again, I never approached the question of the school, even if he were in the middle of a laugh, without observing that his countenance fell, and that he became uncomfortable. At last, when we had passed a couple of hours or so, agreeably, he suddenly took up his hat, and leaning over the table and looking me full in the face, said, in a low voice : 'Weel, Misther, we've been very pleasant toogether, and ar'll spak' my moind tiv'ee. Dinnot let the weedur send her lattle boy to yan o' our school-measthers, while there's a harse to hoold in a' Lunnun, or a goother to lie asleep in. Ar wouldn't mak' ill words amang my neeburs, and ar speak tiv'ee quiet loike. But I'm dom'd if ar can gang to bed and not tellee, for weedur's sak', to keep the lattle boy from a 'sike scoondrels while there's a harse to hoold in a' Lunnun, or a goother to lie asleep in !' Repeating these words with great heartiness, and with a solemnity on his jolly face that made it look twice as large as before, he shook hands and went away. I never saw him afterwards, but I sometimes imagine that I descry a faint reflection of him in John Browdie.

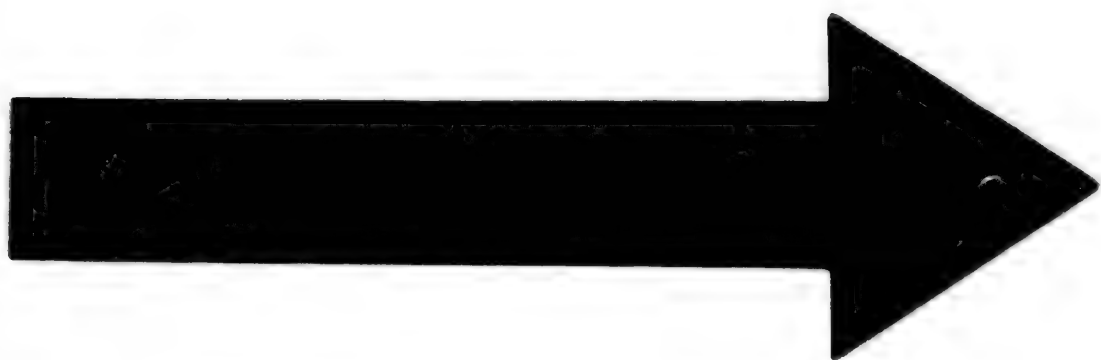
"Mr. Squeers is the representative of a class, and not of an individual. Where imposture, ignorance, and brutal cupidity, are the stock in trade of a small body of men, and one is described by these characteristics, all his fellows

will recognize something belonging to themselves, and each will have a misgiving that the portrait is his own. My object in calling public attention to the system would be very imperfectly fulfilled, if I did not state now in my own person, emphatically and earnestly, that Mr. Squeers and his school are faint and feeble pictures of an existing reality, purposely subdued and kept down lest they should be deemed impossible—that there are upon record trials at law in which damages have been sought as a poor recompense for lasting agonies and disfigurements inflicted upon children by the treatment of the master in these places, involving such offensive and foul details of neglect, cruelty and disease, as no writer of fiction would have the boldness to imagine—and that, since I have been engaged upon these ‘Adventures,’ I have received from private quarters far beyond the reach of suspicion or distrust, accounts of atrocities, in the perpetration of which upon neglected or repudiated children these schools have been the main instruments, very far exceeding any that appear in these pages.”

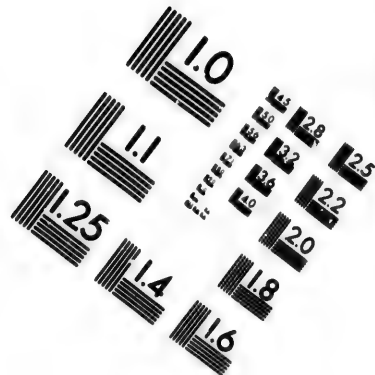
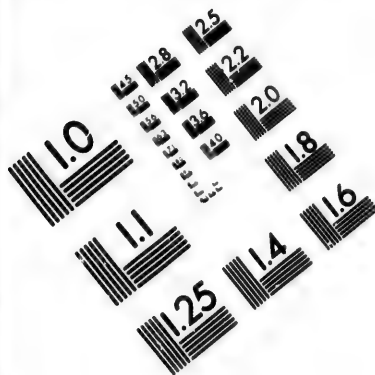
It will thus be seen that he himself, prepared as he was for some startling exhibits, was rather taken aback at the result of his inquiries. The amount of persecution and suffering endured by the poor boys, whose ill-fortune confided them to the tender mercies of the pedagogues, who acted as petty tyrants in these institutions, surpassed all his previous conjecture. Whoever has read *Nicholas Nickleby*, and seen the virtuous Squeers starving his pupils on treacle, and teaching practical morality in his own peculiar way, has a pretty good notion of a Yorkshire boarding-school in those days. This fellow claimed by his card that at his famous establishment, “Youth were boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket money, provided with all necessaries, instructed in all

languages, living and dead, &c., &c.," all for the sum of twenty guineas a year. What they were actually furnished with at such places, and how they were treated, may be readily imagined. On this continent we cannot realize the extent and enormity of this foul system, since nowhere would it be allowed to exist for a moment. Striving for humanity and liberality in all things, especially do we require it in the treatment and education of our youth.

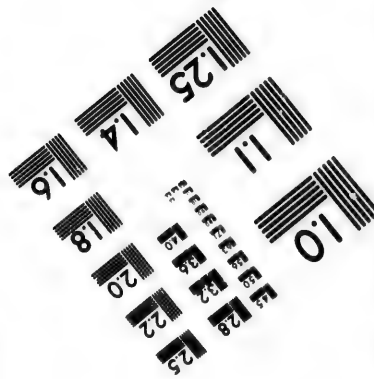
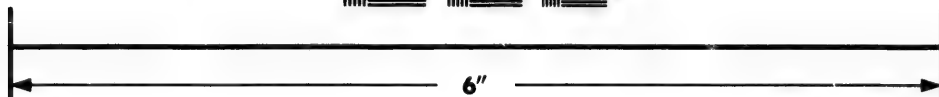
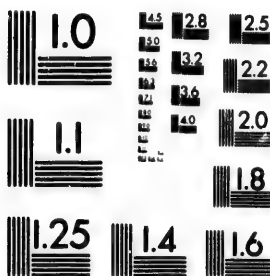
Happily for the lads of this generation in England, the horrors described in *Nicholas Nickleby* are in a great measure things of the past; and no small share of the praise for their abolition is due to this work of our author. There can be no doubt of the reformatory purpose in view in the writing of *Nicholas Nickleby*. This story did what few novels have ever done; it substantially destroyed an abominable abuse—the cheap Yorkshire schools, of which Dotheboy's Hall was a representation. There are various pleasures in successful authorship: the consciousness of exerting rare and high powers of mind; of affording pleasure to others; of wielding power over others; of being admired; of being beloved; but very few have been the romancers who have done all those things, and have at the same time advanced the interests of humanity by actually working the destruction of an evil or the establishment of a good. It is often said that Cervantes "laughed away the chivalry of Spain;" although it is questionable whether *Don Quixote* was not the expression, rather than the guide, of the spirit of its age. But there can be no doubt about the influence of *Nicholas*







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*Nickleby* on the Yorkshire schools. In his preface to the recent editions of the book, Mr. Dickens expresses his belief that it was his work that exterminated them. The schoolmasters themselves thought so too, for divers of them threatened lawsuits, proposed assault and battery, and even pretended to remember interviews with the author while he was, under false pretences, gathering materials. None, however, of the threatened revenges were inflicted. Now-a-days, no man need be afraid to expose, in good faith and in a proper manner, any abuse. It is centuries since Voltaire was beaten and Sir John Coventry's nose slit, in return for satire too true to be answered with either reason or wit. These threats were made during the progress of the book; and in the preface issued at its final publication in book-form, the author quietly but boldly affirmed all his charges, and defied all and sundry who might attempt to prove them false. No such attempt was made.

Quite a variety of characters are introduced into this story, first amongst whom may be mentioned Mrs. Nickleby, who is said to exhibit some points of resemblance to Mr. Dickens' own mother, and who is a fair sample of the garrulous, good hearted, easy going English matron. Nicholas, the hero of the story, is a good natured young man of ordinary parts, of whom the author says:—"If Nicholas be not always found to be blameless or agreeable, he is not always intended to appear so. He is a young man of an impetuous temper, and of little or no experience; and I saw no reason why such a hero should be lifted out of nature." Ralph, the uncle, is a close-fisted miser, hating

the world, and especially the good there is in it. Squeers is the one-eyed schoolmaster, whom Ralph uses as a tool. Poor Smike, his victim, shows a rare devotion to his new found friend, Nicholas, and verifies the assertion of the poet, that in the bosoms of the poor and neglected and despised, and in haunts where we might least expect to find such attributes, there exists

“—— Many a good  
And useful quality, and virtue too,  
Rarely exemplified amongst the proud ;  
Attachment never to be weaned or changed  
By any change of fortune ; proof alike  
Against unkindness, absence or neglect ;  
Fidelity that neither bribe nor threat  
Can move or warp ; and gratitude for small  
Or trivial favors ; lasting as the life,  
And glistening even in the dying eye.”

The Cheeryble Brothers present a marked contrast to the demon, Ralph, in their Christian character and generosity. Of the other characters introduced, there must not be forgotten the eccentric Newman Noggs, honest, rough old John Browdie, little Miss La Creevy, the theatrical Crummles Family, and Mantilini, with his “demnition total.”

*Nickleby* was completed in the year 1840. Just before its conclusion, it was seized upon as a good subject for dramatizing. A dénouement was framed for it, anticipating that of the author, and it was at once put upon the stage, at the Adelphi.

A French version of the play was also introduced, which took great liberties with the original, and introduced many immoral scenes to suit a peculiarly French taste. In this translation Dotheboy's Hall became the “Paradis

des Enfants," and "Neekolass" is an usher in the seminary. A gang of thieves were also introduced. The immorality of the play drew out a savage criticism from Jules Janin, in the *Journal des Debats*, who charged it all to Dickens.

It is stated, but with what degree of truth we shall probably now never know, that the early dramatization of the play and the dénouement appended by the playwright, caused Dickens to change the plan of his story, and to provide a new conclusion. This, however, is probably little more than a surmise.

When completed, *Nicholas Nickleby* was published in a guinea volume, uniform with *Pickwick*, and had an engraving of the author on steel, taken from a portrait by Maclise, which hung in the dining-room at Gads Hill, and which was recently sold with the author's other effects. The portrait of Mr. Dickens was now for the first time placed before the public. Though long since known as the author of the works of *Boz* by his own immediate literary circle and personal friends, this engraving furnished the first means which the general public had for identifying him. A *fac-simile* of his peculiar signature was also appended.

Mr. Charles Edward Lester, late United States Consul, at Genoa, saw Mr. Dickens in July, 1840, at his new home in Devonshire terrace, and thus records his impressions of the great novelist while in the *purpurea juventus* of his fame. He says he found him with the early sheets of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, (the work which followed *Nicholas Nickleby*), before him; and after describing his welcome, proceeds:

I inquired if, in portraying his characters, he had not, in every instance, his eye upon some particular person he had known, since I could not conceive it possible for an author to present such graphic and natural pictures except from real life. "Allow me to ask, sir," I said, "if the one-eyed Squeers, coarse but good John Bowdler, the *beautiful* Sally Brass, clever Dick Swiveller, the demoniac and intriguing Quilp, the good Cheeryble Brothers, the avaricious Fagin, and dear little Nellie, are mere fancies?"

"No, sir, they are not," he replied; "they are copies. You will not understand me to say, of course, that they are true histories in all respects, but they are real likenesses; nor have I in any of my works attempted anything more than to arrange my story as well as I could, and give a true picture of scenes I have witnessed. My past history and pursuits have led me to a familiar acquaintance with numerous instances of extreme wretchedness and of deep-laid villany. In the haunts of squalid poverty I have found many a broken heart too good for this world. Many such persons now in the most abject condition, have seen better days. Once they moved in circles of friendship and affluence, from which they have been hurled by misfortune to the lowest depth of want and sorrow. This class of persons is very large.

"Then there are thousands in our parish workhouses and in the lanes of London, born in the world without a friend except God and a dying mother. Many, too, who in circumstances of trial have yielded to impulses of passion, and by one fatal step fallen beyond recovery. London is crowded, and, indeed, so is all England, with the poor, the unfortunate, and the guilty. This description of persons has been generally overlooked by authors. They have had none to care for them, and have fled from the public gaze to some dark habitation of this great city, to curse the cold charities of a selfish world and die. There are more broken hearts in London than in any other place in the world. The amount of crime, starvation, nakedness, and misery of every sort in the metropolis surpasses all calculation. I thought I could render some service to humanity by bringing these scenes before the minds of those



who, from never having witnessed them, suppose they cannot exist. In this effort I have not been wholly unsuccessful; and there is nothing makes me happier than to think that, by some of my representations, I have increased the stock of human cheerfulness, and, by others, the stock of human sympathy. I think it makes the heart better to seek out the suffering and relieve them. I have spent many days and nights in the most wretched districts of the metropolis, studying the history of the human heart. There we must go to find it. In high circles we see everything but the heart, and learn everything but the real character. We must go to the hovels of the poor and the unfortunate, when trial brings out the character. I have in these rambles seen many exhibitions of generous affection and heroic endurance, which would do honor to any sphere. Often have I discovered minds that only wanted a little of the sunshine of prosperity to develop the choicest endowments of Heaven. I think I never returned to my home after these adventures without being made a sadder and a better man. In describing these characters I aim no higher than to feel in writing as they seem to feel themselves. I am persuaded that I have succeeded just in proportion as I have cultivated a familiarity with the trials and sorrows of the poor, and told their story as they would have related it themselves."

I spoke of the immense popularity of his works, and remarked that I believed he had ten readers in America where he had one in England.

"Why, sir, the popularity of my works has surprised me. For some reason or other, I believe they are somewhat extensively read; nor is it the least gratifying circumstance to me, that they have been so favorably received in your country. I am trying to enjoy my fame while it lasts, for I believe I am not so vain as to suppose that my books will be read by any but the men of my own times."

I remarked that he might consider himself alone in that opinion, and, it would probably be no easy matter to make the world coincide with him. He answered with a smile,

"I shall probably not make any very serious efforts to do it!"

As regards his personal appearance at that time, he says :

"I think Dickens incomparably the finest-looking man I ever saw. The portrait of him in the Philadelphia edition of his works is a good one ;\* but no picture can do justice to his expression when he is engaged in an interesting conversation. There is something about his eyes at such times which cannot be copied. In person he is perhaps a little above the standard height ; but his bearing is noble, and he appears taller than he really is. His figure is very graceful, neither too slight nor too stout. The face is handsome. His complexion is delicate—rather pale generally ; but when his feelings are kindled, his countenance is overspread with a rich glow. I presume he is somewhat vain of his hair, and he can be pardoned for it too. It reminded me of words in Sidney's *Arcadia* : 'His fair auburn hair, which he wore in great length, gave him at that time a most delightful show.' His forehead, a phrenologist would say (especially if he knew his character beforehand), indicates a clear and beautiful intellect, in which the organs of perception, mirthfulness, ideality, and comparison, predominate. I should think his nose had once been almost determined to be Roman, but hesitated just long enough to settle into the classic Grecian outline.

"But the charm of his person is in his full, soft, beaming eyes, which catch an expression from every passing object ; and you can always see wit half sleeping in ambush around them, when it is not shooting its wonted fires. Dickens has almost made us feel that

"Wit is the pupil of the soul's clear eye,  
And in man's world, the only shining star."

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\* The portrait which illustrates this volume, was engraved on steel, in London, England, from a photograph, for which Mr. Dickens sat a short time prior to his death, and which was specially commended by him as a very faithful and accurate likeness. The one referred to in the text was engraved when the author was about 28 years of age.

And yet I think his conversation, except in perfect *abandon* among his friends, presents but few striking exhibitions of wit. Still there is a rich vein of humor and good feeling in all he says.

"I passed two hours at his house, and when I left was more impressed than ever with the goodness of his heart. I should mention that during my visit I handed him Campbell's letter: it produced not the slightest change in his manner. I expressed, on leaving, the hope that little Nelly (in whose fate I confessed I felt a deeper interest than in that of most real characters) might, after all her wanderings, find a quiet and happy home. 'The same hope,' he replied, 'has been expressed to me by others; and I hardly know what to do. But if you ever hear of her death in a future number of the *Clock*, you shall say that she died as she lived.'"

Early in the year 1840, Mr. Dickens vacated his residence in Doughty street, and took the house numbered one in Devonshire place, and many letters written by him at that time are still in existence, dated with his customary explicitness, "Number 1, Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park, London." He was extremely methodical in all his habits, and paid great attention to little things—a notable illustration of the aphorism that Genius is only the perfection of Common Sense. "A place for everything, and everything in its place," was the maxim of his life. His habitual exactness in dating all his correspondence is but the result of his methodical ideas, and the careful business-like habits which he preserved through life.

## CHAPTER VI.

"MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK."—PICKWICK REVIVED.—  
 "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."—LITTLE NELL.—DICK SWIVEL-  
 LER.—JEFFREY'S OPINION.—"BARNABY RUDGE."—NO  
 POPERY RIOTS.—"GRIP," THE RAVEN.—PUBLIC DINNER  
 TO DICKENS—VISITS THE UNITED STATES.—OVATION IN  
 BOSTON.—BANQUET.—JOSIAH QUINCY.—SPEECH OF DICK-  
 ENS.—NEW YORK.—WASHINGTON IRVING AND DICKENS.—  
 OPINION OF PHILADELPHIA.—IN WASHINGTON.—RECEP-  
 TIONS.—JOURNEY WESTWARD.—MINT JULEP.—ON THE  
 CANAL BOAT.—RETURN TO LONDON.—GOSSIP.

—"The author's soul of more hath need  
 Than meets him in this common life of ours :  
 Fair shapes and symbols must his fancy feed,  
 And give suggestion to his waking powers ;  
 And that he may from things external win  
 The deeper sight that is to genius kin,  
 The beautiful must all around him lie,  
 And train to finer senses ear and eye."—LANDOR.



R. DICKENS' next great undertaking was the publication of a serial in weekly parts, to be sold at three-pence each, to be called *Master Humphrey's Clock*. The intention of the author, as explained by himself in the preface to the revised edition, was as follows :

"In April, 1840, I issued the first number of a new weekly publication, price three-pence, called *Master Humphrey's Clock*. It was intended to consist, for the most part, of detached papers, but was to include one continuous story, to be resumed from time to time, with such indefinite intervals between each period of resumption as might best accord with the exigencies

and capabilities of the proposed Miscellany." The original preface, dated September, 1840, says :

"When the author commenced this work, he proposed to himself three objects :

"FIRST. To establish a periodical, which should enable him to present, under one general head, and not as separate and distinct publications, certain fictions which he had it in contemplation to write.

"SECONDLY. To produce these tales in weekly numbers ; hoping that to shorten the intervals of communication between himself and his readers, would be to knit more closely the pleasant relations they had held for Forty Months.

"THIRDLY. In the execution of this weekly task, to have as much regard as its exigencies would permit, to each story as a whole, and to the possibility of its publication at some distant day, apart from the machinery in which it had its origin.

"The characters of Master Humphrey and his three friends, and the little fancy of the Clock, were the result of these considerations. When he sought to interest his readers in those who talked, and read, and listened, he revived Mr. Pickwick and his humble friends ; not with any intention of reopening an exhausted and abandoned mine, but to connect them in the thoughts of those whose favorites they had been, with the tranquil enjoyment of Master Humphrey.

"It was never the author's intention to make the Members of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, active agents in the stories they are supposed to relate. Having brought himself in the commencement of his undertaking to feel an interest in these quiet creatures, and to imagine them in their old chamber of meeting, eager listeners to all he had to tell, the author hoped—as authors will—to succeed in awakening some of his own emotions in the bosoms of his readers. Imagining Master Humphrey in his chimney-corner, resuming, night after night, the narrative,—say, of the *Old Curiosity Shop*—picturing to him-

self the various sensations of his hearers—thinking how Jack Redburn might incline to poor Kit, and perhaps lean too favorably even towards the lighter vices of Mr. Richard Swiveller—how the deaf gentleman would have his favorite, and Mr. Miles his—and how all these gentle spirits would trace some faint reflection of their past lives in the varying current of the tale—he has insensibly fallen into the belief that they are present to his readers as they are to him, and has forgotten that like one whose vision is disordered he may be conjuring up bright figures where there is nothing but empty space.

“The short papers which are to be found at the beginning of this volume were indispensable to the form of publication and the limited extent of each number, as no story of lengthened interest could be begun until *The Clock* was wound up and fairly going.”

As we have seen, the machinery of the new story was to be a sort of a club, as in the *Pickwick Papers*, with this difference, that in the latter the members of the club were the personal actors in the adventures which form the subject of the records of the club; while in the present tale the genial gathering, consisting of old Master Humphrey, and his three friends, merely assemble once a week in their quaint old room in Master Humphrey's house, in a suburb of London, for the purpose of enjoying themselves during the long winter evenings, by listening to tales of wondrous adventures in the lives of the members, or of incidents which they had gathered in their experience with the world: the ability to tell an enjoyable story being a *sine qua non*, an indispensable—essential to Master Humphrey's friendship. There were six chairs provided, but only four of them were filled. The club met in full hearing of the constant tick of the venerable “Clock,” which gives the name to the story. It occupied



a prominent place on the stairway, where it had stood for nigh sixty years. Files of musty papers, the records of the club, filled its great oaken case. It was known to all the neighborhood; and the barber went so far as to declare that he "would sooner believe it than the sun." It was confidently asserted that there were legends connected with that old timepiece, which, could it have spoken them, would have startled the neighborhood.

"We are men of secluded habits," Master Humphrey says, "with something of a cloud upon our earthly fortunes, whose enthusiasm nevertheless has not cooled with age, whose spirit of romance is not yet quenched, who are content to ramble through the world in a pleasant dream, rather than ever waken again to its harsh realities. We are alchemists who would extract the essence of perpetual youth from dust and ashes, tempt coy Truth in many light and airy forms from the bottom of her well, and discover one crumb of comfort or one grain of good in the commonest and least regarded matter that passes through our crucible. Spirits of past times, creatures of imagination, and people of to-day, are alike the objects of our seeking, and, unlike the objects of search with most philosophers, we can ensure their coming at our command."

An attempt is made in this story to revive Mr. Pickwick and the Wellers, but it is scarcely more than the ghost of our old friends. Master Humphrey and his associates are on the look-out to fill up the two vacant chairs, when they find incumbents for them to their minds. Mr. Pickwick appears as a candidate, with a witch story for qualification, and is unanimously accepted by the club. Very likely it was

gratifying to the public to have their old acquaintances re-introduced to them, and it probably added to the success of the work; beyond this, it cannot be said that the resuscitation of *Pickwick* was happy. It generally proves as difficult to restore the dead of fiction as of actual existence. It is not to be wondered at that even Mr. Dickens failed to reanimate his dead. Shakespeare failed to do it. It could be done if the writer could return backward along the years, and replace himself where he was before; not otherwise.

The *Clock* opens with several detached stories as told by various members of the club; among which are, *The Giant Chronicles*, *The Murderous Confession*, &c.; each tale generally occupying one of the weekly issues. This plan, however, soon failed to give satisfaction. The machinery was too cumbersome, and the public demanded, moreover, something of a more extended and complete nature than these disjointed fragments afforded. They very quickly showed their impatience for another whole work. They experienced a dissatisfaction, almost as distinct, though not as intense, as that of the Highland chieftain in *Glenfinlas*, whose companion had gone out from the solitary hut in bad company, and, instead of coming back whole, was flung down the chimney, one bleeding limb at a time. In compliance with this popular desire, Mr. Dickens allowed the club to drop quietly out of sight by putting into the mouth of the chairman of the club a more pretentious story, entitled, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, being the personal adventures of Master Humphrey; and with this the *Clock* continues.

In relation to this subject, Mr. Dickens tells us: "The first chapter of this tale appeared in the fourth number of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, when I had already been made uneasy by the desultory character of that work, and when, I believe, my readers had thoroughly participated in the feeling. The commencement of a story was a great satisfaction to me, and I had reasons to believe that my readers participated in this feeling too. Hence, being pledged to some interruptions and some pursuit of the original design, I cheerfully set about disentangling myself from those impediments as fast as I could; and—that done—from that time until its completion, *The Old Curiosity Shop* was written and published from week to week, in weekly parts. When the story was finished, in order that it might be freed from the incumbrance of associations and interruptions with which it had no kind of concern, I caused the few sheets of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, which had been printed in connection with it, to be cancelled; and, like the unfinished tale of the windy night and the notary in the *Sentimental Journey*, they became the property of the trunkmaker and the buttermilk. I was especially unwilling, I confess, to enrich those respectable trades with the opening paper of the abandoned design, in which *Master Humphrey* described himself and his manner of life. Though I now affect to make the confession philosophically, as referring to a by-gone emotion, I am conscious that my pen winces a little even while I write these words. But it was done, and wisely done, and *Master Humphrey's Clock*, as originally constructed, became one

of the lost books of the earth—which, we all know, are far more precious than any that can be read for love or money.”

The *Old Curiosity Shop* is remarkable for the tenderness and pathos it exhibits. In no other of our author's works does he breathe the same feeling and heart-touching sympathy as here. Humor for once gives way to absorbing pathos. Here we have examples of devoted attachment, and exhibitions of true affection, which might be adopted as models. In the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of watchful kindness, recurring daily and hourly, and opportunities of doing kindnesses, if sought for, that are forever starting up—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks—that affection is won and preserved. He who neglects these trifles, yet boasts that whenever a great sacrifice is called for he shall be ready to make it, will be loved. The likelihood is, that he will not make it; and, if he does, it will be much rather for his own sake than for his neighbor's.

Little Nell is the sweetest, and most lovely and loving of all the children of our author's creative imagination. More perfect than the Mignon of Goethe. She is a picture of youth and beauty, and perfect innocence, and truth. The type of a class of which we hope there may be many in this troubled world of ours, but seem to find but few. Dying in her youth, too good for earth, and yet too good to spare. Her devotion to her aged relative savored of heavenly constancy. Her eyes mirrored a soul as unsullied as newly-fallen snow, and her heart was as constant as the northern star—

"Of whose true-fixed and vesting quality,  
There is no fellow in the firmament."

Her sufferings and her self-sacrifice have drawn forth many a tear for they are true to life. Of this tale, Mr. Dickens feelingly says :

"The many friends it won me, and the many hearts it turned to me when they were full of private sorrow, invest it with an interest in my mind which is not a public one, and the rightful place of which appears to be 'a more removed ground.' I will merely observe therefore, that in writing the book, I had it always in my fancy to surround the lonely figure of the child with grotesque and wild but not impossible companions, and to gather about her innocent face and pure intentions, associates as strange and uncongenial as the grim objects that are about her bed when her history is first foreshadowed. I have a mournful pride in one recollection associated with Little Nell. While she was yet upon her wanderings, not then concluded, there appeared in a literary journal, an essay of which she was the principal theme, so earnestly, so eloquently, and tenderly appreciative and of all her shadowy kith and kin, that it would have been insensibility in me, if I could have read it without an unusual glow of pleasure and encouragement. Long afterwards, and when I had come to know him well, and to see him stout of heart going slowly down into his grave, I knew the author of that essay to be Thomas Hood."

The following letter, written by Mr. Dickens when in the United States, has also a bearing on this subject :

"CARLETON HOUSE, NEW YORK,

"February 12, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Let me say in answer to your letter, that the wanderings, history and death of Little Nell are quite imaginary and wholly fictitious. That many of the feelings which grow out of this little story, and are suggested by it, are familiar to me, I need scarcely say. The grave has closed over very deep affection, and strong love of mine. So far, and no farther there is truth in it. I do not usually answer questions having this reference so freely. But yours is an honest letter, I believe. Therefore I give you an honest answer.

"Your friend,

"CHARLES DICKENS,

"Mr. J. Stanley Smith,

"Albany, N.Y."

The character drawing in this tale is not so varied as in some of the others, but still exhibits marked traits. The Garlands are excellent people; and Kit, Nubbles and his mother and Barbara are examples of homely goodness. Dick Swiveller is the Sam Weller of this story. True at the core, he is jaunty and careless in outside appearance. In his needy condition he finds the streets gradually becoming shut up to him one after another as the stores multiply at which he has procured credit, and he must needs go round about to avoid any unpleasantness; not a rare thing in London we imagine. After he recovers from the fever which the little Marchioness brings him out of so carefully, and he finds that he has become heir to one hundred and fifty guineas a year, then his true



nature breaks through the surface and he cries, "Please God, we'll make a scholar of the Marchioness yet! and she shall walk in silk attire, and siller have to spare, or may I never rise from this bed again?" And he fulfils the boast, for Mr. Swiveller kept the Marchioness at this establishment until she was, at a moderate guess, full nineteen years of age—good-looking, clever, and good-humored; when he began to consider seriously what was to be done next. On one of his periodical visits, while he was revolving this question in his mind, the Marchioness came down to him, alone, looking more smiling and more fresh than ever. Then it occurred to him, but not for the first time, that if she would marry him, how comfortable they might be! So Richard asked her; whatever she said, it wasn't no; and they were married in good earnest that day week, which gave Mr. Swiveller frequent occasion to remark at divers subsequent periods that there had been a young lady saving up for him after all.

Sampson Brass, the lawyer, his sister Sally, and the Dwarf, Quilp, are the odious characters in the story. The narrative takes us to several of the English public shows and races, and touches off, "Punch and Judy" exhibitions; and Mrs. Jarley is there also to introduce us to her famous wax work collection, which rivals that of Artemus Ward.

Lord Jeffrey, erst so formidable, as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and a great reader and admirer of Dickens, wrote to him some years after *The Old Curiosity Shop* was published, saying: "How funny that *besoin* of yours

for midnight rambling on city streets, and how curious that Macaulay should have the same taste or fancy. . . . . I wish I had time to discuss the grounds and *extent* of my preference of your soft and tender characters to his humorous and grotesque ; but I can only say now, that I am as far as possible from undervaluing the merit, and even the charm of the latter ; only it is a lower and more imitable style. I have always thought Quilp and Swiveller great marvels of art ; and yet I should have admired the last far less, had it not been for his redeeming gratitude to the Marchioness, and that inimitable convalescent repast, with his hand locked in hers, and her *tears* of delight. If you will only own that you are prouder of that scene than of any of his antecedent fantasticals, I shall be satisfied with the conformity of our judgments." In a subsequent letter he wrote : "I do not consider Quilp or Dick Swiveller as at all out of nature."

So great was our author's reputation at this period that the proprietors of the *Clock* commenced its publication with an issue of forty thousand copies, to which they were speedily compelled to add a further edition of twenty thousand. This was a gratifying testimonial to Mr. Dickens. It liberally rewarded his labors and showed him the great popular esteem in which he was held.

Immediately on the conclusion of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, Mr. Dickens commenced *Barnaby Rudge*, which was given as a continuation of the *Clock* series, and in the same form. This story is, however, of a very different character from the previous one, and is, perhaps, the most historical of all his tales. It is a true story in many of

its details, but these, of course, are interwoven with the fiction of the novelist to suit his purpose. It is undoubtedly the most studied and highly wrought of all his works. It deals with the "No-Popery Riots" of 1780, a dark period in London's history. It shows the absurdity of attempting to inculcate lessons of moral reform, and to disseminate religious truth by bigotry and intolerance. What is required to civilize mankind, to elevate them, to enlighten what is dark in them, and to eradicate every trace of superstition and slavery from their minds, is wide spread education, teaching the masses of the population, and increasing intelligence. Persecution never did it, and never will. Flaunting sectarian banners in the faces of opponents never spread religious truth, nor eradicated error. It is the resort of the bigoted, the narrow-minded and the tyrannical. The school-house is a better proselytizer than the bludgeon. Mr. Dickens would show "that what we falsely call a religious cry is easily raised by men who have no religion, and who in their daily practice set at naught the commonest principles of right and wrong; that it is begotten of intolerance and persecution; that it is senseless, besotted, inveterate, and unmerciful; all History teaches us. But perhaps we do not know it in our hearts too well, to profit by even so humble and familiar an example as the 'No-Popery' riots of seventeen hundred and eighty."

The story was also directed against capital punishment, the excess of which was notorious in those days. We have in it a graphic description of London for weeks in the hands of a mob, overpowering all law and order, and

rioting in robbery and murder. Fanaticism, raising a devil it could not lay, urged on an ignorant and bigoted populace to anarchy and destruction.

The tale, as we have said, is powerfully written. The author's wonderful ability for describing and contrasting characters is here fully exhibited. Mr. Chester is the incarnation of selfishness. Simon Tappertit of emptiness and vanity. We cannot help admiring the pluck of Varden, defying the mob and unwaveringly firm in the discharge of his duty. Miss Miggs, too, is quite a character in her way; and we follow the fortunes of poor Barnaby and his indispensable raven, Grip, with intense interest. Without his bird, Barnaby would have been like a ship without a rudder, helpless and forlorn. Grip was evidently of more than passing interest to Mr. Dickens, for in his last preface he recurs to him in these words:

"The raven in this story is a compound of two great originals, of whom I have been, at different times, the proud possessor. The first was in the bloom of his youth, when he was discovered in a modest retirement in London, by a friend of mine, and given to me. He had from the first, as Sir Hugh Evans says of Anne Page, 'good gifts,' which he improved by study and attention in a most exemplary manner. He slept in a stable—generally on horseback—and so terrified a Newfoundland dog by his preternatural sagacity, that he has been known, by the mere superiority of his genius, to walk off unmolested with the dog's dinner, from before his face. He was rapidly rising in acquirements and virtues, when, in an evil hour, his stable was newly painted. He observed the workmen closely, saw that they were careful of the paint, and immediately burned to possess it. On their going to dinner, he ate up all they had left behind, consisting of a pound or two of white lead; and this youthful indiscretion terminated in death.

"While I was yet inconsolable for his loss, another friend of mine in Yorkshire discovered an older and more gifted raven at a village public house, which he prevailed upon the landlord to part with for a consideration, and sent up to me. The first act of this Sage, was, to administer to the effects of his predecessor, by disinterring all the cheese and halfpence he had buried in the garden—a work of immense labor and research, to which he devoted all the energies of his mind. When he had achieved this task, he applied himself to the acquisition of stable language, in which he soon became such an adept, that he would perch outside my window, and drive imaginary horses with great skill, all day; perhaps even I never saw him at his best, for his former master sent his duty with him, 'and if I wished the bird to come out very strong, would I be so good as show him a drunken man'—which I never did, having (unfortunately) none but sober people at hand. But I could hardly have respected him more, whatever the stimulating influences of his sight might have been. He had not the least respect, I am sorry to say, for me in return, or for anybody but the cook; to whom he was attached—but only, I fear, as a policeman might have been. Once I met him unexpectedly, about half-a-mile off, walking down the middle of the public street, attended by a pretty large crowd, and spontaneously exhibiting the whole of his accomplishments. His gravity, under those trying circumstances, I never can forget, nor the extraordinary gallantry with which, refusing to be brought home, he defended himself behind a pump, until overpowered by numbers. It may have been that he was too bright a genius to live long, or it may have been that he took some pernicious substance into his bill, and thence into his maw—which is not improbable, seeing that he new-pointed the greater part of the garden-wall by digging out the mortar, broke countless squares of glass by scraping away the putty all round the frames, and tore up and swallowed, in splinters, the greater part of a wooden staircase of six steps and a landing—but after some three years he too was taken ill, and died before the kitchen

fire. He kept his eye to the last upon the meat as it roasted, and suddenly turned over on his back with a sepulchral cry of 'Cuckoo!'

"After this mournful deprivation, I was, for a long time, ravenless. The kindness of another friend at length provided me with another raven; but he is not a genius. He leads the life of a hermit, in my little orchard, on the summit of SHAKESPEARE'S Gads Hill; he has no relish for society; he gives no evidence of ever cultivating his mind; and he has picked up nothing but meat since I have known him—except the faculty of barking like a dog."

*Barnaby Rudge* was completed in 1841, and was dedicated to Samuel Rogers, the author of *The Pleasures of Memory*.

A public compliment was tendered to Mr. Dickens in the summer of this year, the beginning of a long series of honors, as a tribute to his genius and a testimonial of the esteem in which he was held. It took the form of a public dinner, which came off on the 25th June, with Christopher North as chairman. Mr. Dickens was described by one who was present on that occasion as "a little, slender, pale-faced, boyish-looking individual, and perhaps the very last man in the room whom a stranger to his portrait would have picked on as being the author of *Pickwick*:" and the same writer remarks, "I really was quite in pain for him; I felt as if the tremendous cheering which accompanied his entrance would overwhelm him."

Professor Wilson, the chairman, pronounced a generous eulogium on the ability of their talented guest, in the course of which he remarked, "He is also a satirist. He satirizes human life; but he does not satirize it to degrade it. He does not wish to pull down what is high, into the neighbor-



hood of what is low. He does not seek to represent all virtue as a hollow thing in which no confidence can be placed. He satirizes only the selfish and the hard-hearted and the cruel ; he exposes, in a hedious light, the principle which, when acted upon, gives a power to men in the lowest grades to carry on a more terrific tyranny than if placed upon thrones."

After the toast had been duly honored, Mr. Dickens rose to return thanks. Then there was silence deep as in the tomb—not a breath stirred, or a muscle moved in that crowded room—every eye was riveted on that wonderful man—every ear painfully on the alert to catch the first tones of the voice of that mighty magician ; and soft were those tones, and calm that voice, as though he were dictating to an amanuensis the next number of *Humphrey's Clock*. He is as happy in public speaking as in writing—nothing studied, nothing artistical ; his were no written speeches, conned and got by heart, but every sentence seemed to be suggested on the impulse of the moment. Before concluding his address he made a few observations respecting the untimely death of his little heroine (Nelly). He said : " When I first conceived the idea of conducting that simple story to its termination, I determined rigidly to adhere to it, and never to forsake the end I had in view. I thought what a good thing it would be if, in my little work of pleasant amusement, I could substitute a garland of fresh flowers for the sculptured horrors which disgrace the tomb. If I have put in my book anything which can fill the young mind with better thoughts of death, or soften the grief of older hearts ; if I have written one

word which can afford pleasure or consolation to old or young, in time of trial, I shall consider it as something achieved, which I shall be glad to look back upon in after life." He made a very long speech, and from the commencement to the end never hesitated a moment, or misplaced a word. In the course of the evening he had to propose several toasts, and, of course, preface them with appropriate remarks, all of which were in the same happy manner, and received with an enthusiasm approaching to idolatry. One of his toasts was the health of "Christopher North, the old man of the lion-heart and sceptre-crutch." It is singular enough that, during Wilson's long connection with *Blackwood's Magazine*, he scarcely ever mentioned the name of Dickens. It is probable that the strong Tory bias of that magazine controlled his utterances and prevented him from giving vent to his own private feelings.

It was remarked at the great Dickens' dinner, the first of many similar entertainments, that the two best speakers were the chairman and the guest. The latter, then in his thirtieth year, was known by his intimate friends to possess remarkable readiness and ability as a speaker, but this was the first occasion of his publicly exhibiting these gifts. He possessed to an eminent degree that faculty of "thinking on one's legs," which, with presence of mind, and the intuitive talent for putting the best words in the proper places, constitutes good oratory if not true eloquence. Mr. Thackeray, on the other hand, was a poor speaker, who prepared a great deal beforehand, took pains to commit it to memory, delivered it with a certain fear,

probably forgetting half of what he had to say when the time for speaking came, and would confusedly blunder and stammer to his own mortification and that of his friends. Mr. Dickens, for one year before he died, had the reputation of being the best after-dinner speaker in England.

Great as was our author's reputation in the land of his nativity, he was still more popular in the New World. The number of his readers on this continent, as compared with those in Great Britain, has been estimated as high as five to one. So large a number of readers of course implied a correspondingly large number of buyers of his productions, and it seemed but natural that an author should desire to gather up some share of the rich harvest which this market afforded. In the United States it was impossible to render the payment of any tribute to an author compulsory, in consequence of the lack of any international copyright law between the United States and Great Britain. With a view to making enquiries on this subject, and of using whatever influence he could bring to bear, to obtain the passage of a copyright law in the United States, Mr. Dickens determined to visit this continent; and with that view sailed from Liverpool by steamer, on the 3rd of January, 1842, and arrived at Boston on the 22nd of the same month.

The reception of Mr. Dickens at Boston amounted to an ovation. The enthusiasm pervaded the entire people, and must have been astonishing proof to the great author, how widely he was known and read in America, and how much he was admired. Public and private generosity vied

with each other to do him honor. The desire to see the veritable "Boz" was immense. The *Boston Transcript* in one of its issues in January, announced him as follows :

"We are requested to state that Charles Dickens, Esq., will be at the Tremont Theatre this evening. The desire to see this popular author will, no doubt, attract a large audience. We had an hour's conversation with him last evening, and found him one of the most frank, sociable, noble-hearted gentleman we ever met with, perfectly free from all haughtiness or apparent self-importance. His lady, too, is most beautiful and accomplished, and appears worthy to be the partner and companion of her distinguished husband. In fact, he is just such a person as we had supposed him to be, judging from his writings, which have acquired a popularity almost unprecedented in this country."

The consequence, was, that the theatre was filled to repletion, and the appearance of Dickens was the signal for the most hearty applause.

On the 1st of February, a banquet was arranged by some of the leading literary men in the Union, to publicly receive the nation's guest. Josiah Quincy, jr., presided. Many and able were the speeches on that occasion, and cordial was the welcome. Mr. Dickens, in acknowledging the toast in his honor, made a happy effort, and amongst other things, remarked :

"There is one other point connected with the labors (if I may call them so) that you hold in such generous esteem, to which I cannot help adverting. I cannot help expressing the delight, the more than happiness, it was to me to

find so strong an interest awakened on this side of the water in favor of that little heroine of mine to whom your President has made allusion, who died in her youth. I had letters about that child, in England, from the dwellers in log-huts, among the morasses and swamps and densest forests and deep solitudes of the Far West. Many a sturdy hand, hard with the axe and spade, and browned by the summer's sun, has taken up the pen and written to me a little history of domestic joy or sorrow, always coupled, I am proud to say, with something of interest in that little tale, or some comfort or happiness derived from it; and the writer has always addressed me, not as a writer of books for sale, resident some four or five thousand miles away, but as a friend to whom he might freely impart the joys and sorrows of his own fireside. Many a mother—I could reckon them by dozens, not by units—has done the like; and has told me how she lost such a child at such a time, and where she lay buried, and how good she was, and how, in this or that respect, she resembled Nell. I do assure you that no circumstance of my life has given me one-hundredth part of the gratification I have derived from this source. I was wavering at the time whether or not to wind up my *Clock* and come and see this country; and this decided me. I felt as if it were a positive duty, as if I were bound to pack up my clothes and come and see my friends; and even now I have such an odd sensation in connection with these things that you have no chance of spoiling me. I feel as though we were agreeing—as indeed we are, if we substitute for fictitious characters the classes from which they are drawn—about

third parties, in whom we had a common interest. At every new act of kindness on your part, I say it to myself: That's for Oliver—I should not wonder if that was meant for Smike—I have no doubt that it was intended for Nell; and so became a much happier, certainly, but a more sober and retiring man than ever I was before."

Shortly after this banquet, Mr. Dickens left for New York. Here, too, he was most cordially welcomed, and abundantly fêted. Dickens' balls, and Dickens' dinners, all the rage. Here, too, Mr. Dickens first met Washington Irving, the great author, with whose writings he was familiar, and whom he had adopted in some respects as his model. Some months before this, Irving had written to Mr. Dickens, expressing the delight he took in *Little Nell*, and his appreciation of Dickens as a writer. To this letter, Mr. Dickens replied in a characteristic vein:—"There is no man in the world could have given me the heartfelt pleasure you have, by your kind note of the 13th of last month, [1842.] There is no living writer, and there are very few among the dead, whose approbation I should feel so proud to earn. And with everything you have written upon my shelves, and in my thoughts, and in my heart of hearts, I may honestly and truly say so. If you could know how earnestly I write this, you would be glad to read it—as I hope you will be, faintly guessing at the warmth of the hand I autobiographically hold out to you over the broad Atlantic. . . . I have been so accustomed to associate you with my pleasantest and happiest thoughts, and with my leisure hours, that I rush at once into full confidence with you, and fall,



as it were naturally, and by the very laws of gravity, into your open arms. . . . I cannot thank you enough for your cordial and generous praise, or tell you what deep and lasting gratification it has given me." After some allusion to Irving's works, he continues, "I should love to go with you, as I have gone, God knows how often—into Little Britain, and Eastcheap, and Green Arbor Court, and Westminster Abby. I should like to travel with you, astride the last of the coaches, down to Bracebridge Hall. It would make my heart glad to compare notes with you about that shabby gentleman in the oilcloth hat and red nose, who sat in the nine-cornered back-parlor of the Mason's Arms; and about Robert Preston, and the tallow-chandler's widow, whose sitting-room is second nature to me; and about all those delightful places and people that I used to walk about and dream of in the daytime, when a very small and not over-particularly-taken-care-of-boy. . . . Diedrich Knickerbocker I have worn to death in my pocket, and yet I should show you his mutilated carcass with a joy past all expression." The closing sentence is characteristic. "Do you suppose the post office clerks care to receive letters? A postman, I imagine, is quite callous. Conceive his delivering one to himself, without being startled by a preliminary double knock."

Mr. Dickens spent a few weeks at Sunnyside, the well-known residence of Irving, and during his short stay in the United States, they were much in each others company. Professor C. C. Fulton, in his remarks on the death of Mr. Irving, before the Historical Society of Massachu-

setts, gave us some interesting recollections of this winter in New York. Among other things, he said: "I passed much of the time with Mr. Irving and Mr. Dickens; and it was delightful to witness the cordial intercourse of the young man, in the flush and glory of his fervent genius, and his elder compeer, then in the assured possession of immortal renown. Dickens said in his frank, hearty manner, that from his childhood he had known the works of Irving; and that before he thought of coming to this country, he had received a letter from him, expressing the delight he felt in reading the story of Little Nell."

But the crowning event of this period was the great dinner given to Mr. Dickens by his many admirers at the City Hotel. Irving was present, and made the speech of welcome. One marked difference between the two great authors was here made manifest. Irving was no after-dinner speaker. Professor Felton says of him, "Great and varied as was the genius of Mr. Irving, there was one thing he shrank with a comical terror from attempting, and that was *a dinner speech*." Mr. Dickens, on the other hand, specially excelled in this feature. Irving had prepared an address but forgot or abandoned it, and with a graceful allusion to the tournament, and to troops of knights better armed than he and eager for the fray, he gave the leading toast, "Charles Dickens, the guest of the evening." Mr. Dickens' reply was in the happiest strain and full of eloquence.

Irving had been appointed Minister to Spain and official business called him to Washington. Mr. Dickens accompanied him. On the way they halted for a time at Phil-

adelphia. The Londoner, accustomed to the devious lanes of his own city, was surprised at the regularity of the streets of the Quaker city. He afterwards wrote of it: "It is a handsome city but distractingly regular. After walking about for an hour or two, I felt that I would have given the world for a crooked street. The collar of my coat appeared to stiffen and the rim of my hat to expand, beneath its Quakerly influence. My hair shrunk into a sleek, short crop, my hands folded themselves upon my breast of their own calm accord, and thoughts of taking lodgings in Mark Lane, over against the Marketplace, and of making a large fortune by speculations in corn, came over me involuntarily." He praised the water works, the hospital, the quiet, quaint old library, named after Franklin, what he saw of our society, and paid particular attention to the Eastern Penitentiary and its system of solitary confinement, which, in company with many other humane persons, he strongly condemned.

From Philadelphia they journeyed by steamboat to Washington. Here they attended the President's receptions, chatted with Webster, Clay and Calhoun, visited the capital, listened to the debates in Congress, and were lionized generally. Regarding the greeting accorded to Irving at Washington, Mr. Dickens says in the *Notes*: "I sincerely believe that in all the madness of American politics, few public men would have been so earnestly, devotedly and affectionately caressed as this most charming writer; and I have seldom respected a public assembly more than I did this eager throng when I saw them turning with one mind from noisy orators and officers of

state, and flocking with a generous and honest impulse, round the man of quiet pursuits; proud in his promotion as reflecting back upon their country, and grateful to him with their whole hearts for the store of graceful fancies he has poured out among them."

In Washington, also, Mr. Dickens was the recipient of the honor of a banquet. Among the guests were such men as John Quincy Adams, Caleb Cushing, General Van Ness, and a host of celebrities. Wit, humor and eloquence enlivened the hours until midnight. One who was present says: "Mr. Dickens, by his modesty, his social powers and his eloquence, has added to the high esteem in which he is held by everybody. I believe every person present was delighted." In reply to the toast in his honor, he said:—"That if this were a public dinner, he supposed he would be expected to make a speech; as it was but a social party, surely no such effort would be expected of him; and when he looked about the table, and saw gentlemen whose positions in public life rendered it unavoidable that they should either speak themselves or listen to the speeches of others every day, his refraining upon this occasion must be far more acceptable, and surely possess more novelty than any remarks he might make—and he must be allowed to presume that here, in the enjoyment of a social hour, they will be happy to give their ears some rest, and he should, therefore, consider himself relieved from making a speech. He would, however, say, that like the Prince in the Arabian Tales, he had been doomed, since he arrived in this hospitable country, to make new friendships every night, and cut their heads off on the

following morning. But the recollection of this night—wherever he might go—should accompany him, and like the bright smiles of his better angel, be treasured in his mind as long as memory remains."

Mr. Cushing responded to the toast, "Our country and our Guest. Both in the first vigor of their youth, and both made great by the might of mind," and proposed, "The Health of Mr. Pickwick." Finally, Mr. Dickens rose and said, "I have to propose to you one more sentiment; it must be my last; it consists of two words—'Good night!' Since I have been seated at this table I have received the welcome intelligence that the news from the dear ones has come at last—that the long expected letters have arrived. Among them are certain scrawls from little beings across the ocean, of great interest to me, and I thought of them for many days past, in connection with drowned men and a noble ship, broken up and lying in fragments upon the bottom of the ocean.\* But they are here, and you will appreciate the anxiety I feel to read them. Permit me, in allusion to some remarks made by a gentleman near me, to say, that every effort of my pen has been intended to elevate the masses of society; to give them the station they deserve among mankind. With that intention I commenced writing, and I assure you, as long as I write at all, that shall be the principal motive of my efforts. Gentlemen, since I arrived on your hospitable shore, and in my flight over your land, you have given me everything I can ask but *time*—that you cannot give me, and you are aware that I must devote

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\* The *Caledonia* was driven back to England by tempestuous weather, and fears were entertained that she was lost,

some of it to myself; therefore, with the assurance that this has been the most pleasant evening I have passed in the United States, I must bid you farewell, and once more repeat the words, Good Night!"

After a short trip to Richmond Mr. Dickens visited Baltimore. From here he wrote to Irving, requesting him to join him there, and adding, "What pleasure I have had in seeing and talking with you I will not attempt to say. I shall never forget it as long as I live. What *would* I give if we could have but a quiet week together. Spain is a lazy place, and its climate an indolent one. But if you ever have leisure under its sunny skies to think of a man who loves you, and holds communion with your spirit oftener, perhaps, than any other person alive—leisure from listlessness I mean—and will write to me in London, you will give me an inexpressible amount of pleasure." Irving met him in Baltimore as requested, and there bade him farewell, preparatory to his journey to Spain. The parting between the two authors was very affecting, and would doubtless have been still more so, could either of them have read the future and spoken to the other the sad words,

"It is the chime, the hours draw near,  
The time when you and I must sever;  
Alas! it must be many a year,  
And it may be for ever,"

It was destined so to be, for it was their last meeting on earth. Twenty-six years after Mr. Dickens wrote, "Your reference to my dear friend Washington Irving, renews the vivid impressions re-awakened in my mind at Baltimore but the other day. I saw his fine face for the last



time in that city. He came there from New York to pass a day or two with me before I went westward; and they were made among the most memorable of my life by his delightful fancy and genial humor. Some unknown admirer of his books and mine sent to the hotel a most enormous mint-julep, wreathed with flowers. We sat, one on either side of it, with great solemnity (it filled a respectable-sized round table), but the solemnity was of very short duration. It was quite an enchanted julep, and carried us among innumerable people and places that we both knew. The julep held out far into the night, and my memory never saw him afterwards otherwise than as bending over it with his straw with an attempted air of gravity (after some anecdote involving some wonderfully droll and delicate observation of character), and then, as his eye caught mine, melting into that captivating laugh of his, which was the brightest and best I ever heard."

Possibly this was the identical sort of julep which Milton describes the sons of Bacchus as

"Offering to every weary traveler,  
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,  
To quench the drought of Phœbus.

\* \* \*

And first behold this cordial julep here,  
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,  
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed;  
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone,  
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,  
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,  
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst."

Mr. Dickens was not accustomed to mixed drinks in his own country, and the julep seems to have had a won-

derful influence over him, for he writes to the proprietor of Guy's Hotel, Baltimore :

"BARNUM'S HOTEL,  
"23rd March, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR:—I am truly obliged to you for the beautiful and delicious mint-julep you have so kindly sent me. It's quite a mercy that I knew what it was. I have tasted it, but await further proceedings until the arrival of Washington Irving, whom I expect to dine with me, *tete-a-tete*; and who will help me to drink your health. With many thanks to you,

"Dear sir,

"Faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

After leaving Baltimore, Mr. Dickens journeyed to Harrisburg by stage coach. Westward of that city to Pittsburgh, the mode of conveyance at that time was by canal boat, and these conveniences come in for their share of notice in the *American Notes* of our author. Chief Justice Lewis, who happened to be a passenger upon the same boat which bore Mr. Dickens and his lady, says of them :

"I found, in the cabin of the boat, my old friend, Samuel R. Wood, a Quaker gentleman of Philadelphia, in company with a lady and gentleman. To these latter, my friend Wood honored me by an introduction. They were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens, who had come on board the packet boat, with the same object which brought me there—to avoid the crowd and the intended display of

attention. I need not say that I was much gratified with my new acquaintances.

"One circumstance made a deep impression upon my mind. It happened during our intercourse on board the Canal Packet Boat. I was much pleased with the social and genial disposition of Mr. Dickens, and was impressed with the great difference which appeared to exist, at that early time, in their lives, between the husband and wife. She was good looking, plain and courteous in her manners, but rather taciturn, leaving the burthen of the conversation to fall upon her gifted husband. In the course of conversation, I told him that I had a little daughter at home who would be delighted if I could present her with his autograph, written expressly for her. He consented to give it. Our mutual friend, the good Quaker Warden of the Eastern Penitentiary, Samuel R. Wood, immediately bustled about, and prepared a sheet of foolscap, with pen and ink. Mr. Dickens took up the pen, and *commencing very close to the top of the sheet*, wrote :

'Yours faithfully, CHARLES DICKENS.'

Mr. Wood remarked, 'Thee begins very close to the top of the sheet.' 'Yes,' said Mr. D., 'if I left a large blank over my name somebody might write a note or a bond over it.' 'Does thee suppose that a Judge of the Court would do such a thing?' said Mr. Wood. Mr. D. replied, 'I did not intimate any thing of that kind. The paper might soon pass out of the Judge's possession, and be made use of by others. But I do not suppose that Judges of Courts in America are any better men than the Judges in England,'"

This autograph was obtained by the judge for his daughter Juliet, afterwards wife of James H. Campbell, formerly American Minister to Sweden.

Leaving Pittsburgh, Mr. Dickens sailed down the Ohio to Cincinnati, and thence to Louisville. Turning eastward he visited Niagara, sailed down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec, and returned to New York by way of Lake Champlain. From New York he sailed on the 7th June for home. During his stay in Cincinnati a young lady made some notes relating to him in a gossiping sort of style, with which we will close this chapter.

"I went last evening to a party at Judge Walker's, given to the hero of the day, Mr. Charles Dickens, and, with others, had the honor of an introduction to him. M—— had gone to a concert, and we awaited her return, which made us late. Mr. Dickens had left the crowded rooms, and was in the hall, with his wife, about taking his departure when we entered the door. We were introduced to them in our wrapping. Hastening down stairs after arranging our toilets, we found him with Mrs. Dickens, seated upon a sofa, surrounded by a group of ladies, Judge Walker having requested him to delay his departure for a few moments, for the gratification of some tardy friends who had just arrived, ourselves among the number. In compliance with this request, he seated himself in the hall. He is young and handsome, has a mellow, beautiful eye, fine brow, and abundant hair. His mouth is large, and his smile so bright it seemed to shed light and happiness all about him. His manner is easy—negligent—but not elegant. His dress was foppish; in fact he was

over-dressed, yet his garments were worn so easily they appeared to be a necessary part of him. He had a dark coat, with lighter pantaloons ; a black waistcoat, embroidered with colored flowers ; and about his neck, covering his shirt-front, was a black neckcloth, also embroidered in colors, in which were placed two large diamond pins connected by a chain ; a gold watch-chain, and a large red rose in his button-hole, completed his toilet. Mrs. Dickens is a large woman, having a great deal of color, and is rather coarse ; but she has a good face and looks amiable. She seemed to think that Mr. Dickens was the attraction, and was perfectly satisfied to play second, happy in the knowledge that she was his wife. She wore a pink silk dress, trimmed with a white blond flounce, and a pink cord and tassel wound about her head. She spoke but little, yet smiled pleasantly at all that was said. He appeared a little weary, but answered the remarks made to him—for he originated none—in an agreeable manner. Mr. Beard's portrait of Fagin was so placed in the room that we could see it from where we stood surrounding him. One of the ladies asked him if it was his idea of the Jew. He replied, 'Very nearly.' Another, laughingly, requested that he would give her the rose he wore, as a memento. He shook his head and said: 'That will not do ; he could not give it to one ; the others would be jealous.' A half dozen then insisted on having it, whereupon he proposed to divide the leaves among them. In taking the rose from his coat, either by design or accident, the leaves loosened and fell upon the floor, and amid considerable laughter, the ladies stooped and gathered

them. He remained some twenty or thirty minutes in the hall, and then took his leave. I must confess to considerable disappointment in the personal of my idol. I felt that his throne was shaken, although it never could be destroyed."



## CHAPTER VII.

THE "AMERICAN NOTES."—OPINIONS ON SLAVERY.—  
COPYRIGHT.—HAWTHORNE.—"MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT."  
—PECKSNIFF.—SARAH GAMP.—"CHRISTMAS CAROL."  
—"CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."—"THE CHIMES."—CRITI-  
CISMS.—EXHAUSTION.—VISIT TO ITALY.—GENOA.—  
PALACE OF THE FISH-PONDS.

"And for these words, these artless tales of mine,  
It may be that they are a harmless wile,—  
The coloring of the scenes which fleet along,  
Which I would seize in passing to beguile  
My breast, or that of others, for a while.  
Fame is the thirst of youth,—but I am not  
So young as to regard men's frown or smile,  
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot ;  
I stood and stand alone,—remembered or forgot."

—CHILDE HAROLD.



**S**HORTLY after his return to England, our author wrote and published two volumes of *American Notes*, purporting to be a record of his experiences and opinions during his late tour. The work was not equal to his previous productions, and the sale of it was extremely small, limited at the time to three or four thousand copies. In fact, no great circulation being anticipated for it, it was not published in the usual serial form. It was written with more rapidity than judgment, and shows the author to have been far less versed in American habits, and American character, than long experience had rendered him in those of his native land. The work, as critics asserted, told nothing new or original about the United States. It seized upon certain as-

sumed and trite traits, supposed to be characteristic of the Americans, and which for generations had been imputed to them, and taken for granted as correct, by supercilious Europeans, and gave to these one more rehash; rather than developed by careful study any new and actual national features, or exhibited any keen insight into the social or business habits of that enterprising people. It was palpable that the book might have been written in the author's library, in Devonshire Terrace, without subjecting him to the inconveniences of an ocean voyage, as the material could have been found ready at hand. That there should be rough traveling in the wilds of a new country before the era of railroads is certainly not strange, and the author might have found it paralleled in his own country, had he looked over the pages of Macaulay's history. And poor accommodation for travelers is surely not characteristic of a people who have a world-wide reputation for "knowing how to keep a hotel," and who, as Mr. Dickens, a little later learned, could accommodate him at a "Fifth Avenue," a "Grand," or a "St. Nicholas." Intemperance is hardly a national failing in a country where whole States, peopled mostly by natives, can pass total abstinence laws; statutes which could not be carried in a single small town in the author's native land. But it is useless to criticize this work further, since the author, after a subsequent visit, made a very full and candid correction of many of his former aspersions, as having been hasty and inconsiderate. So far as this writer, or any other, attacks the failings and bad laws of a country, whether his own or another, and does it in the spirit of

reproof, and with a view to correction, we have much to thank him for ; it is a powerful agency he brings to bear against wrong-doing and besetting sins. But we require of the writer in such cases, whether novelist or historian, a "round unvarnished tale," with—

" Nothing extenuate,  
Nor aught set down in malice."

His outspoken language on the subject of slavery and its enormities, must meet the approval of every lover of freedom ; though on this topic also, he must have written hearsay or accepted notions, since he never proceeded further south than Richmond, and stopped there for only a day or two. Scores of English writers have dealt with the subject of American slavery with various degrees of bitterness ; yet it is a surprising fact that when the terrible hour came for the abolition of the blot on the nation's honor, the English Government and the bulk of the English people were found ranged on the side of slavery, and the slaveholder. It was during a fierce struggle on this question of slavery, extended over many years, that Mr. Dickens' visit to the United States took place. John Quincy Adams was then battling with the hosts of slave-drivers in the Senate, in favor of the abolitionist's right of petition. Even then the tide was setting in with gigantic force and fury, which broke over unhappy Kansas in her territorial days, and which dashed itself to pieces and succumbed in the "Great Rebellion." It is not surprising then, that this question made a marked impression on the mind of Mr. Dickens, thrown as he was into the

society of Adams, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Benton, and the other great actors in the drama.

One great object of Mr. Dickens in making his visit to America, was, as we have already stated, to procure, if possible, the passage of an international copyright law in the United States. In this work he signally failed; and his mind may have been somewhat embittered to see that millions of readers were availing themselves of his fictions, far more than in his native land, and that his only remuneration was such as publishers voluntarily bestowed. When we consider, however, the insignificant sums which writers of the first merit, Milton, Goldsmith, and others, have obtained as an equivalent for their productions, we cannot but consider that the £30,000 or so, which Mr. Dickens picked up in the United States alone, as gifts from publishers, entirely voluntary on their part, and from the proceeds of his readings, was a very satisfactory return. In the absence of any copyright law, and with the well-known rivalry of publishers, Mr. Dickens could hardly have denied that he had been remunerated far beyond anything he could have reasonably expected. As a matter of principle, he was estopped from complaining of the free use of his works by publishers, for he had himself been guilty of a like offence, if any it was, in incorporating the whole of Mr. Neal's amusing and spirited *Charcoal Sketches* in his *Pic-Nic Papers*, not only without any leave asked, or pecuniary acknowledgment to the author, but even of any reference to its authorship, except merely a statement that the said sketches, by an American writer, had been included in the collection. So difficult

is it, even with the best intentions, to be always consistent.

On the whole, however, the *Notes* were friendly to the Americans; colored distinctly throughout, not with enmity, but with liking and good-nature; and the book was in most respects modest, reticent, and well-mannered. "Prejudiced, I am not," said Mr. Dickens, "otherwise than in favor of the United States." The author had fallen into the habit of looking at the grotesque and comical side of human affairs, of searching out the burlesque, like the wit who endeavors to make a pun out of whatever is said or done. This habit inclined him habitually to overdraw and exaggerate the subjects he touched upon, and we must make a proper discount on all his delineations whenever we wish to reduce them to an absolute standard of value. English critics said of the present work, that he had taken advice from Mr. Weller, to Pickwick to "have a passage ready taken, for 'Merriker; and then let him come back and write a book about the 'Merrikins, as 'll pay all his expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enough." Some of his facetious passages are very passable, but when he makes an evident attempt to become didactical and philosophical, he shows at once that he is not in his forte. There is assuredly nothing in the *Sketches*, to compare with the terrible exposures in the author's other works, of English criminals, workhouses, cheap schools, and prisons. Indeed, it must have been a powerful hand that could have rivalled his gloomy and dreadful pictures of the shortcomings of his own nation, a hundred and a thousand fold more unsparing, more sarcastic, more stinging, than his utterances

about America. At a later period, the thoughtful and finely-toned minds of Emerson and Hawthorne—not to specify any others—have placed on record a sufficient quantity of delicate and deliberately accurate animadversion upon English traits and English society, to constitute a sufficient answer to or retaliation for the indictment of Mr. Dickens, if such were needed. But those philosophical and clean-hearted students of humanity were as free from intention to make out a case as Mr. Dickens himself. A passage in the dedication or preface to Mr. Hawthorne's work, *Our Old Home*, furnishes a parallel to the case of Mr. Dickens that is worth transcribing. Having set down his deliberate opinions about the English, he was, it appears, found fault with very much as Dickens was, for he says :

“To return to these poor sketches ; some of my friends have told me that they evince an asperity of sentiment towards the English people that I ought not to feel, and which it is highly inexpedient to express. The charge surprises me, because, if it be true, I have written from a shallower mood than I supposed. I seldom come into personal relations with an Englishman without beginning to like him, and feeling my favorable impression wax stronger with the progress of the acquaintance. I never stood in an English crowd without being conscious of hereditary sympathies. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that an American is continually thrown upon his national antagonism by some acrid quality in the moral atmosphere of England. These people think so loftily of themselves, and so contemptuously of everybody else, that it requires



more generosity than I possess to keep always in perfectly good humor with them. . . . It is very possible that I may have said things which a profound observer of national character would hesitate to sanction, though never any, I verily believe, that had not more or less of truth. If they be true, there is no reason in the world why they should not be said. Not an Englishman of them all ever spared America for courtesy's sake or kindness."

It is impossible not to transcribe further a single sentence of the truthful judgments thus reasserted, for the sake of comparison. In speaking of the ante-revolutionary conduct of England towards the colonies, Mr. Hawthorne thus summed up the English: "It has required nothing less than the boorishness, the stolidity, the self-sufficiency, the contemptuous jealousy, the half-sagacity, invariably blind of one eye and often distorted of the other, that characterize this strange people, to compel us to be a great nation in our own right."

In the concluding remarks of the *Notes*, Mr. Dickens gives the following as his judgment upon the real character of the Americans: "They are by nature frank, brave, cordial, hospitable, and affectionate. . . . These qualities are natural, I implicitly believe, to the whole people."

The unfavorable conclusions are in the nature of qualifications of this summary. Really, the "Britisher" is at least as lenient as the American, if these two sweeping generalizations may be taken as specimens; and in fact, unless the politics of 1842 be taken into the account, it

is out of the question to understand why the *American Notes* were so angrily received.

This work of our author neither diminished nor added to his fame. It failed to give any complete satisfaction anywhere. For while the Americans claimed that it was exaggerated and unjust, English critics found fault with it for furnishing little information. There was no statistical matter, no arithmetic, no political economy. This, perhaps, was a good deal like blaming a florist for not furnishing his customers with a good article of shaving soap.

Mr. Dickens' next great undertaking was entitled, *The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit*. This was begun in a serial form in 1843, and completed in the following year. It was dedicated to Miss Burdett Coutts. Like his previous efforts it had an object in view, which was to expose selfishness in the manifold forms, and to exhibit its vices. The author says in the preface:—"I set out, on this journey which is now concluded, with the design of exhibiting, in various aspects, the commonest of all the vices. It is almost needless to add, that the commoner the folly or the crime which an author endeavors to illustrate, the greater is the risk he runs of being charged with exaggeration; for, as no man ever yet recognized an imitation of himself, no man will admit the correctness of a sketch in which his own character is delineated, however faithfully."

The hero of the work, young Chuzzlewit, is undoubtedly a masterly and well sustained character throughout, having many good qualities, and strong in friendship, but

afflicted with such an overweening selfishness, that his sacrifices are the result of a constant study of his own comfort, and not of a desire for the happiness of others. Mark Tapley, his companion, on the other hand, is as near as possible his moral antipode. He is a model of cheerfulness under misfortune and disappointment. He is a lesson of fortitude to the Christian pilgrim. He would teach you always to regard your present condition as a state of pilgrimage; never to view it as anything more. This will regulate your desires, and moderate your wishes for earthly things. This will keep you from being too much elated when you meet with prosperous scenes. Not that you will disparage the bounties of Providence—you will even be thankful for them, as conveniences by the way—but you will consider them *only* as accommodations, and not mistake them for the advantages and glories of home. You will not, therefore, sit down, but still press forward. This will enable you to endure, with fortitude and resignation, the hardships you may encounter. You will say, “As the traveller, I expect such things; they are only the inconveniences of a journey; it will soon be over,”—and, “I reckon the sufferings and the inconveniences of this present are not worthy to be compared with the glory which will be revealed in us.”

It is in this story that the well-known Pecksniff is developed, the incarnation of falsity, conceit and selfishness. Opposite to him in character as could well be are Tom and Ruth Pinch, two diamonds. Jonas Chuzzlewit is the chief villain in this tale. He believes he has poisoned his father, which he has not done, and commits an actual

murder to cover up the tracks of a supposed one. The whole description of this fatal deed to its dark ending in his detection and suicide, is powerfully wrought and unsurpassed in fiction. Regues, as a rule, are paradoxical fellows. They often plan cunningly, and execute their plans dexterously; but whatever ingenuity they may possess seems to abandon them when their objects are accomplished. In reading the accounts of frauds and robberies, published in the newspapers, we are sometimes astonished at the keen appreciation of the weaknesses of human nature displayed by the perpetrators; but by and by comes the story of their arrest, and we are still more surprised at the lack of strategy, and even of common sense, they have betrayed in attempting to escape the pursuit of justice. They walk into the traps set for them by the police with a confiding simplicity that could only be expected of the most unsophisticated innocence, and in a majority of instances with the proofs of their guilt, or some clue to it, on their persons. There is a remarkable sameness in the history of forgers, and swindlers, and thieves. Few of them make any wise preparation in advance for evading the hue and cry which they know must follow the discovery of their misdeeds. It is well that it is so; for were their plans of escape as skilfully concocted as their schemes of depredation, the detective service would be less frequently complimented by the press on its sagacity, and the examples which the law makes of rascality would be few and far between.

Sairey Gamp, Betsy Prig, and that myth, Mrs. Harris, are old acquaintances of all our author's readers, and Mrs.

Todger's boarding-house is not forgotten. To many minds, Mrs. Gamp is a creation as enjoyable as any one of Mr. Dickens' creations. She achieved a tremendous success, and her vagaries caused peals of laughter wherever the language was spoken.

In the preface to a subsequent edition, the author says:—"In all the tales comprised in this cheap series, and in all my writings, I hope I have taken every possible opportunity of showing the want of sanitary improvements in the neglected dwellings of the poor. Mrs. Sarah Gamp is a representation of the hired attendant on the poor in sickness. The hospitals of London are, in many respects, noble institutions; in others, very defective. I think it not the least among the instances of their mismanagement, that Mrs. Betsy Prig is a fair specimen of a Hospital Nurse; and that the hospitals, with their means and funds, should have left it to private humanity and enterprise, in the year Eighteen Hundred and Forty-nine, to enter on an attempt to improve that class of persons."

And in relation to the earlier portion of the book:—"The American portion of this book is in no other a caricature than as it is an exhibition, for the most part, of the ludicrous side of the American character—of that side which is, from its very nature, the most obtrusive, and the most likely to be seen by such travelers as Young Martin and Mark Tapley. As I have never, in writing fiction, had any disposition to soften what is ridiculous or wrong at home, I hope (and believe) that the good-humored people of the United States are not generally disposed to quarrel with me for carrying the same usage abroad."

Before the completion of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Mr. Dickens published in December, 1843, a short piece of a different nature, being a holiday offering, entitled, *A Christmas Carol*, in prose — being a ghost story of Christmas. The *Carol* is a beautiful little gem, and was immensely successful. It is a short tale of the affections, simple and truthful, and simple as one of Wordsworth's poems. There is a freshness and simplicity about it which is mentally refreshing, and a genuine goodness shining out in every line. The Cratchitt Family would ennoble any story, and Tiny Tim is almost a counterpart of Little Nell in tenderness and truth.

The story was issued in a 16mo. volume, at five shillings for the Christmas of 1843, and was followed by a similar story for the holidays of each of the four succeeding years. These were entitled respectively, *The Chimes*: a Goblin Story of some Bells that rang an Old Year out and a New Year in; *The Cricket on the Hearth*: a Fairy Tale of Home; *The Battle of Life*: a Love Story; and *The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain*. These tales were intended to be appropriate to the occasion which begot them. Their object was to foster a spirit of good-will and cheerfulness, and thankfulness becoming the Christmas anniversary, and to make that season one of greater happiness and rejoicing than a too utilitarian age suffers it to become. And the motive was a good one. We do not make enough of our holidays, especially for the young. It is one of the happiest and most grateful recollections of after life to look back on the holidays of our youth. Hopes destroyed may loom up mournfully through the mists of



the past ; multitudes of dead pleasures may lie strewn on the rearward track ; but the festivals of our boyhood and our youth shine out cheerily in the distance ; and the white stones wherewith we marked them are as free from mildew as if some " Old Mortality " had kept them spotless. Better still, we grown-up people can renew our holiday-joys by participating in those of the rising and romping generation. Old boys, with the requisite amount of hilarity in their composition, are delighted to shake hands with their merry juniors at Christmas. On that occasion the genial veteran asks nothing better than to be comrade to the young recruit. By a species of jovial family metempsychosis, Grandfather Whitehead renews his youth in the persons of his grandsons and granddaughters. It is said to be more blessed to give than to receive ; and it may well be doubted whether the boyish rapture with which we emptied the traditional stocking in the days of " auld lang syne " is not fairly balanced by the pleasure we take in filling it for the urchins who are to fill our places when they shall " know us no more."

The supernatural ran through the whole of these tales—a very difficult agency to deal with. Only the first and third of these can be said to have had any very marked success. *The Cricket on the Hearth* has been repeatedly dramatized, and the others furnish fine material for the play-wright.

In relation to the object of these stories, Mr. Dickens says :—"The narrow space within which it was necessary to confine these Christmas stories when they were originally published, rendered their construction a matter of

some difficulty, and almost necessitated what is peculiar in their machinery. I never attempted great elaboration of detail in the working out of characters within such limits, believing that it would not succeed. My purpose was, in a whimsical kind of masque which the good-humor of the season justified, to awaken some loving and fostering thought, never out of season in a Christian land."

A review in the *Times*, after passing a high eulogium on the *Carol*, comments rather severely on the *Chimes*. Considering the light nature of stories and their object, as set forth by the author, we cannot but consider that the commentary of the *Times* is unwarrantably severe and misplaced. It says:—"It may be a painful task to pronounce a verdict of condemnation upon the labors of one who, in his time, has afforded the public very much amusement; but it is also a necessary task to warn the public of the faults and errors of a teacher universally listened to—of a writer whom popularity has invested with the qualities of a model and a guide. It is the literary tendency of the present age to write *downwards* rather than *upwards*—to adapt art to the calibre of the lowest capacities, rather than to elevate the intellect by accustoming it to nervous, healthy exercise. The class of books which formed the recreation of the leisure hours of our fathers—the light reading of their time—is to-day the mind's sole occupation. Our lightest reading is the solidest; the amusement of the mind is its business; ethics are taught by illustration and caricature; knowledge is conveyed in a joke; conversation is carried on in slang; the drama undertakes to purify the heart and understanding by bur-

lesque, whilst the modern epic positively refuses every hero that is not drawn from the perils of the workhouse or the prison. Unrivalled as is the power possessed by Mr. Dickens of delineating the characters and imitating the language of the humblest section of humble life, it cannot be denied by his warmest admirers that the direction given to the public taste, and the unhealthy character of our current literature, are mainly owing to a vicious, though brilliant example, rewarded with extreme success, and sustained by morbid appetite." Above all, the repetition of the fairy machinery was objected to, because of "the lamentable result that attends all the repetitions of the writer. That which was at first easy and to the purpose became monstrous, overcharged, and out of place."

This smacks of purse-pride sneering over his *Times* at any mention of the poor, the suffering and the lowly. A principal defect in the tale is more fairly hit:—"This amiable gentleman [Tackleton] fascinated the blind daughter of his journeyman [Caleb Plumer] and almost breaks her heart by courting somebody else. The journeyman is an extraordinary fellow in his way, and has brought up his child to think Tackleton a saint, and the den in which they live a palace. So, Mr. Dickens, are not the blind misled! Exquisite are the spared senses, mercifully strengthened by Providence to make amends for the one tremendous deprivation. The *fingers* of the blind read the Bible; the *ears* of the blind—the figure is a bold one—see the friendly visitor long before you or I, even whilst his foot is lingering at the threshold. Would you have us believe that touch, feeling, hearing, remained for twenty

years torpid and dead in the sensitive creature whom you have spoiled by your perversion? We tell you, and not without good warrant for the assertion, that no man living, journeyman or master, has power to stop up the avenues through which knowledge rushes to the soul of a poor innocent deprived of sight. Bertha, by your own account, had mixed in the world; she talked wisely and even profoundly on abstruse matters; she worked with her father; she knew every toy in the room, and where to seek it, and how to make it; she was in daily intercourse with those who knew the character of Tackleton, and who spoke of him with freedom. And yet you ask us to believe that this young lass, all feeling and perception, never knew 'that walls were blotched and bare of plaster here and there; that iron was rusting, wood rotting, paper peeling off; that sorrow and faint-heartedness were in the house; that they had a master cold, exacting and interested.'

The assaults of critics, whether disguising their dislike under a cloak of pretended regard for the public improvement, as in the above extract, or of his more open and avowed opponents, could never sensibly detract from the deserved popularity of the writings of Mr. Dickens. They breathe a spirit so Christian-like; there is such an evident enjoyment of and admiration for the homely joys, the purity and truth, and worth that make this world endurable and enjoyable, manifest in every page; such a fondness for child-like gentleness, simplicity and faith; and so much hatred for treachery, pretence and deceit; and all so well told, as to give the author a firm hold on the minds

and affections of his readers. Then it must be a crabbed misanthropy, or an austere morality, that cannot find relaxation and mental pleasure in the constant humor, sprightliness and gaiety which pervades his pages. It should not be a cause of surprise that gaiety and liveliness of spirits are objects of universal encouragement and commendation ; they are, as we may perceive from daily experience, absolutely necessary for the maintenance of good-will among men ; nay, we may assert that the very existence of society would be questioned, if those incitements to mutual converse were wanting in the human heart, to say nothing of their contributing to bodily health. The mind of every man is by nature inclined to cheerfulness, and swayed by a desire to indulge in pursuits which will gratify this natural propensity. Even the gloomy misanthrope will find it an arduous task to restrain this eagerness of the soul for objects which call forth pleasure, or awaken vivid sensations of delight. Cold indeed must be the philosophy of him who would subdue the gladdening temperament of his nature, and substitute an austere severity and a rigid indifference to the innocent amusements of the world. It would be absurd to imagine that melancholy could be consonant with the feelings of man as a gregarious creature. Few or none of the tender sensibilities which at present unite him with his fellow-men could exist, if each individual were influenced by a selfish thoughtfulness, and an utter distaste for what might excite animation or sprightliness : each would be a morose Timon, and the very links of social intercourse would be severed. But the mysterious sensitiveness which per-

vades the heart, and the vibration of the ligaments of which it is composed, manifestly denote that we were created for friendly union and social enjoyment. We need not, then, frustrate or endeavour to stifle our inclination to vivacity; but, by a seasonable moderation, temper it so that it degenerate not into extravagant mirth. The last is to be avoided, as the former should be supported and countenanced. But though liveliness and cheerfulness are deserving of encouragement, and qualities much to be desired, it is requisite that the heart be at times open to serious reflections. It is requisite that we should at times feel sated—that we should participate in the sadness of disappointment, and be taught by dejection to ponder on the littleness and vanity of the world, the almost incredible inconsistency of man, and the unaccountable varyings of the condition of the human family.

The arduous labors of Mr. Dickens had by this time begun to tell their tale even upon his more than ordinarily vigorous and enduring frame. The great writer had become sensibly fatigued and prostrated. No wonder. In years of constant labor he had fully established a new department of romance, erecting a reputation which would have remained a lasting one without another word or volume; and had proved himself, besides his unquestioned supremacy as a novelist, a laborious and able workman in three other departments of literary labor—reporting, editing, and biography. The exertion thus invested was intense as well as enjoyable; for no quality of genius is more invariable than the intensity which marks its activity. No human standard of measurement can estimate



the total of labor represented by the twenty volumes or thereabouts which the young man of twenty-two had produced in eight years. The very penmanship of so many pages is no inconsiderable accumulation of labor. The contrivance of all these stories, the adaptation to them of the characters and groups supplied by the mind, the shaping out of plot and dialogue, situation and catastrophe—constitute another far higher and immeasurably greater body of labor; and behind all these was that vast mass of seeing, understanding, and remembering, which may be called the professional training and experience of the author, and which was really the whole of his past life, including both the circumstances of his own home and social position, and the extraordinary series of researches and studies that he was always making into the actualities of the humanity around him.

The mere quantity of labor involved in all this, leaving its quality out of the question, and treating it merely as an enterprise in acquiring and recording knowledge, is something tremendous. The higher mental operations are not less exhausting, but more so than the lower; and it is not wonderful, but natural, that by this time a vacation was necessary even to an organization so robust, and a temperament so enduring as his own. Complying with the evident need of his over-taxed system, Mr. Dickens determined to visit Italy with his family, consisting of his wife and four children, two boys and two girls, and seek a year's relaxation from his labors in that famous clime, loved of Childe Harold, where,

"Filled with the face of Heaven, which, from afar,  
 Comes down upon her waters ; all its hues,  
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,  
 Their magical variety diffuse :—  
 Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,  
 And shining in the brawling brook, whereby,  
 Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours  
 With a calm languor, which, though to the eye  
 Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.  
 If from society we learn to live,  
 'Tis solitude should teach us how to die ;  
 It hath no flatterers, vanity can give  
 No hollow aid ; alone—man with his God must strive.

"The rippling rills chant music ; the green hills  
 Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass  
 The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the throats  
 Of summer birds make welcome as ye pass ;  
 Flowers fresh in hue and many in their class  
 Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes  
 Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass ;  
 The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes  
 Kissed by the breath of Heaven, seems colored by its skies.

"Italia ! oh, Italia ! thou who hast  
 The fatal gift of beauty, which became  
 A funeral dower of present woes and past,  
 On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,  
 And annals graved in characters of flame.  
 Oh God ! that thou wert in thy nakedness  
 Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim  
 Thy right, and awe the robbers back who press  
 To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress."

Mr. Dickens departed for Italy by the way of Paris, in the summer of 1844, and remained there one year, during which time he visited Genoa, where he remained some months, and then journeyed on to Rome, Venice, Naples Milan and other places usually visited by tourists. Vesuvius happened at that time to be in a state of eruption, so that he was enabled to witness that famous spectacle. He viewed, and was no doubt measurably affected by the sight of those ruins with which Italy is so replete, and in which so many memories of the past are shrouded,

He gazed with awe upon those buried cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii. But his mind was cast in a different mould from that of Byron, whose dreamy and reflecting nature gloated over the crumbling and half buried relics of a by-gone civilization, his morbid sentimentality growing by what it fed on. The sympathies of Dickens on the other hand were all with the present and the future; with the progress of mankind; and with all that is bright and sunshiny in life. Italy's hills and vales, the flowers and birds, the beautiful bay of Naples, the sculpture and statuary, the cottagers and townspeople, the travelers with all their oddities and peculiarities, these were what chiefly attracted his notice, these were the food for which his mind was in quest. Living men and women, living ways and habits, were more in his line than musty folios or crumbling columns. He published in 1846 a sort of note-book of his experiences, entitled *Pictures from Italy*. His description of the "Palace of the Fish-ponds," his Genoese residence, is very entertaining, and the "Italian Dream" very impressive. Of his beautiful home in Italy, two sketches of which graced his residence at Gads Hill, he speaks as follows :

"There is not in Italy, they say (and I believe them), a lovelier residence than the Palazzo Peschiere, or Palace of the Fish-ponds, whither we removed as soon as our three months' tenancy of the Pink Jail at Albaro had ceased. It stands on a height within the walls of Genoa, but aloof from the town; surrounded by beautiful gardens of its own, adorned with statues, vases, fountains, marble basins, terraces, walks of orange trees and lemon trees,

groves of roses and camelias. All its apartments are beautiful in their proportions and decorations; but the great hall, some fifty feet in height, with three large windows at the end, overlooking the whole town of Genoa, the harbor and the neighboring sea, affords one of the most fascinating and delightful prospects in the world. Any house more cheerful and habitable than the great rooms are within, it would be difficult to conceive; and certainly nothing more delicious than the scene without, in sunshine or in moonlight, could be imagined. It is more like an enchanted palace in an Eastern story than a grave and sober lodging.

"How you may wander on, from room to room, and never tire of the wild fancies on the walls and ceilings, as bright in their fresh coloring as if they had been painted but yesterday; or how one floor, or even the great hall which opens on eight other rooms, is a spacious promenade; or how there are eight corridors and bed-chambers above which we never use and rarely visit, and scarcely know the way through; or how there is a view of a perfectly different character on each of the four sides of the building, matters little. But that prospect from the hall is like a vision to me. I go back to it in fancy, as I have done in calm reality a hundred times a day; and stand there, looking out, with the sweet scents from the garden rising up about me, in a perfect dream of happiness.

"There lies all Genoa, in beautiful confusion, with its many churches, monasteries and convents, pointing up into the sunny sky; and down below me, just where the roofs

begin, a solitary convent parapet, fashioned like a gallery, with an iron cross at the end, where sometimes, early in the morning, I have seen a little group of dark-veiled nuns gliding sorrowfully to and fro, and stopping now and then to peep down upon the waking world in which they have no part. Old Mont Faccio, brightest of hills in good weather, but sulkiest when storms are coming on, is here, upon the left. The fort within the walls (the good King built it to command the town, and beat the houses of the Genoese about their ears, in case they should be discontented,) commands that height upon the right. The broad sea lies beyond, in front there; and that line of coast, beginning by the light-house, and tapering away, a mere speck in the rosy distance, is the beautiful coast road that leads to Nice. The garden near at hand, among the roofs and houses, all red with roses and fresh with little fountains, is the Aqua Sola—a public promenade, where the military band plays gaily, and the white veils cluster thick, and the Genoese nobility ride round, and round, and round, in state-clothes and coaches at least, if not in absolute wisdom. Within a stone's-throw, as it seems, the audience of the Day-Theatre sit; their faces turned this way. But as the stage is hidden, it is very odd, without a knowledge of the cause, to see their faces change so suddenly from earnestness to laughter; and odder still to hear the rounds upon rounds of applause, rattling in the evening air, to which the curtain falls. But, being Sunday night, they act their best and most attractive plays. And now, the sun is going down in such a magnificent array of red, and green, and golden light, as neither pen nor pencil could depict; and to the ringing

of the vesper bells, darkness sets in at once, without a twilight. Then lights begin to shine in Genoa, and on the country road; and the revolving lantern out at sea there, flashing, for an instant, on this palace front and portico, illuminates it as if there were a bright moon bursting from behind a cloud; then, merges it in deep obscurity. And this, so far as I know, is the only reason why the Genoese avoid it after dark, and think it haunted.

"My memory will haunt it, many nights in time to come; but nothing worse, I will engage. The same Ghost will occasionally sail away, as I did one pleasant Autumn evening, into the bright prospect, and snuff the morning air at Marseilles."

The following extracts from his letters to Mr. Douglas Jerrold furnish us with some fragments of an autobiographical character, and give us in addition a little insight into the manner in which he employed his time in Italy.

"Come," he writes to his friend, in his usually good humored style, "come and see me in Italy—let us smoke a pipe among the vines. I have taken a little house surrounded by them, and no man in the world should be more welcome to it than you."

From Cremona, he sends his thanks for a kindly notice of his latest Christmas Story:—"It was very hearty and good of you, Jerrold, to make that affectionate mention of the *Carol* in *Punch*; and I assure you, it was not lost upon the distant object of your manly regard, but touched him as you wished and meant it should. I wish we had not lost so much time in improving our personal knowledge of each other. But I have so steadily read you and so self-



ishly gratified myself in always expressing the admiration with which your gallant truths inspired me, that I must not call it lost time either."

Again he writes from the same place in November, earnestly renewing his invitation to Jerrold to visit him at his southern home:

"You rather entertained the idea once of coming to see me at Genoa. I shall return straight on the 9th of December, limiting my stay in town to one week. Now, couldn't you come back with me? The journey that way is very cheap, costing little more than £12, and I am quite sure the gratification to you would be high. I am lodged in quite a wonderful place, and would put you in a painted room as big as a church and much more comfortable. There are pens and ink upon the premises; orange-trees, gardens, battledores and shuttlecocks, rousing wood fires for the evenings, and a welcome worth having. . . . Come! Letter from a gentleman in Italy to Bradbury & Evans in London. Letter from a gentleman in a country gone to sleep, to a gentleman in a county that would go to sleep too, and never wake again if some people had their way. You can work in Genoa—the house is used to it: it is exactly a week's post. Have that portmanteau looked to; and when we meet, say, 'I am coming!'"

He used to tell how, travelling in Italy, he visited a certain monastery, and was conducted over the building by a young Monk, who, though a native of the country, spoke remarkably fluent English. There was, however, one peculiarity about his pronunciation. He frequently misplaced his v's and w's. "Have you been in England?"

asked Mr. Dickens. "No," replied the monk, "I have learnt my English from this book," producing *Pickwick*; and it further appeared that he had selected Mr. Samuel Weller as the *beau ideal* of elegant pronunciation.

A letter, written by Mr. Dickens from Milan to a friend in England, dated November, 1844, gives us some further acquaintance with that beautiful little Christmas tale, the *Chimes*:

"Since I heard from D'Orsay, I have been beset in I don't know how many ways. First of all, I went to Marseilles, and came back to Genoa. Then I went to the Peschiere. Then some people who had been present at the Scientific Congress here, made a sudden inroad on that establishment, and overran it. Then they went away, and I shut myself up for one month, close and tight, over my little Christmas book, *The Chimes*. All my affections and passions got twined and knotted in it, and I became as haggard as a murderer long before I had written 'The End.' When I had done that, like 'The man of Thessaly,' who, having scratched his eyes out in a quickset hedge, plunged into a bramble-bush to scratch them in again, I fled to Venice, to recover the composure I had disturbed. From thence I went to Verona and to Mantua. And now I am here—just come up from underground, and earthy all over, from seeing that extraordinary tomb in which the Dead Saint lies in an alabaster case, with sparkling jewels all about him to mock his dusty eyes, not to mention the twenty franc pieces which devout votaries were ringing down upon a sort of skylight in the Cathedral pavement above, as if it were the counter of his heav-

only shop. . . . Old —— is a trifle uglier than when I first arrived. He has periodical parties, at which there are a great many flower-pots and a few ices—no other refreshments. He goes about continually with extemporaneous poetry; and is always ready, like tavern-dinners, on the shortest notice and the most reasonable terms. He keeps a gigantic harp in his bedroom, together with pen, ink, and paper, for fixing his ideas as they flow—a kind of profane King David, truly good-natured and very harmless. Pray say to D'Orsay every thing that is cordial and loving from me. The traveling-purse he gave me has been of immense service. It has been constantly opened. All Italy seems to yearn to put its hand into it. I think of hanging it, when I come back to England, on a nail, as a trophy, and of gashing the brim like the blade of an old sword, and saying to my son and heir, as they do upon the stage: 'You see this notch, boy? Five hundred francs were laid low on that day for post-horses. Where this gap is, a waiter charged your father treble the correct amount—and got it. This end, worn into teeth like the rasped edge of an old file, is sacred to the Custom Houses, boy, the passports, and the shabby soldiers at town gates, who put an open hand and a dirty coat-cuff into the windows of all Forestieri. Take it, boy. Thy father has nothing else to give!' My desk is cooling itself in a mail-coach, somewhere down at the back of the cathedral, and the pens and ink in this house are so detestable, that I have no hope of your ever getting to this portion of my letter. But I have the less misery in this state of mind, from knowing that it has nothing in it to repay you for the trouble of perusal."

## CHAPTER VIII.

RETURN TO LONDON.—POLITICS.—THE "DAILY NEWS."—  
 CHARLES DICKENS AS EDITOR.—POOR SUCCESS.—HIS  
 FORTE.—"PICTURES FROM ITALY."—"DOMBEY AND SON."  
 —DOUGLAS JERROLD.—LITTLE PAUL.—FLORENCE.—  
 SCHOOLMASTERS.—"DAVID COPPERFIELD."—AUTOBIO-  
 GRAPHICAL FEATURES.—MICAWER.—HOFFMAN.—ES-  
 TABLISHES "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—EDITOR ONCE MORE.  
 —"ALL THE YEAR ROUND."—"BLEAK HOUSE."—CHAN-  
 CERY COURTS.—SKEMPOLE.—LEIGH HUNT.—LANDOR.

"Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought,  
 Harmony, strength, words exquisitely sought ;  
 Fancy, that from the bow, that spans the sky,  
 Brings colors, dipped in Heaven, that never die ;  
 A soul exalted above earth, a mind  
 Skilled in the characters that form mankind ;  
 And, as the sun in rising beauty dressed,  
 Looks to the westward from the dappled east,  
 And marks, whatever clouds may interpose,  
 Ere yet his race begins, its glorious close ;  
 An eye like his to catch the distant goal ;  
 Or, ere the wings of verse begin to roll,  
 Like his to shed illuminating rays  
 On every scene and subject it surveys :  
 Thus graced, the man asserts an author's name,  
 And the world cheerfully admits the claim."—COWPER.

**R**ETURNING to London in the fall of 1845, Mr.  
 Dickens found quite an agitation in that  
 city for the establishment of a new daily pa-  
 per, to become the organ of the Liberal party,  
 recently deserted by the *Times*. Messrs. Bradbury &  
 Evans, who had become quite successful as the publishers  
 of *Punch*, and built up a large and profitable business,

were willing to undertake the pecuniary risk connected with the enterprise, and proposed to Mr. Dickens that he should become the editor-in-chief. Arrangements were made, and on the 21st of January, 1846, the first number was offered to the public under the title of the *Daily News*.

This was in the stirring times, when Robert Peel was about abolishing the corn tax. The Liberals were strongly in favor of the abolition of all duties on cereals, while the Tory party as bitterly opposed it. The *Times* was, at that date, even more than now, the leading paper in Great Britain. Paying liberally for all work performed in its service, it had gathered around it a brilliant staff of editors and writers; and its foreign correspondence being selected from high literary circles—all conspired to give it a place far above its English contemporaries. It was not, however, a satisfactory party paper on either side, since it habitually trimmed its sails to the wind, and followed, rather than led, public opinion. Of the other dailies, those that were Whig in politics were either mere advertising mediums, or not influential enough to become leading party organs.

Mr. Dickens determined to gather around himself a brilliant corps of assistants, and by enterprise and liberality to establish, if possible, a journal that might fairly rival the *Times*. The paper was of full size, and well printed. Mr. Dickens was announced as the literary editor, as well as manager, and Mr. John Foster, who had established his reputation by his political and literary efforts in the *Examiner*, assumed charge of the political department. The

publication of the *Pictures from Italy* was begun in the first number, and about one column a day was given, until the conclusion of the story. There also appeared as emanations from his pen, some very powerful letters on social subjects, in discussing which he was somewhat in his element; notably, one on Capital Punishment, in which he advocated the establishment of the system of private executions, which was adopted by the Government twenty-four years later.

But this employment was little suited to Mr. Dickens' temperament and habits. The work was confining, constant, and irksome. It wearied both mind and body, and left no compensating result in reputation. It debarred him from the more congenial labor of story-writing. He had in view, moreover, the publication of a new serial tale. He was not "a success," as Artemus Ward would say, as a newspaper man. The speculation promised to become a failure. So true is it that mere literary ability, however great, will never insure success in the management of a daily paper. The talents requisite in these two departments are of an essentially different nature. Mr. Dickens could no more have achieved the success of the *New York Tribune*, than Horace Greely could have written *Barnaby Rudge*.

Mr. Dickens was not long in realizing this fact, and he at once resigned the editorship of the paper, which was assumed by Mr. Foster, and the literary department by Mr. Charles Wentworth Dilke, late editor of the *Athenæum*. It is understood that Mr. Dickens was a loser to a considerable extent by his connection with it. In the *History*



of *British Journalism*, we find a reference to the infancy of this paper, as follows :—"The *Daily News* got a good start in these troublous times. Founded just as the railway mania was on the wane, with Mr. Charles Dickens for its editor, it had passed safely, though not without great danger, through all the incidents of a newspaper infancy—it had been discovered that the brilliant sketching pen of Dickens was not yet blunted enough to be steeped in the gall of political writing—that the steel was too true and too highly tempered to carry the envenomed fluid, which ran off it like limpid water, and made the leading articles simply wishy-washy ; so the editor had turned his attention to amusing his readers with the *Sketches from Italy*, of which he gave them a column a day. But the new speculation drooped, and its best friends feared for its existence. It was then passed into the hands of Mr. Charles Wentworth Dilke."

Here we discover one of the reasons for the ill success of Mr. Dickens' experiment in newspaper editing. No doubt he was deficient in the animosity then required for a newspaper writer ; but a far more important disability was that of his vocation as a novelist, and the unfitness which that vocation entailed upon him for the sort of writing required in a daily newspaper. As a novelist, he knew how to make pictures ; and painting them at his will, all the English-reading world was sure to be delighted. But the daily leader writer must make, not pictures, but points. He must deal with things, not as he sees them, but as his readers see them. He must speak, not whenever he is ready, but to order, at the moment when

the facts are ready. He must not complete a representation, with numerous accessory touches and a free discursive addition of whatever thoughts group and gather in his own mind, but must seize a single idea, state it with exclusive clearness and sharpness, weigh it with a few sentences directly apropos, and fling it out. For the novelist, human beings are his centres of interest, and political and politico-economical phenomena are only background or still-life. For the editor, on the contrary, these phenomena are the centres of interest, and if he made use of persons, it was, in those days, more as the cannibals use them—to sprinkle with the blood of his victims the daily banquet which he set for his ferocious customers. It is probable that the genial romancer may have aspired to exemplify a higher style of newspaper work; for assuredly, however sharp and skilful he was in applying lancet and scalpel to social vices, he was not the man to do the bludgeon and brass-knuckle work of London political journalism thirty years ago, and cannot have meant to do it. And besides that he was thus unfitted both by mind and manners for the post, there was the additional consideration that the drudgery of a daily editor's life must necessarily exhaust the whole vitality of any human being whatever; and that consequently, whenever it occurred to the chief editor of the *Daily News* to write a new novel, or even to sketch a new character, he could not; he had neither time nor strength. Like Sampson among the Philistines, he must grind at the mill. Fortunately it was unnecessary for the present giant to carry on the parallel by destroying himself and the edifice of his inimitable

exhibitions together, in order to escape from his servitude. Under the better technical skill of its new managers the *News* became successful, influential, and profitable; and continued to reflect the advanced liberal opinions of its early editor-in-chief. It was found necessary, however, to raise the price of the paper, originally twopence-half-penny, as the large expenses incurred rendered it unprofitable at that price. It was therefore increased at first to three-pence, and subsequently to the price of the *Times*. An evening paper was started as an offshoot, called the *Express*, and sold at a lower price than either the *Sun*, *Globe* or *Standard*, then the only evening papers in London. Not long since the price of the *News* was reduced, following the example of the *Telegraph* and *Standard*, to a penny, and it now has a large circulation, a high character, and wields an immense influence as a consistent, high-toned organ of Liberal opinion.

The *Pictures from Italy*, though severely criticised, met with a warm reception from the public, who were glad to hear from an old friend once more, after a year of exile. They were collected and published for him in May, 1846, by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, being the only work, saving the *Cricket on the Hearth*, which he published on his own account. "I have likened these *Pictures*," says Mr. Dickens, in one of those brief prefaces of his, which abound in confidential reminiscences, and which are so interesting, as phenomena of the author's experience, and so effective in winning the reader to a sense of real personal acquaintance with the writer, "I have likened these *Pictures* to shadows in the water, and would fain that I have, nowhere, stirred the water so roughly, as to

mar the shadows. I could never desire to be on better terms with all my friends than now, when distant mountains rise, once more, in my path. For I need not hesitate to avow, that, bent on correcting a brief mistake I made, not long ago, in disturbing the old relations between myself and readers, and departing for a moment from my old pursuits, I am about to resume them joyfully, in Switzerland; where, during another year of absence, I can at once work out the themes I have now in my mind, without interruption; and while I keep my English audience within speaking distance, extend my knowledge of a noble country, inexpressibly dear to me."

The "mistake" to which he so feelingly alludes, was in becoming editor of a daily paper, and the new work promised was *Dombey and Son*, the publication of which was commenced on the 1st October, 1847, in the old monthly serial form, with the familiar green cover. Writing to a friend, some months previous to this, in relation to this story, he says:—"Vague thoughts of a new book are rife within me just now; and I go wandering about at night into the strangest places, according to my usual propensity at such a time, seeking rest, and finding none. As an addition to my composure, I ran over a little dog in the Regent's Park, yesterday (killing him on the spot), and gave his little mistress such exquisite distress as I never saw the like of. I must have some talk with you about those American singers.\* They must never go back to their own country without your having heard them sing Hood's 'Bridge of Sighs.' My God! how sorrowful and pitiful it is!"

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\* The Hutchinson family probably.

Writing to Jerrold, also, before his departure to Switzerland, he incidentally speaks of the work he is engaged upon :

"I wish you would seriously consider the expediency and feasibility of coming to Lausanne in the summer or early autumn. I must be at work myself during a certain part of every day almost, and you could do twice as much there as here. It is a wonderful place to see; and what sort of welcome you will find I will say nothing about, for I have vanity enough to believe that you would be willing to feel yourself as much at home in my household as in any man's." Arriving at Lausanne, he writes that he will be ready to accommodate him in June, and goes on: "We are established here, in a perfect doll's house, which could be put bodily into the hall of our Italian palazzo; but it is the most lovely and delicious situation imaginable, and there is a spare bedroom, wherein we could make you as comfortable as need be. Bowers of roses for cigar smoking, arbors for cool punch-drinking, mountain and Tyrolean countries close at hand, piled-up Alps before the windows, etc., etc., etc."

Early in 1847, in a letter to a friend, Dickens wrote: "I begin to doubt whether I had anything to do with a book called *Dombey*, or ever sat over number five (not finished a fortnight yet), day after day, until I half began, like the monk in poor Wilkie's story, to think it the only reality in life, and to mistake all the realities for short-lived shadows."\*

In the preface, on the completion of the work in the fol-

\* It may be remembered how this same beautiful story of Wilkie's was differently applied by Mr. Dickens, in the last speech he ever made at the Royal Academy dinner.

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lowing year, he bade farewell to its readers, saying: "If any of them have felt a sorrow in one of the principal incidents on which this fiction turns, I hope it may be a sorrow of that sort which endears the sharers in it, one to another. This is not unselfish in me. I may claim to have felt it, at least as much as anybody else, and I would fain be remembered kindly for my part in the experience." This is dated, at London, on the 24th of March, 1848. In the People's Edition, a little later, he says: "I began this book by the lake of Geneva, and went on with it for some months in France. The association between the writing and the place of writing is so curiously strong in my mind, that at this day, although I know every stair in the little Midshipman's house, and could swear to every pew in the church in which Florence was married, or to every young gentleman's bedstead in Doctor Blimber's establishment, I yet confusedly imagine Captain Cuttle as secluding himself from Mrs. Macstinger among the mountains of Switzerland. Similarly, when I am reminded by any chance of what it was that the waves were always saying, I wander in my fancy for a whole winter night about the streets of Paris—as I really did, with a heavy heart, on the night when my little friend and I parted company for ever."\*

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\* The Philadelphia *Morning Post* says:—Dickens, while in this city, was very anxious to purchase Mr. James Hamilton's painting entitled "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" But as this beautiful work, one of the artist's best, was already sold, Mr. Dickens requested that he might see the original sketch, with which he was so greatly pleased that he insisted upon buying it. Mr. Hamilton refused to sell the picture, but presented it to Mr. Dickens. Afterward the artist received from Mr. Dickens an exquisite edition of his novels, accompanied by the following autograph:—"Gad's-hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent, Monday, Twenty-fifth May, 1862, to Mr. James Hamilton, this set of my books, with thanks and regard.—Charles Dickens." It is certain that Charles Dickens' genius never suggested a more imaginative picture than this masterpiece, and his appreciation of Hamilton could not have been more delicately shown.



Next to the departure, or rather of the translation of Little Nell, nothing touched the public mind, with as tender sympathy and pathetic sorrow, as the death of Little Paul Dombey. Jeffrey, the most critical of readers, who used to apply the scalpel, with terrible effect even to his own performances, thus wrote, under date 31st January, 1847, about this mournful, but not unexpected, event:

“Oh, my dear, dear Dickens! what a number 5 you have now given us! I have so cried and sobbed over it last night, and again this morning; and felt my heart purified by those tears, and blessed and loved you for making me shed them; and I never can bless and love you enough. Since that divine Nelly was found dead on her humble couch, beneath the snow and the ivy, there has been nothing like the actual dying of that sweet Paul, in the summer sunshine of that lofty room. And the long vista that leads us so gently and sadly, and yet so gracefully and winningly, to that plain consummation! Every trait so true, and so touching—and yet lightened by that fearless innocence which goes *playfully* to the brink of the grave, and that pure affection which bears the unstained spirit on its soft and lambent flesh, at once to its source in eternity. In reading these delightful children, how deeply do we feel that ‘of such is the kingdom of Heaven;’ and how ashamed of the contaminations which *our* manhood has received from the contact of the earth, and wonder how *you* should have been admitted into that pure communion, and so ‘presumed, an earthly guest, and drawn Empyrean air,’ though for our benefit and instruction. Well, I did not mean to say all this; but this

I must say, and you will believe it, that of the many thousand hearts that will melt and swell over these pages, there can be few that will feel their chain so deeply as mine, and scarcely any so *gratefully*. But after reaching this climax in the fifth number, what are you to do with the fifteen that are to follow? 'The wine of life is drawn, and nothing left but the dull dregs of this poor world to brag of.' So I shall say, and fear for any other adventurer. But I have unbounded trust in your resources. Though I have a feeling that you will have nothing in the sequel, if indeed in your whole life, equal to the pathos and poetry, the truth and the tenderness, of the four last pages of this number, for those, at least who feel and judge like me. I am most anxious and impatient, however, to see how you get on, and begin already to conceive how you may fulfil your formerly incredible prediction, that I should come to take an interest in Dombey himself. Now that you have got his stony heart into the terrible crucible of affliction, though I still retain my incredulity as to Miss Tox and the Major, I feel that I (as well as they) am but clay in the hands of the potter, and may be moulded at your will."

In *Dombey and Son* is again exhibited the wonderful power of our author in the delineation of characters, and giving to each one of them a separate, distinct, and well maintained individuality. In this respect he has never been excelled, and but rarely equalled. As Martin Chuzzlewit's hobby was selfishness, so that of Dombey is pride. But never could Chuzzlewit be mistaken for Dombey or *vice versa*, any more than if they were real, living per-

sonages. In the creations of the ordinary story-writer, with the exception of some leading traits of habit or thought attached to the more important actors of the drama, the characters merge into one another, and even these diverse attributes might be conceived as being but the exhibitions of one mind in its changeable moods and various manifestations; while the minor actors have no distinct individualities of their own to boast of, they are creations, distinguished only by their various names. But it is never thus with the characters of Dickens. The individuality of each and every of them stands out distinct and antagonistic to all the others; accompanying them even into the minor business of their lives.

*Dombey and Son*, like *Martin Chuzzlewit*, has what may be called a distinct moral unity, resulting from the shaping of the characters and the story so as to teach a definite moral lesson. As in *Chuzzlewit* the long disinterestedness of some of the characters lends double force by its contrast to the selfishness of others, so in *Dombey*, the self-forgetful love of Florence, of Harriet Carker, of Captain Cuttle, of Mr. Toots, and of Susan Nipper, whose sharp tongue and fearless deportment did not hinder her from being every whit as loving and as true as Florence herself—these sweet, bright characters most powerfully throw out in the picture the darkness and misery of hearts and lives like those of Mr. Dombey and Edith. Dombey is a man thoroughly to be detested—cruel, stern, and unbending. Little Paul and Captain Cuttle are the two best characters in the book, which contains many others excessively diverting. Mr. Toots, with his mania for

writing confidential letters to himself from great and eminent men, and his *penchant* for Messrs. Burgess & Co., the celebrated tailors; Perch, the messenger, and father of a large family; the awful Mrs. Macstinger, Susan Nipper, Major Joe Bagstock, Miss Floy, etc.

In *Dombey* Dickens has evidently endeavored to describe a certain phase of "high life," and he has done so with much success. The character of the aristocratic Cousin Feenix is finished and natural.

A high medical authority assures us, although it will not probably suffice to convict Mr. Dickens of any knowledge of clinics, that in the author's description of the last illness of Mrs. Skewton, he actually anticipated the clinical researches of M. Dax Broca, and Hughlings Jackson, on the connection of right hemiplegia with asphasia.

The story was cleverly dramatized and well represented at the Marylebone Theatre, in June, 1849, and its success was in proportion to its merits.

*Dombey* cannot be ranked as high as *Chuzzlewit*, either in construction, humor, characterization, or variety. But the pathetic picture of Little Paul is not matched nor approached by anything in the other story, nor by anything in all the other works of the author, save only Little Nell. The two children might have been spiritual twins, so alike were they in childish sweetness, in loveliness, in the sadness of early death. Yet there is no imitation in Paul; his shrewd, unconscious intellect, the vague, deep thoughtfulness of his little questionings and philosophies, appropriately mark him as the child of parents of great intellectual power, whatever their defects; while the prepond-

ering affectionateness of Little Nell's character equally belongs to her as the grandchild of an old man very loving in his nature, whatever his weaknesses.

Carker is the villain in this tale, and a subtle one he is. The chapter describing his flight from Dijon, after his discomfiture by Edith, and his rapid flight from the avenging Nemesis of a wronged husband, is one of the most powerfully told narrations in fiction. His death, so sudden and violent, is in keeping with his deserts. Dombey, though thoroughly proud is not a positively bad character. We feel a pity and friendliness towards him at the close, when he comes out of his terrible trials broken and purified. Long afterwards, Mr. Dickens in reviewing and commenting upon this character says: "Mr. Dombey undergoes no violent internal change, either in this book or in life. A sense of his injustice is within him all along. The more he expresses it, the more unjust he necessarily is. Internal shame and external circumstances may bring the contest to the surface in a week, or a day; but, it has been a contest for years, and is only fought out after a long balance of victory. Years have elapsed since I dismissed Mr. Dombey. I have not been impatient to offer this critical remark upon him, and I offer it with some confidence." Florence is the finest and most pleasing of all his impersonations of budding womanhood. Mrs. Skewton may be seen at any time at an English watering place, hand carriage, page and all. Captain Edward Cuttle, mariner, was a noble hearted fellow, and his friend John Bunsby, master of the "Cautious Clara," a side-splitting original. The Scholastic Blimbers is a great improve-

ment on the Squeers of Dotheboy's Hall notoriety. Mr. Dickens has told us that he entertained a sincere esteem for his o'd schoolmaster, Mr. Giles, of Rochester; had it not been for this we should have inferred that there had been something in his own experience which led to his contempt for the English middle-class schools and schoolmasters; for he exhibits in his works a profound aversion for them. Squeers is a monster of cruelty, rapacity and meanness. Crinkle in *David Copperfield* is a ferocious and dastardly tyrant; Bradley, the national schoolmaster in *Our Mutual Friend*, begins as a misanthrope and ends as a virtual murderer; and even Dr. Blimber, although he does not torture his boys, crams them to death. If the account of *Our Old School* in one of the early numbers of *Household Words*, and manifestly from the pen of Charles Dickens, was drawn from personal experience, that school could scarcely have been the one at Rochester. There is a good schoolmaster in the *Sketches by Boz*, a better one in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, a charming one (although he dotes) in *Copperfield*: not Crinkle, but the good old Dominie at Canterbury. To schoolmistresses Charles Dickens was kinder; for governesses and their sorrows he always evinced intense sympathy; but for the genus pedagogue, he seemed to have an intense abhorrence; differing in this respect very widely from Thackeray, who bears no more malice to the real Dr. Raine, than he does to the imaginary Dr. Birch; and who is never tired of dwelling on the learning, the conviviality, and the fundamental kindness of heart of his Orbilius, all *plagiosus*, as he may have been in early days to little boys who stumbled in their Greek verbs.



In a letter to Jerrold, while *Dombey* was in progress, Mr. Dickens writes, "This day week I finished my little Christmas book, the *Battle of Life*, (writing towards the close the exact words of a passage in your affectionate letter,\* received this morning; to wit, 'After all, life has something serious in it'); and ran over here for a week's rest. I cannot tell you how much true gratification I have had in your most hearty letter. Foster told me that the same spirit breathed through a notice of *Dombey* in your paper; and I have been saying since to K. and G., that there is no such good way of testing the worth of a literary friendship as by comparing its influence on one's mind with any that literary animosity can produce. Mr. W. will throw me into a violent fit of anger for the moment, it is true; but his acts and deeds pass into the death of all bad things next day, and rot out of my memory; whereas a generous sympathy like yours is ever present to me—ever fresh and new to me, always stimulating, cheerful, and delightful. The pain of unjust malice is lost in an hour. The pleasure of a generous friendship is the steadiest joy in the world. What a glorious and comfortable thing that is to think of!

"No, I don't get the paper† regularly. To the best of my recollection, I have not had more than three numbers—certainly not more than four. But I knew how busy

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\* Jerrold, in the letter referred to by Dickens, had said (in deprecating Gilbert A'Beckett's *Comic History of England*): "After all, life has something serious in it. It cannot be all a comic history of humanity. Some men would, I believe, write the Comic Sermon on the Mount. Think of a Comic History of England; the drollery of Alfred; the fun of Thomas Moore in the Tower; the farce of his daughter begging the dead head, and clasping it in her coffin, on her bosom. Surely the world will be sick of this blasphemy."

† Douglas Jerrold's "Weekly Newspaper,"

you must be, and had no expectation of hearing from you until I wrote from Paris (as I intended doing), and implored you to come and make merry with us there. I am truly pleased to receive your good account of that enterprise. . . . I have had great success in magnetism. E——, who has been with us for a week or so, holds my magnetic powers in great veneration, and I really think they are, by some conjunction of chances, strong. Let them, or something else, hold you to me by the heart."

After the usual short rest from his labors, Mr. Dickens commenced, in May, 1849, the work which has very generally and correctly been assumed to have been his favorite, as it certainly is one of his finest and most popular productions. This story was entitled *The Personal History of David Copperfield*, and extended to the usual twenty numbers. It has been asserted of this tale that it possessed some autobiographical features, so far as the early history of its hero was concerned. This, however, if the case at all, is so to only a very slight extent. The author never had a stepfather who ill-treated him; never ran away from home, to be brought up by an eccentric aunt; never groaned under the sway of a brutal flogging schoolmaster like Crinkle; was never employed to wash bottles in a wine merchant's cellar; and was never articled to a proctor in Doctors Commons. Possibly, however, the experiences of Wilkins Micawber in making both ends meet may have been paralleled in the case of the father of Dickens, whose means must at times have been very closely trenched upon, and who must have been very sorely pressed to provide food and raiment for a large family on

a very scanty allowance. To this extent, with perhaps a further draft upon some of his mother's oddities and garrulousness to furnish material for Mrs. Micawber, and some of his own trials in his progress to literature, it is very probable that Mr. Dickens borrowed from home material and family experience, but not further.

That Mr. Dickens should have taken a lively interest in this story is not surprising; he did so indeed with all his works. He habitually attached himself with a living interest to his stories, as may be seen by reference to the passages quoted from his preface to *Dombey*. To this, in a great measure, their success is due. He mingled, as it were, personally with the characters he formed, entered into their circumstances, suffered their losses and experienced their joys and grief. He dealt with them as living realities, loving friends and hating foes. It is said that Hoffman, the famous German writer of fantastic stories, was sensitive and so subject to what may be called the objective imagination, that he habitually saw the fanciful beings of whom he wrote, as actual objects, sporting about him, moving among the articles on his table and upon the furniture in the rooms. This intense projecting of the conceptions of the brain was in fact unhealthy, and doubtless foreshadowed the nervous ailment which terminated Hoffman's life. The very unusual health and once elastic strength of muscle and brain-fibre which belonged to Mr. Dickens prevented any of his notions from becoming delusions, or even illusions; and yet he evidently lived among the creations of his brain with a sense of companionship and a feeling of affection far stronger than the

mere visioning of the German phantast. The intensity of this feeling in regard to *Copperfield* is evident, not from its expression, but from the restraint of its expression. In the preface where the author says: "I remarked in the original preface to this work, that I did not find it easy to get sufficiently far away from it, in the first sensations of having finished it, to refer to it with the composure which this formal heading would seem to require. My interest in it was so recent and strong, and my mind was so divided between pleasure and regret—pleasure in the achievement of a long design, regret in the separation from many companions—that I was in danger of wearying the reader, whom I loved, with personal confidences and private emotions. Besides which, all that I could say of the story, to any purpose, I had endeavored to say in it. It would concern the reader little, perhaps, to know how sorrowfully the pen is laid down at the close of a two years' imaginative task; or how an author feels as if he were dismissing some portion of himself into the shadowy world, when a crowd of the creatures of his brain are going from him forever. Yet, I had nothing else to tell; unless, indeed, I were to confess (which might be of less moment still), that no one can ever believe this narrative, in the reading more than I had believed it in the writing. So true are these avowals at the present day, that I can only now take the reader into one confidence more. Of all my books, I like this the best. It will easily be believed that I am a fond parent of every child of my fancy, and that no one can love them as dearly as I love them; but, like many fond parents, I

have, in my heart of hearts, a favorite child, and his name is *David Copperfield*."

The criticisms of Mr. Dickens' successive novels had by this time ceased to welcome him as a hopeful tyro, to instruct him as a well-meaning but ill-trained aspirant, or to *anathematize* him (as some verbal humorist called the process) as an imitator; and had become simply observations—most frequently by means of comparing the last book with the previous ones—upon a recognized master in literature. It is needless to exemplify this mode of treatment; a single extract from *Fraser's Magazine* for December, 1850, will show how prompt and definitely the autobiographic nature of *David Copperfield* was taken for granted by all:

"This, the last, is, in our opinion, the best of all the author's fictions. The plot is better contrived, and the interest more sustained, than in any other. Here there is no sickly sentiment, no prolix description, and scarcely a trace of exaggerated passion. The author's taste has become gradually more and more refined; his style has got to be more easy, graceful, and natural. The principal groups are delineated as carefully as ever; but instead of the elaborate Dutch painting to which we had been accustomed in his backgrounds and accessories, we have now a single vigorous touch here and there, which is far more artistic and far more effective. His winds do not howl, nor his seas roar, through whole chapters, as formerly; he has become better acquainted with his readers, and ventures to leave more to their imagination. This is the first time that the hero has been made to tell his own

story—a plan which generally ensures something like epic unity for the tale. We have several reasons for suggesting that here and there, under the name of *David Copperfield*, we have been favored with passages from the personal history, adventures, and experiences of Charles Dickens. Indeed, this conclusion is in a manner forced upon us by the peculiar professions selected for the ideal character, who is first a newspaper reporter and then a famous novelist. There is, moreover, an air of reality pervading the whole book, to a degree never attained in any of his previous works, and which cannot be entirely attributed to the mere form of narration. . . .

David Copperfield the Younger was Born at Blunderstone, near Yarmouth—there is really a village of that name. We do not know whether Charles Dickens was born there too; at all events, the number and minuteness of the local details indicate an intimate knowledge of, and fondness for, Yarmouth and its neighborhood."

Whatever classification and gradation may be adopted for the works of Dickens, *Copperfield* must be reckoned at least among the best. Both the humorous and the pathetic parts of the book possess the high intensity, sustained power, psychological truthfulness and keeping, that characterize the best works of the master. The hero is as good as any hero, except that the appropriate modesty of a gentleman relating his experiences in the first person makes him necessarily more of a lay figure than otherwise. At least this rule holds good until we come down to those wonderful sensational personages, Charles O'Malley and Major Goliath O'Grady Gahagan. David Copperfield,



however, is at least as good as Nicholas Nickleby or Martin Chuzzlewit. Agnes is as good a heroine as Florence Dombey or Mary Graham or Madeline Bray or Kate Nickleby. Steerforth and Heep and Littinar are unsurpassed as gentlemanly and vulgar villains. Miss Trotwood is as much like Susan Nipper a little matured by experience, as it was possible for Dickens to have two characters alike; Barkis is at least as good as Bunsby; the pathetic interest of the story of Emily is fully as deep as that of Alice in *Dombey*; the terrors of the storm and shipwreck are as great as those of the death of Carker or of Quilp, if not equal to the tremendous, sustained, intense horror of the flight and death of the burglar Sikes; and above all, the wondrous qualities of Wilkins Micawber are only equalled—they are not surpassed—by that otherwise incomparable creature, Sairey Gamp.

The whole Micawber family, indeed, form a group as original as anything in all our author's works, and no family is better sustained, excepting possibly the Wellers. In his final redemption in Australia, after something has "turned up" every reader must rejoice. The story of Peggotty; the child wife, and her death; and David's final love for Agnes will recur to every reader with pleasure. There is not so much broad fun in this tale as in others by the same author, but there is more wit and intense passion. The old carrier's words, "Barkis is willing," have become a popular saying, and Micawber's hopeful "waiting for something to turn up" is as well known and as often repeated as a proverb. The powerful description of the tempest and wreck at Yarmouth is in Dickens' best

vein; and throughout the work there is exhibited the mellow strength and mature vigor of style of the ripe novelist in the prime of his power.

The work as we have previously remarked, is a great favorite and such it deserves to be, for to our mind it is the happiest of all his fictions. It was the first that we read and well do we remember the exquisite delight with which we eagerly devoured its pages, and boy-like, appreciated and sympathized with David and his youthful struggles.

The book is written in a delightfully easy, earnest, yet most graceful manner; the plot is well contrived, and never forced. It has often been hinted that in many ways it is partly auto-biographical—the here beginning at the law, turning parliamentary reporter, and finally winding up as a successful novelist, all of which the world knows have been Mr. Dickens' experiences. In fact it is generally believed to occupy the same position to Dickens as *Pendennis* does to Thackeray.

The peculiar commencement and description of Blunderstone Rookery; the birth of the posthumous child; the second marriage of David's mother to Murdstone; his early days, and the wonderful crocodile book; Peggotty and the courtship of Barkis the carrier, leaving his offerings behind the door; Mrs. Gummidge, Steerforth, the famous Micawbers, Betsy Trotwood the kind-hearted aunt, and her aversion to donkeys; Mr. Dick and his memorial, and his inability to keep Charles I. out of it; David's love for darling Dora Spenlow, their marriage, and the dreadful troubles encountered in house-keeping, her death, and his

consequent journey to Switzerland and coming home and marrying Agnes Wickfield; the villainies of Uriah Heep; the eccentricities of Miss Mowcher, the corn extractor; Emily, the poor seduced girl; the magnificent description of the storm at Yarmouth, in which Steerforth the betrayer meets his death, while Ham, seeking to save him, meets the same fate; the love of Daniel Peggotty for his niece, and his patient search after her; Traddles and his ultimate success and the starting off to the antipodes of the Micawbers, Peggotty, Martha, Emily and Mrs. Gummidge, their life in the bush and how they prospered, are each and all described in such glowing language, destitute of exaggeration, and bearing so strongly the impress of truth and reality that they cannot fail to charm and delight the reader. It would be impertinent further to point out—to our mind—the best points in the book, and one can but thank God that such a writer has penned a work that never can be too much read or admired.

This story was speedily dramatized and has been brought out upon almost every stage in America and Britain.

Mr. Dickens concluded *Copperfield* as usual, by hinting at another work. "I cannot close this volume," he said, "more agreeably to myself than with a hopeful glance towards the time when I shall again put forth my two green leaves once a month, and with a faithful remembrance of the genial sun and showers that have fallen on these leaves of *David Copperfield*, and made me happy."

The new work thus announced, however, was not so speedily forthcoming as was anticipated. Before *Copperfield* was finished, the solicitations of publishers and the

manifest opening for such a magazine, led Mr. Dickens to establish in 1850 a weekly periodical at a low price, with a view to obtaining a large circulation. Not at all worn out with his arduous labors, nor dismayed at his former ill-success in managing a newspaper, Mr. Dickens became the editor of a new magazine, which he entitled *Household Words*, a name which was more or less familiar to the public through a line in Shakespeare's *Henry V.*—"Familiar in their mouths as 'Household Words.'" It is just worth while, in passing to say that this motto was a favorite with Mr. Dickens. He often used it in conversation, long before a periodical of the kind was dreamed of. As far back as his first visit to America, when he was addressing the young men of Boston, and Washington Irving, Holmes, and other celebrities were present, he said, "You have in America great writers—great writers—who will live in all time, and are as familiar to our lips as household words." And afterwards in his speeches the motto was not uncommon.

On Saturday, March 30th, 1850, was issued the first number of *Household Words*, price 2d., conducted by Charles Dickens.

This time there was no failure; the weekly literary paper became one of the most successful periodicals in the English language; and it was evident that whatever his unfitness for mere political leader writing, Mr. Dickens was abundantly competent to superintend a periodical with regularity and efficiency; to write, select and edit with practical and workmanlike skill, and to select judi-

ciously and control with kindness and decision the necessary staff of subordinates.

Connected with *Household Words*, at the end of each month appeared the *Household Narrative*, containing a history of the preceding month. It began in April of this year, and involved Mr. Dickens in a dispute with the Stamp Office. An information was laid against the *Narrative*, it being contended that, under the Stamp Duty Act, it was a newspaper; but on appeal to the Court of Exchequer, the barons decided in Mr. Dickens' favor, and thus the first step to the repeal of the newspaper stamp was given. The publication was not a success, people preferring to pay for amusement and information combined, rather than for the latter in a purely statistical form. It stopped at about the 70th number, and sets are now rare.

Besides the ordinary tales and articles upon popular topics, there appeared in *Household Words* in good time for the festive season, and during the first year, a collection of stories connected entirely with Christmas, viz.: "A Christmas Tree" and "A Christmas Pudding," "Christmas in the Navy, in Lodgings, in India, in the Frozen Regions, in the Bush, and among the Sick and Poor of London," and "Household Christmas Carols."

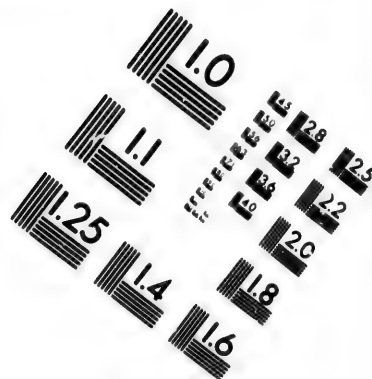
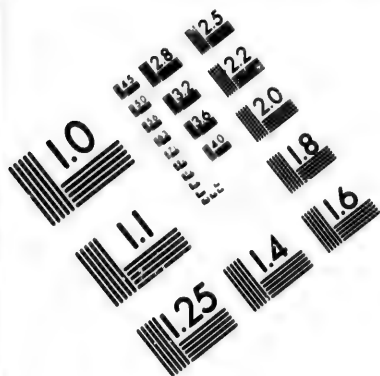
In 1859, owing to a disagreement with Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, *Household Words* was discontinued. Mr. Dickens purchased their interest in that periodical, and at once established *All the Year Round* instead, a journal similar in character, size and style, the publishers being his own old friends Messrs. Chapman & Hall. Mr. W. H. Wills, who had been employed with Dickens on the *Daily*

*News*, and who was one of the originators of the *London Punch*, was for a long time the chief assistant of Mr. Dickens in the periodical, having only been succeeded a little before Mr. Dickens' death, by the eldest son of the latter, Mr. Charles Dickens, junior, who is at present the editor and proprietor of *All the Year Round*, conducting it, as he tells us, strictly on the "old lines" laid down by his father. Besides his own contributions, the Chief Editor bestowed an immense amount of time, thought and labor on his periodical, for in whatever savored of detail or drudgery—in the mechanical part of what he was concerned with, Mr. Dickens was as laborious, thorough workmanlike, and regular as though he had been nothing but a head book-keeper. The following particulars of his editorial habits are interesting. They are from a communication only a day or two after his death in the *Daily News*, which he founded :

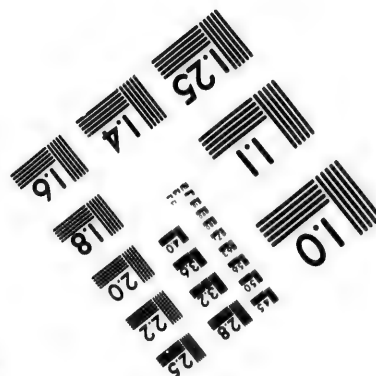
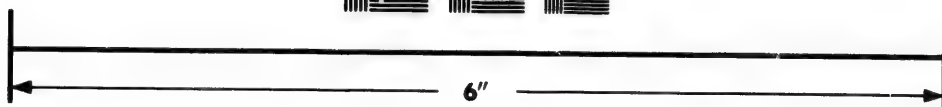
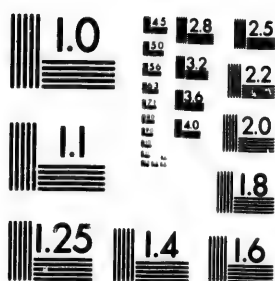
"Although his intimate friend and partner, Mr. W. H. Wills, filled the post of acting editor until twelve or eighteen months ago (when he resigned the position to Mr. Charles Dickens the younger), and saved Mr. Dickens much of the labor of selection, we believe that we are correct in stating that every article in *Household Words* and *All the Year Round* passed under the conductor's eye, and that every proof was read and corrected by him. It was at one time the fashion to assume that 'conducted by Charles Dickens' meant little more than a sleeping partnership, as if Dickens could have been a sleeping partner in any undertaking under the sun; but those behind the scenes knew better, and the readers of *All the Year*







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*Round* may assure themselves that every word in it was up to this date read before publication by the great master whose name it bears. At this moment the 'Particulars for next number,' in the neat yet bold handwriting which it is impossible to mistake, hang by the side of the empty office desk."

His editorship of this periodical was no nominal post. Papers sent in for approval invariably went through a preliminary 'testing' by the acting editor (Mr. W. H. Wills); but all those which survived this ordeal, were conscientiously read and judged by Mr. Dickens, who again read all the accepted contributions in proof, and made numerous valuable alterations in them.

His editorial position, moreover, afforded him many opportunities of aiding authors of all kinds—and very gladly and generously he used them. The rule of contributing anonymously of course had its disagreeable side, and it prevented (for instance) Douglas Jerrold from writing for the weekly. "But the periodical is anonymous throughout," remonstrated Dickens one day, when he had been suggesting to Mr. Jerrold to write for it. "Yes," replied the caustic wit, opening a number and reading the title: "'Conducted by Charles Dickens.' I see it is *mononymous* throughout." There was some reason for this, for Jerrold's name was worth money. But the practice was fair enough with most writers, and it is always easy enough to make one's name known after one has written something so good as to make people want to know it, as Mr. Dickens had himself proved. To young writers, the great novelist was as accessible and kind as his exacting em-

ployments rendered it possible for him to be ; and very many are the papers to which he gave many a grace by the judicious touches of his magical pen. It was the great delight of the "Conductor" to draw around him the rising talent—the new men who gave evidence of literary ability ; and many a mark have they made in the pages of *Household Words* !

The staff of these magazines comprehend a goodly array of talented names, amongst which we may name, the assistant editor Wills, Wilkie and Charles Collins, Charles Knight, George Augustus Sala, Miss Martineau, Dr. Charles Mackay, Edmund Yates, John Foster, R. H. Horne, author of *Orion*, William Jerrold, Mrs. Gaskell and many other writers of note. Of the Christmas numbers he was always the deviser, and to them he generally contributed one or two original stories.

The labors incident to starting this periodical delayed the completion of Mr. Dickens' next production entitled *Bleak House*, until 1853. It is not generally known, we believe, that the name "Bleak House" was taken from that tall, solitary brick house which stands away from the others, and rising far above them at Broadstairs—the house where for one if not for two seasons, Mr. Dickens resided. This charming little town was for many years Mr. Dickens' favorite sea-side resort—in fact, "Our Watering-place," as he called it in an article in *Household Words* some years since. The house in question is a square sullen structure—hard and bleak, and of course it is now one of the lions of the place, the guide-books and local photographers setting great store by it. Just below Bleak

House, on the point that runs out to form the harbor, is the Tartar Frigate, the cosiest little sailors' inn, selling the strongest tobacco, and the strongest-smelling rum that is to be met with around the coast. Close by is a rope-house decorated with wonderful figure-heads, each having a wild story of shipwreck to tell. As you pass the little Tartar Frigate, with its red blinds and little door, you know what are the sounds that are to be heard there any night during the winter. The very walls must have long ago learnt "Tom Bowling" and the "Bay of Biscay" by heart, and would now be very thankful for a fresh song. Dickens knew the little inn very well, and under the title of "The Tartar Frigate," he gave in *Household Words*, some years since, an admirable description of this little town with a tiny harbor. The great novelist was fond of genuine sailors—the hardy good-tempered fellows of Deal and Broadstairs—brave as lions, and guileless as children; and it was to his being so much in their company that he doubtless owed his sailor look, a peculiarity frequently remarked upon.

*Bleak House* appeared in monthly parts, as usual, prior to its publication as a completed volume. It was then dedicated by Mr. Dickens "as a remembrance of our friendly union, to my companions in the guild of literature and art." This work deals with

———"The law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,"—

And has for its object to expose the dilatory practice of the old fogey Chancery Courts, not yet abolished, as well



as the red-tape-ism of the government departments generally. Lawyers and others were loud in their complaints at the way in which their favorite court had been assailed; but the majority of legal readers, whether then or even now practising, or connected in any shape or way with the court in question—or even *only* as unfortunate suitors—can testify as to the enormous waste of time, and the costly procedure therein. Matters have of late years somewhat improved, but a great deal yet remains to be remedied.

The author, in his preface, took the opportunity of defending himself from the remarks made upon the suppositious suit of *Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce*.\* He there says:

"A Chancery Judge once had the kindness to inform me, as one of a company of some hundred and fifty men and women not laboring under any suspicions of lunacy, that the Court of Chancery, though the shining subject of much popular prejudice (at which point I thought the Judge's eye had a cast in my direction), was almost immaculate. There had been, he admitted, a trivial blemish or so in its rate of progress, but this was exaggerated, and had been entirely owing to the 'parsimony of the public;' which guilty public, it appeared, had been until lately bent in the most determined manner on by no means enlarging the number of Chancery Judges appointed—I believe by Richard the Second, but any other King will do as well."

In plain contradiction of which Mr. Dickens continues:

"I mention here that everything set forth in these

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\*Suggested, it is believed, by the celebrated case of the Jennings property.

pages concerning the Court of Chancery is substantially true, and within the truth. The case of Gridley is in no essential altered from one of actual occurrence, made public by a disinterested person, who was professionally acquainted with the whole of the monstrous wrong from beginning to end. At the present moment there is a suit before the Court which was commenced nearly twenty years ago; in which from thirty to forty counsel have been known to appear at one time; in which costs have been incurred to the amount of seventy thousand pounds; which is a *friendly suit*; and which is (I am assured) no nearer its termination now than when it was begun. There is another well known suit in Chancery, not yet decided, which was commenced before the close of the last century, and in which more than double the amount of seventy thousand pounds has been swallowed up in costs. If I wanted other authority for Jarndyce and Jarndyce, I could rain them on these pages, to the shame of—a parsimonious public.”

The story is very earnestly told. Lady Dedlock is another Lady Macbeth in a small way, though Mademoiselle Hortense is the tool. Mr. Turveydrop is, like Micawber, a type of a distinct class, with his own peculiar attributes, whose original was supposed to be the stupid George the Fourth. Boythorn and Skimpole are effective characters, whose counterpart we find everywhere. Mrs. Jelleby is not the only woman who has a mission to provide colored pocket handkerchiefs for little Timbuctoo-ites, to the neglect of her own family. Poor Joe, the crossing-sweeper,

is a sad illustration of London civilization. The character of Bucket, the detective, is also well drawn to life.

Boythorn was confidently affirmed to be Walter Savage Landor, under a new name; and Skimpole was still more earnestly asserted to have been drawn from the character of Leigh Hunt. The latter supposition led to quite a controversy, which led to a remonstrance from the eldest son and biographer of the poet, Mr. Thornton Hunt. To which Mr. Dickens replied in *All the Year Round*, under the heading, "Leigh Hunt—a Remonstrance":—

"Four or five years ago, the writer of these lines was much pained by accidentally encountering a printed statement, 'that Mr. Leigh Hunt was the original of Harold Skimpole, in *Bleak House*.' The writer of these lines is the author of that book. The statement came from America. It is no disrespect to that country, in which the writer has, perhaps, as many friends and as true an interest as any man that lives, good-humoredly to state the fact that he has now and then been the subject of paragraphs in transatlantic newspapers more surprisingly destitute of all foundation in truth than the wildest delusions of the wildest lunatics. For reasons born of this experience, he let the thing go by.

"But since Mr. Leigh Hunt's death, the statement has been revived in England. The delicacy and generosity evinced in its revival are for the rather late consideration of its revivers. The fact is this: Exactly those graces and charms of manner which are remembered in the words we have quoted, were remembered by the author of the work

of fiction in question when he drew the character in question. Above all other things, that 'sort of gay and ostentatious willfulness' in the humoring of a subject, which had many times delighted him, and impressed him as being unspeakably whimsical and attractive, was the airy quality he wanted for the man he invented. Partly for this reason, and partly (he has since often grieved to think) for the pleasure it afforded him to find that delightful manner reproducing itself under his hand, he yielded to the temptation of too often making the character *speak* like his old friend. He no more thought, God forgive him! that the admired original would ever be charged with the imaginary vices of the fictitious creature than he has himself ever thought of charging the blood of Desdemona and Othello on the innocent academy model who sat for Iago's leg in the picture. Even as to the mere occasional manner, he meant to be so cautious and conscientious that he privately referred the proof-sheets of the first number of that book to two intimate literary friends of Leigh Hunt (both still living), and altered the whole of that part of the text on their discovering too strong a resemblance to his 'way.'

"He can not see the son lay this wreath on the father's tomb, and leave him to the possibility of ever thinking that the present words might have righted the father's memory, and were left unwritten. He can not know that his own son may have to explain his father when folly or malice can wound his heart no more, and leave this task undone."

Mr. Thornton Hunt, alluding to his father's incapacity

to understand figures, frankly admitted, "His so-called improvidence resulted partly from actual disappointment, in professional undertakings, partly from a real incapacity to understand any objects when they were reduced to figures, and partly from a readiness of self-sacrifice, which was the less to be guessed by any one who knew him since he seldom alluded to it, and never, except in the vaguest and most unintelligible terms, hinted at its real nature or extent."

Leigh Hunt himself, in confessing his inability at school to master the multiplication-table, naively adds, "Nor do I know it to this day!" And again: "I equally disliked Dr. Franklin, author of 'Poor Richard's Almanac,' a heap, as it appeared to me, of 'scoundrel maxims.' I think I can now appreciate Dr. Franklin as I ought; and I can see the utility of such publications as his almanac for a rising commercial state, and hold it useful as a memorandum to uncalculating persons like myself."

And again, in his "Journal," a few years ago, that gentleman, after narrating several agreeable hardships inflicted upon him, says: "A little before this, a friend in a manufacturing town was informed that I was a terrible speculator in the money markets! I who was never in a market of any kind but to buy an apple or a flower, and who could not dabble in money business if I would, from sheer ignorance of their language!"

Miss Martineau came forward in her own person to take the cap of Mrs. Jellaby, and to scold Mr. Dickens for his allusions to "blue-stockings" and "Borioboola Gha." Whether there was any foundation for these parallels be-

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tween living individuals and the characters in *Bleak House*, it is not now likely the world will ever know ; but there can be no doubt about one of the characters in that book—the French lady's-maid. Mr. Dickens made no secret about her representing Mrs. Manning, the murderess. Indeed he attended at her examination at the police court, and was present at her trial and her execution. Her broken English, her impatient gestures, and her volubility, are imitated in the novel with marvellous exactness.

Krook's death, by spontaneous combustion, was also the subject of much comment, and excited a great deal of controversy at the time, Mr. G. H. Lewes opposing the idea strongly ; but Dickens maintained his ground, and referred to several well-authenticated cases in support of the theory.



## CHAPTER IX.

PECUNIARY SUCCESS.—“LITTLE DORRIT.”—THE CIRCUMLO-  
CUTION OFFICE.—“OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.”—SOUTHEY.—  
“A CHILD’S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.”—“HARD TIMES.”—“A  
TALE OF TWO CITIES.”—THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—  
CARLYLE. — “UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELER.” — “GREAT  
EXPECTATIONS.”—MINOR PIECES.—“THE HOLLY TREE  
INN.” — “SOMEBODY’S LUGGAGE.” — “MRS. LIRRIPER’S  
LODGINGS.”—“MUGBY JUNCTION.”—“HUNTED DOWN.”—  
“EDWIN DROOD.”—ARTISTS.—THACKERAY.

“Here various tales we read of love and strife,  
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death and life,  
Of loss and gain, of famine, and of store,  
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore ;  
Of various tongues, the mingled sounds we hear,  
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear ;  
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,  
And all degrees before this victor bend ;  
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,  
And boasting youth, and garrulous old age.”—POPE.

**N**OTHING, perhaps, could more forcibly show the popularity which our author had at this stage of his life achieved than the eagerness with which competing publishers strove for his works, and the prices which they were willing to pay for the privilege of issuing them. As we have seen, Mr. Dickens in his youthful days, while still “to fortune and to fame unknown,” had found considerable difficulty in obtaining sufficient remuneration for his manuscript, to afford him a tolerable support, and had disposed of the entire copyright of the *Sketches*, in their completed form,

to Mr. Macrone, for the pitiful sum of £75. Now all was changed. Publishers sought him, and paid his own price for his sheets. Some years since, Mr. Dickens desired to buy back the interest which Mr. Bentley had acquired in *Oliver Twist*. Not being able to agree upon the price, they decided to leave it to arbitration. The valuers selected were John Foster and Mr. Jerdan, of the *Literary Gazette*, and the price fixed upon as the value of his interest in the copyright was the goodly sum of £2,250 sterling. This amount Mr. Dickens paid, and received in return a written surrender of all ownership in the work, and the steel plates on which George Cruikshank had etched his admirable illustrations. This sum added to enormous previous profits, rendered Mr. Dickens' works decidedly profitable to Bentley. On this side of the Atlantic there was a great rivalry to obtain the early sheets of his productions. *Harpers' Monthly*, the *International*, and many other magazines and newspapers, competed. Prior to the publication of *Bleak House*, the two journals named, sent agents across the ocean to negotiate with Mr. Dickens for his next work. *Harpers* obtained the start, and induced him to commence a new story at once. This story was *Bleak House*, for the advance sheets of which, alone, they paid to the author the sum of \$2,000. It is authoritatively stated that Mr. Dickens received upwards of one hundred thousand dollars from the sale of his works in the United States alone, wholly exclusive of the proceeds of his various readings.

*Little Dorrit* followed *Bleak House*, and was completed in the year 1857. It was dedicated to Clarkson Stanfield,

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the eminent landscape painter, and attacked the how-not-to-do-it system of the British Government, as shown in the manner of transacting business in the "Circumlocution Office," and the superciliousness of officials as exemplified in the Tite Barnacle family. Soon after it was published, Lytton unwittingly furnished a specimen of the mode in which the dispatch of public business is conducted. Receiving an important deputation at the Colonial Office (when he was Minister), it appeared that, though a memorial had been sent in, and due notice given, he had heard nothing of the matter till five minutes before, if indeed he had heard of it at all; in explanation of which he somewhat naively remarked that in such offices "papers of importance passed through several departments, and required time for inspection—first they were sent to the Emigration Board, then to *another* office, and then to the Secretary of State, who might refer it to some other department." One can not fail to observe the extreme vagueness of the final resting-place of the unfortunate document: "*some other* department." What other department? This is what Mr. Clennam and his mechanical partner were always "wanting to know."

The gross evil of the laws of imprisonment for debt, doubly obnoxious in the case of persons utterly unable to discharge the claims against them, comes in for its share of attention. It makes manifest the great superiority of the legislation of this continent, where the laws are made in the interest of the people and not of aristocratic cliques; and where we change our statutes readily to adapt them to advancing civilization, and to the needs of the hour,

unhampered by all the clogging precedents, and absolute usages of the past, and the old fogysm generally, which retards advancement in older countries. No strictures on imprisonment for debt would be applicable on this side of the Atlantic ; and our homestead and exemption laws afford every protection and security to the family of the hopeless bankrupt. Little Dorrit proves herself a most devoted daughter throughout the affliction of her parent, the mendicant prisoner of the Marshalsea. This story cannot be classed among our author's most successful efforts.

His next novel, published in his favorite style, in twenty monthly parts, and his last completed one, was entitled *Our Mutual Friend*, which began to appear in May, 1864, and was finished in November, 1865. The object of the tale was to exhibit in the gradually developed character of Bella Wilfer, the change, by love, from selfishness to self-sacrifice ; and of improvement by trial and suffering. Great griefs, Shakespeare tells us, are as medicines for our lesser sorrows. The remedy, it may be thought, is worse than the disease. And yet it is not so altogether ; for the overwhelming anguish which swallows up the minor tribulations disciplines the mind ; and when it has felt the shock of real calamity, it is less likely to be disturbed by petty annoyances. Of all schools, that of misfortune is the best for a grumbler. If anything can make a quiet, considerate, dignified man of him, it is affliction. It softens the hardest natures, and teaches the selfish to sympathise with all who suffer. "He jests at scars who never felt a wound ;" but, should a bullet cripple him, he will jest at scars no more. A haughty, capricious, self-adorn-

ing beauty, if smitten by the small-pox, and thereby rendered "a perfect fright," would be considered by her friends an object of commiseration. And yet, perhaps, she would be a happier, because a humbler, woman than she could ever have been as a fascinating coquette. When we pray to be exempted from disaster, we often pray unwisely; and when Heaven, turning a deaf ear to our shallow petitions, visits us with great sorrows, they are often, in reality, blessings in disguise.

The plot is most ingeniously constructed, and each character an elaborate and highly executed portrait, although, perhaps, occasionally verging on caricature. Miss Jenny Wren, the entertaining dolls' dressmaker; her drunken father; "Fascination" Fledgeby; Riah, the kind-hearted Jew; Silas Wegg, the wooden-legged individual, a parasite and selfish imposter, literary man to Boffin, employed at the rate of twopence-halfpenny an hour to read and expound the *Decline and Fall of Rooshian Empire*, otherwise *Roman Empire*; John Harman; Lizzie Hexam; Venus, the anatomical artist; and Bella Wilfer, daughter of the Cherub, are the best remembered characters in the book. The story is somewhat improbable, and contains many scenes of horror and crime. Taken as a specimen of literary workmanship, it is, perhaps, his best production since *David Copperfield*, but it is not popular with readers.

Apropos to the falling off in the later works, and to preserve a *jeu d'esprit*, we may mention here, that Southey, the poet, had written his autograph in an album for Mrs. S. C. Hall, on the opposite page of which were the signa-

tures of Joseph Bonaparte and Daniel O'Connell, and accompanied it with this verse :

" Birds of a feather flock together,  
But *vile* the opposite page,  
And thence you may gather I'm not of a feather  
With some of the birds in this cage."

ROBERT SOUTHEY, 22nd October, 1836.

Under which Dickens, some years afterwards, referring to Southey's change of opinion, wrote :

" Now, if I don't make  
The completest mistake  
That ever put man in a rage,  
This bird of two weathers  
Has moulted his feathers,  
And left them in some other cage."—Boz.

This repartee drew from a friend of Southey, the reply, in which reference is made to *Pickwick* and *Our Mutual Friend*.

" Put your *first* work and *last* work together,  
And learn from the groans of all men,  
That if *you've* not altered your feather,  
You've certainly altered your pen."

*Our Mutual Friend* was dramatized, like most of the other works, and was produced with success at Sadler's Wells, Astley's, and the Britannia Theatre.

Riah, the benevolent Jew, appears to have been introduced to satisfy and make amends to the race to which he belonged, for the introduction of Fagin in *Oliver Twist*. For a Jewish lady, it seems, complained that " Charles Dickens, the large-hearted, whose works plead so eloquently for the oppressed of his country, has encouraged a vile prejudice against the despised Hebrew." In his re-



ply, which enclosed a subscription to some Jewish charity, Mr. Dickens said, "Fagin, in *Oliver Twist*, is a Jew because it unfortunately was true, at the time to which that story refers, that that class of criminal almost invariably was a Jew. But surely no sensible man or woman of your persuasion can fail to observe—firstly, that all the rest of the wicked *dramatis personæ* are Christians; and, secondly, that he is called the 'Jew,' not because of his religion, but because of his race. If I were to write a story in which I described a Frenchman or a Spaniard as the 'Roman Catholic,' I should do a very indecent and unjustifiable thing; but I make mention of Fagin as the Jew, because he is one of the Jewish people, and because it conveys that kind of idea of him which I should give my readers of a Chinaman, by calling him a Chinese." He added, "I have no feeling towards the Jewish people but a friendly one. I always speak well of them, whether in public or in private, and bear my testimony (as I ought to do) to their perfect good faith in such transactions as I have ever had with them; and in my *Child's History of England* I have lost no opportunity of setting forth their cruel persecutions in old times." The reply to another letter from the same lady, on the 14th July, 1863, was the character of Riah, in *Our Mutual Friend*, and some favorable sketches of Jewish character and the lower class published in some articles in *All the Year Round*. In acknowledgment, his fair correspondent presented him with a copy of Benisch's "Hebrew and English Bible," with this inscription:—"Presented to Charles Dickens, Esq., in grateful and admiring recognition of his

having exercised the noblest quality man can possess—that of atoning for an injury as soon as conscious of having inflicted it. BY A JEWESS." In a letter, written at Bradford, Yorkshire, on "Friday, First March, 1867," he thanked her, saying, "the terms in which you send me that mark of your remembrance are more gratifying to me than I can possibly express to you; for they assure me that there is nothing but goodwill felt between me and a people for whom I have a real regard, and to whom I would not wilfully have given an offence or done an injustice for any worldly consideration."

This was our author's last completed work published in the serial form; but while he was engaged upon the manuscript of *Bleak House*, *Little Dorrit*, and *Our Mutual Friend*, he was also contributing largely to the pages of the periodical of which, as we have said, he had accepted the position of editor-in-chief. His more imposing stories thus contributed were four in number, namely, *Hard Times*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, the *Uncommercial Traveler*, and *Great Expectations*; and these were supplemented by shorter stories, contributed to the *Christmas Numbers*, comprising *The Seven Poor Travelers*, *The Haunted House*, *The Wreck of the Golden Mary*, *A Message from the Sea*, *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, and *Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy*, *Tom Tiddler's Ground*, *Somebody's Luggage*, *No Thoroughfare*, *Hunted Down*, *The Holly Tree Inn*, *Mugby Junction*, and *Dr. Marigold's Prescription*. All of these contributions are usually bound with Mr. Dickens' works, and all but one or two of them have been acknowledged by him. In addition to these, he contributed to *House-*

*hold Words, A Child's History of England*, written with great familiarity and pleasantness, for the purpose of bringing it down to the comprehension of youth. This little work became very popular, and in the following year it was reprinted in a separate form by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, and inscribed as follows:

"TO MY OWN DEAR CHILDREN,  
WHOM I HOPE IT MAY HELP, BY-AND-BY, TO READ WITH  
INTEREST LARGER AND BETTER BOOKS ON THE  
SAME SUBJECT."

The Battle of Hastings is one of the finest and most marvellous pieces of descriptive writing in the *Child's History*, which—as has been well remarked—"might be read by many children of larger growth with much profit." This is an extract from his glowing description: "The sun rose high and sank, and the battle still raged. Through all the wild October day the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, in the white moonlight, heaps upon heaps of dead men lay strewn, a dreadful spectacle, all over the ground. King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman knights, whose battered armor had flashed fiery and golden all day long, and now looked silvery in the moonlight, dashed forward to seize the royal banner from the English knights and soldiers, still faithfully collected round their blinded king. The king received a mortal wound and dropped."

If Mr. Dickens reached the summit of his power in creating *David Copperfield*, he fell off very appreciably after the completion of that work; for in none of his

subsequent productions does he begin to display the power which directed his pen when it flowed over the sheets of *Oliver Twist*, *Barnaby Rudge*, and others of his earlier productions. During his later years, in fact his works began to exhibit the evident marks of an overworked intellect, and a jaded and exhausted frame. It is apparent, to his constant readers, that all of his later productions are works of second grade compared with *Copperfield* and its predecessors. They do not show so much force of thought, strength of representation, brilliancy of fancy, and of style—in short, not so much of any of its author's great qualities, as the previous novels. Perhaps the most apparent distinction between the two series of works is in the quantity of gaiety and humor in them. Whatever the power of the serious characters of the later novels as compared with the earlier, the mirthful element is far less frequent in the later.

The four more important stories, which, as we have before stated, were first printed in *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, were, of course, published in book form shortly after their completion. *Hard Times* was so issued in August, 1854. It was inscribed to Thomas Carlyle. Of all his works, this is the least admired and least read. It is sadly deficient in plot, and the personages and surroundings are much overdrawn. Some of the passages would incline the reader to adopt a false impression of the philosophy or political economy of Mr. Dickens, which the following extract from a letter of his may serve to correct. Mr. Charles Knight, in his *Passages of a Working Life*, tells us: "Before I published, in 1854, my volume of

*Knowledge is Power*, I sent a copy to my eminent friend (Mr. Charles Dickens), with somewhat of apprehension, for he was then publishing his *Hard Times*. I said that I was afraid that he would set me down as a cold-hearted political economist. His reply, of the 30th of January, 1854, was very characteristic ; and I venture to extract it, as it may not only correct some erroneous notions as to his opinions on such subjects, but proclaim a great truth, which has perhaps not been sufficiently attended to by some of the dreary and dogmatic professors of what has been called the *dismal science* : ‘ My satire is against those who see figures and averages, and nothing else—the representatives of the wickedest and most enormous vice of this time—the men who, through long years to come, will do more to damage the really useful truths of political economy than I could do (if I tried) in my whole life—the addled heads who would take the average of cold in the Crimea during twelve months as a reason for clothing a soldier in nankeen on a night when he would be frozen to death in fur—and who would comfort the laborer, in traveling twelve miles a day to and from his work, by telling him, that the average distance of one inhabited place from another on the whole area of England is not more than four miles. Bah ! what have you to do with these ? ’ ”

Various adaptations of this play were brought out on the stage, most of which changed the denouement from that of the story itself, and all of them cut down the melancholy and heightened the comic effect. One of these, entitled “ Under the Earth ; or the Sons of Toil,” was

played quite recently. The circus scenes in *Hard Times* are almost equal to the theatre scenes in *Nickleby*. Mr. Dickens was indefatigable in his efforts to become thoroughly "posted" on the minutest details of the subjects upon which he wrote. Mr. Fields says: "If he contemplated writing *Hard Times*, he arranged with the master of Astley's circus to spend many hours behind the scenes with the riders and among the horses; and if the composition of the *Tale of two Cities* were occupying his thoughts, he could banish himself to France for two years to prepare for that great work."

The *Tale of two Cities* was republished by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. The tale relates to Paris and London in the time of the French Revolution. His object was to add, in a popular form, to the stock of knowledge of that terrible time. He endeavors to hold as strictly to an historical version of events as the field of the novelist will allow. In the preface, the author mentions that he first thought of the story while acting with his children and friends in Mr. Wilkie Collins' drama of "The Frozen Deep." He says:—"As the idea became familiar to me, it gradually shaped itself into its present form. Throughout its execution it has had complete possession of me; I have so far verified what is done and suffered in these pages, as that I have certainly done and suffered it all myself. Whenever any reference (however slight) is made here to the condition of the French people before or during the Revolution, it is truly made, on the faith of trustworthy witnesses. It has been one of my hopes to add something to the popular and picturesque means of understanding



that terrible time, though no one can hope to add any thing to the philosophy of Mr. Carlyle's wonderful book."

Certainly it must be acknowledged that he has so far succeeded in his endeavors as to have presented us with the most truthful, vivid and powerful account of that troublous time to be found anywhere in the pages of fiction. Mr. Richard Grant White, the editor of Shakespeare, pronounces this work "so noble in its spirit, so grand and graphic in its style, and filled with a pathos so profound and simple, that it deserves and will surely take a place among the great serious works of imagination." The story holds the reader perfectly spell-bound. The power and awful grandeur exhibited in the descriptive scenes of bloodshed and carnage enacted in the dreadful reign of terror are almost beyond conception. It has, however, occasional passages of humor—as, for instance, where Mr. Jeremiah Cruncher determines not to let his wife say her prayers, being of opinion that such a course of procedure, described by him as "flopping," is injurious to his business! Perhaps the finest drawn character in this story is Sydney Carton, the castaway, who, with equal simplicity and sublimity of thought and deed, realizes the solemn aphorism, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." His is a noble example of devotion and self-sacrifice. This work has never been very successfully dramatized.

Mr. Dickens had the greatest respect for the works of Thomas Carlyle, and was fond of quoting him. Only a few weeks before his death, Mr. Arthur Locker was discussing some literary topics with him. "On this occa-

sion," that gentleman writes, "Mr. Dickens conversed with me chiefly about Mr. Carlyle's writings, for whose *French Revolution* he expressed the strongest admiration, as he had practically shown in his *Tale of two Cities*."

Towards the close of 1860, Messrs. Chapman & Hall published, under the title of *The Uncommercial Traveler* a series of quaint and descriptive papers, originally seventeen in number, but subsequently increased to twenty-eight, which had for some months back been contributed by Mr. Dickens to the pages of *All the Year Round*. Among these are found the short tales bearing the titles—*City Churches*, *Sly Neighborhoods*, *Night Walks*, *Chambers*, *Birthdays*, *Funerals*, *Tramps*. We need scarcely remark that they are all admirably written, and abound in delicate touches. These miscellaneous sketches, published together by the name of *The Uncommercial Traveler*, impress the reader a good deal, as do the *American Notes* and the *Pictures from Italy*. They are lively, full of observation and character; we wonder at their unfailing vitality and general good nature, at the immense power of seeing and recording, at the endless succession of quaint, graphic, vivid touches. Yet, after all, it is the note-book of a novelist rather than the work of a traveler or writer of character-sketches as such, and we think what a mass of capital material this would have been for more novels.

*Great Expectations* was commenced in 1860, in *All the Year Round*, and was republished by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, in November, 1861, in a form somewhat unusual to Mr. Dickens' works, the old library lending style of

three volumes. It was inscribed to Mr. C. H. Townshend, and has its scene laid in the London and Essex marshes. It is a novel of the most peculiar and fantastic construction, the plot of an extraordinary description, and the characters often grotesque, and sometimes impossible. Here we meet with Abel Magwitch, the convict, a powerfully-drawn character; with Pip, a selfish, and oftentimes a pitiful fellow, but good in the end, when his expectations have entirely faded; with Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, the finest character of all—uneducated and unpolished, but a gentleman by instinct—kind, patient, and true to Pip, from his infancy to manhood, shielding him in all his shortcomings when a child, and liberally spooning gravy into his plate when he gets talked at by Pumblechook at dinner; with Miss Havisham, the broken-hearted woman, existing with the one idea of training her adopted child; with Estella, a beautiful conception (Pip's love for her, and his grief when he finds her married to Bentley Drummle, the man without a heart to break, are masterpieces of description); with Pumblechook, that frightful impostor. Perhaps the most entertaining portions are those connected with Wemmick, the lawyer's clerk, his "Castle" at Walworth, and his peculiar ideas of portable property, his "post-office mouth," and Mr. Jaggers, the criminal lawyer of Little Britain, his employer. The description of these legal characters puts Mr. Dickens in his element once more. The death of Provis, the convict, in Newgate, is in our author's best style. We may here mention that "Satis House," the residence of Miss Havisham, lies a little to the west of Boley Hill, near Rochester,

and derived its peculiar name from the fact of Richard Watts (founder of the Poor Travelers' House previously referred to) entertaining Elizabeth in it when on her journey round the coasts of Sussex and Kent, in 1573. Here she staid some days, and, on her leaving, Watts apologised for the smallness of the house; she merely replied "*Satis*," signifying she was well content with her accommodation.

The minor pieces do not require any very extended notice here. *The Haunted House* provoked much discussion on the subject of ghosts and supernatural visitors. The idea of this Christmas number may have been suggested by the appearance of a work, published a few months previously, entitled, *A Night in a Haunted House: a Tale of Facts*. By the author of *Kazan*, and dedicated to Charles Dickens. Howitt took the matter up warmly, and Dickens, in a letter to Howitt, said that he had always taken great interest in these matters, but required evidence such as he had not yet met with; and that when he thinks of the amount of misery and injustice that constantly obtains in this world, which a word from the departed dead person in question could set right, he would not believe—could not believe—in the War Office ghost without overwhelming evidence. Mr. Dickens could scarcely believe it, although he might wish with Tennyson—

" Oh that it were possible, for one short hour, to see  
The souls we loved, that they might tell us  
What and where they be !"

Howitt sent a letter to one of the weekly papers, stating that "Mr. Dickens wrote me some time ago, to request

that I would point out to him some house said to be haunted. I named to him two—that at Cheshunt, formerly inhabited by the Chapmans, and one at Wellington, near Newcastle. Never seen former, but had the latter." Dickens went to Cheshunt, and visited the house, and communicated to Howitt that "the house in which the Chapmans lived has been greatly enlarged, and commands a high rent, and is no more disturbed than this house of mine."

If any one of a nervous and superstitious temperament will read all the seven ghost stories contained in *The Haunted House* at a late hour, alone, and in a dull and gloomy room, a very quiet and comfortable night's rest may be safely calculated on!

*The Seven Poor Travelers*, formed the title of the Christmas number for 1854. It was one of the most popular of the series of Christmas stories. The idea was that Dickens had staid one Christmas eve at the Poor Traveler's House at Rochester (founded by good old Richard Watts\*) in company with six poor travelers, and entertained them with roast beef, turkey, and punch from the neighboring inn, when each in turn told a story. His own, the history of Richard Doubledick, is one of the most impressive and beautiful stories ever written.

In the celebrated Christmas number, entitled *The Holly Tree Inn*, the best story—of course by Dickens—was

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\* The house appointed for the reception of the poor travelers is situated on the north side of the High street, adjoining the Custom house, and is probably the original building. A very considerable sum was expended by the mayor and citizens on its repair in 1771. Agreeably to the benevolent design of the donor, poor travelers have lodging and four-pence each; and



*The Boots*, a charming sketch, the writing delightfully fresh and vivid. It recorded the droll adventures of a young gentleman of the tender age of eight running off with his sweetheart, aged seven, to Gretna Green.

In *A Message from the Sea*, we became acquainted with Captain Jorgan, the American captain, and his faithful steward, Tom Pettifer. The Captain's task satisfactorily terminated, he shakes hands with the entire population of the fishing village, inviting the whole, without exception, to come and stay with him for several months at Salem, United States.

"The Sea-faring Man," narrating the shipwreck, and the island on fire, in vividness of description are wonderful pieces of writing. The piece was dramatized and brought out at the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton. Mr. Dickens, who was very jealous of the use of his works,

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that this charity may be more generally known, the following inscription is fixed over the door :

"RICHARD WATTS, ESQ.,  
BY HIS WILL DATED 22ND AUG., 1579,  
FOUNDED THIS CHARITY,  
FOR SIX POOR TRAVELERS,  
WHO NOT BEING ROGUES OR PROCTORS,  
MAY RECEIVE GRATIS, FOR ONE NIGHT,  
LODGING, ENTERTAINMENT,  
AND FOUR-PENCE EACH.  
IN TESTIMONY OF HIS MUNIFICENCE,  
IN HONOR OF HIS MEMORY,  
AND INDUCEMENT TO HIS EXAMPLE,  
NATH<sup>L</sup>. HOOD, ESQ., THE PRESENT MAYOR,  
HAS CAUSED THIS STONE,  
GRATEFULLY TO BE RENEWED  
AND INSCRIBED,  
A. D. 1771."

—*The History of Rochester*, 1772.

By direction of the Court in Chancery, the large income derived from the property bequeathed for the support of the house (being now £3500 per annum) was in pursuance of a scheme settled in 1855, applied in building of almshouses for ten men and ten women. The result has been the erection of a splendid edifice, in the Elizabethan style, with two magnificent gateways.



unless he shared in the proceeds, endeavored to prevent its appearance.

Our novelist devoted his Christmas number, *Somebody's Luggage*, to that peculiar class of individuals known as "Waiters." Mr. Arthur Locker truly says of it: "We rise from the little story with kindlier feelings towards the whole race of waiters; we know more of their struggles and trials, and so we sympathise with them more." Most of our readers will remember the description of Christopher, the head-waiter, with his amusing revelations of his profession—the mysterious luggage left in Room 24 B, with a lien on it for £2 12s. 6d., his purchasing the whole of it, and finding all the articles crammed full of MSS.—his subsequent selling them, and the arrival of *the proofs*, his horror at the appearance of the owner—his placing them before him and the joy of the unknown at finding his stories in print, and sitting down with several new pens and all the inkstands well filled, to correct, in a high state of excitement, and being discovered in the morning, himself and the proofs, so smeared with ink that it would have been difficult to have said which was him, and which was them, and which was blots—is sufficient to keep the reader in one continual roar of laughter.

*Tom Tiddler's Ground*, excited considerable curiosity, and one of the stories became a subject of general discussion—that of *Mr. Mopes*, the hermit. *Picking up Soot and Cinders*, gives the history and description of the hermit—a dirty, lazy, slothful fellow, dressed up in a blanket fastened by a skewer, and revelling in soot and

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grease. There is one story in the number called *Picking up Terrible Compang* of the most intense sensational character. It is told by François Thierry a French convict, under the head of "Picking up a Pocket-book." The "hermit" was a living reality—a person of property and education, who, to mortify his friends, we believe, withdrew from the world, and lived in rags and filth.

*Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings* was the title of the number for the season of 1863, and it created an immense *furor*. The quaint manners and ideas of Mrs. Lirriper, lodging-house keeper, of 81 Norfolk street, Strand—her troubles with the domestics, willing Sophy, Mary Anne—the fiery Carolina fighting with the lodgers, and being sent off to prison—the odious Miss Wozenham, an opposition lodging-house keeper—the adoption of poor little Jemmy, under the joint guardianship of her eccentric but good-hearted lodger, Major Jackman, his education at home, and then his being sent off to a boarding-school, are inimitably sketched. The interest taken in *Mrs. Lirriper and her Lodgings*, the preceding Christmas, induced Dickens to give a sequel to the old lady's experiences. Accordingly, in the Christmas of 1864, we had *Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy*. This narrated the death, in France, of Mr. Edson, the father of Jemmy; the journey of Mrs. Lirriper, the Major, and Master Jem, to the death-bed of the repentant man; their adventures going and returning; the revelations of the extraordinary conduct of her brother-in-law, Doctor Joshua Lirriper; the vagaries of Mr. Buffle, the collector of the assessed taxes; her meritorious conduct towards him and his family on the night of the fire, and also, when

Miss Wozenham was in danger of being sold up, lending her money to pay the execution out, and becoming intimate friends—are all very charmingly and amusingly described.

*Mugby Junction* was the title of that issued in December, 1866, the last number but one of the old familiar Christmas Numbers, and it contained a larger amount of writings by Dickens than usual. *Barbox Brothers & Co.*, *The Boy at Mugby*, and *The Signalmán* were his contributions.

The description of the Mugby Junction Station at three in the morning in tempestuous weather; the arrival of the express train, the guard "glistening with drops of wet and looking at the tearful face of his watch by the light of his lantern;" the alighting of Barbox Brothers; the appearance of "Lamps," the velveteen individual; his daughter Phoebe, who kept a school; the episode of Polly going astray, and being found by Barbox Brothers; and the relating of Barbox Brothers' past life and adventures, are told in a manner the reader will not easily forget.

*The boy at Mugby* was intended to show the abominable system of our railway refreshment rooms, with their stale pastry, saw-dust sandwiches, scalding tea and coffee, and unpalatable butter-scotch, in comparison with the excellent arrangements for the comfort and accommodation of railway travelers in France. It is a sarcastic account of the impertinence and impositions of the railway servants, and eating-house and other similar accommodations, in which Rugby, under the name "Mugby" is used as an example: it sufficed to concentrate such a roar of public

laughter on these abuses as actually to whip the corporation into a reform.

As some indication of the sale of these "Christmas Numbers," we may state that the sale of *Mugby Junction* exceeded a quarter of a million copies.

*No Thoroughfare* was the title of the Christmas number of *All the Year Round*, which appeared during Dickens' absence in America in the Christmas of 1867. It consisted of a sensational story, the joint production of Dickens and Wilkie Collins. It was dramatized by the authors, and had a most successful run at the Adelphi Theatre for one hundred and fifty-one nights, and was afterwards produced at the Royal Standard.

*Hunted Down* was written for the *New York Ledger*. Mr. Bonner had applied to Mr. Dickens to write a story for that paper, but the latter, then engaged upon *The Tale of Two Cities*, had declined for want of time. The enterprising publisher of the literary paper which has probably the largest circulation in the world, supplemented his request by the offer of £1000; which was too much for Mr. Dickens to refuse. The story was written and had a six months' run in America, prior to its publication in England, in August, 1860. "I thought," wrote the author to the American publisher, "that I could not be tempted at this time to engage in any undertaking, however short but the literary project which will come into active existence next month. But your proposal is so handsome that it changes my resolution, and I cannot refuse it. . . . I will endeavor to be at work upon the tale while this note is on its way to you across the water." The "pro-

ject" referred to here as coming into active existence next month was *A Tale of Two Cities*.

The story was supposed to be a reminiscence supplied by a Mr. Sampson, chief manager of a life assurance office, relating the history of an assurance effected on the life of Mr. Alfred Beckwith, by Mr. Julius Slinkton, whom he (Slinkton) attempts to poison to get the money; but, foiled in his object, destroys himself. The story was of a most melodramatic and sensational character.

Mr. Dickens was engaged up to the time of his death upon another work, commenced in March, 1870, which was being published in serial form, and of which, perhaps, one half was ready for the public at the time of his lamented decease. It was styled the *Mystery of Edwin Drood*, and gave promise of a tale so ingenious and captivating, that the public, after the first shock which the tidings of his death will bring, may be pardoned a hope that posterity will not lose the whole of this work, but that the author had made such advance in it as to afford some indication of its close. Messrs. Chapman & Hall addressed the following letter to the *Times* on this subject, shortly after Mr. Dickens' decease:

"SIR,—We find that erroneous reports are in circulation respecting *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, the novel on which Mr. Dickens was at work when he died. It has been suggested that the tale is to be finished by other hands. We hope you will allow us to state in your columns that Mr. Dickens has left three numbers complete, in addition to those already published, this being one-half of the story as it was intended to be written. These

numbers will be published, and the fragment will so remain. No other writer could be permitted by us to complete the work which Mr. Dickens has left."

A letter had been sent to Mr. Dickens, relative to a figure of speech in Chapter X. of *Edwin Drood*, which figure of speech, the writer stated, had been taken from the description of the suffering of our Saviour, as given in the New Testament, and applied in a way to wound the feelings of Christian readers. The author of *Edwin Drood* wrote the following reply the day preceding his death. It has been published as "his last words:"

"DEAR SIR,—It would be quite inconceivable to me, but for your letter, that any reasonable reader could possibly attach a scriptural reference to a passage in a book of mine, reproducing a much abused social figure of speech, impressed into all sorts of service, on all sorts of inappropriate occasions, without the faintest connection of it with its original source. I am truly shocked to find that any reader can make the mistake. I have always striven in my writings to express veneration for the life and lessons of our Saviour; because I feel it, and because I re-wrote that history for my children—every one of whom knew it from having it repeated to them, long before they could read, and almost as soon as they could speak. But I have never made proclamation of this from the housetops.

"Faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

In connection with *Edwin Drood*, as an illustration of



the habitual painstaking habits of the author, we find in the *Daily News* a letter from John Browning, which says :—"Connected with the name and history of Charles Dickens, and illustrative of his habits of observation, it may not be amiss to record that on the publication of *Edwin Drood's Mystery* I wrote to him explaining what appeared to me an inaccuracy in his description and picture of opium-smoking, and sent to him an original Chinese sketch of the form of the pipe and the manner of its enjoyment in China. Expressing much gratification with my communication, he informed me that before he wrote the chapter he had personally visited the eastern districts of London, in the neighborhood of the docks, and had only recorded what he had himself seen in that locality. No doubt that the Chinaman whom he described had accommodated himself to English usage, and that our great and faithful dramatist here as elsewhere, most correctly portrayed a piece of actual life."

In view of the author's decease so soon after penning the passage, the last words in the number for June, 1870, have a mournful significance :—" *Comes to an end—for the time.*" Perhaps the weary novelist had some foreboding even then, that it was to be—*for all time.*

It is remarkable too that in the American edition, published independently, the concluding words in the number issued prior to his death should be so prophetic :—"There! there! there! Get to bed, poor man, and cease to jabber! With that he extinguished his light, pulled up the bed-clothes around him, *and with another sigh shut out the world.*"

DICKENS."  
Illustration of

This completes an approximate sketch of Mr. Dickens' literary labors, properly so called. Their intellectual total is not measurable; their mechanical total alone is a great one; for it would include the editorial labor on the *Daily News*, that on *Bentley's Miscellany*, that on the forty large octavo volumes of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, in addition to about twenty-five volumes of his own "Works," including the Novels, Tales, Sketches, Travels, Biography of Grimaldi, and History of England.

The relations, personal as well as professional, between Charles Dickens and leading artists, were always of the most satisfactory nature. He went into general society, rather as a duty to his family and position, but his heart was with such artists, authors, and actors as were well known to and highly regarded by him. He was fortunate in the selection, at the commencement of his career, of an artist of such ability and experience in life as George Cruikshank. The assistance of this gentleman's most vigorous pencil was of incalculable advantage to the young author. His first effort in Mr. Dickens' behalf was some fine cuts for a small pamphlet, now out of print, entitled *Sunday in London*. The thirty-nine characteristic illustrations designed by him for the *Sketches* contributed largely to their success. Had this first effort of Mr. Dickens proved a failure, it is very possible that he might have felt so great a discouragement as to have abandoned the occupation of story writing forever, and sought for some employment offering him a greater remuneration, and a better prospect of success. But success was assured with author and artist working in so great a unison; and

it was rendered doubly certain by the reputation already established by Cruikshank. This he had acquired by his spirited etchings for a book called *Life in London*,—a low work but very famous in its day, which was adapted to the stage, and is repeatedly referred to by Thackeray in his works,—as well as by his illustrations for many other comic volumes very popular at that time, but now forgotten. Of his other labors, *My Sketch Book*, *Points of Humor* and *Illustrations of Phrenology*, were noticed with very high encomiums by Christopher North, in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He had likewise, before Mr. Dickens' time, furnished illustrations for Fielding, Smollett, and Goldsmith in Roscoe's Novelists' Library, which established his reputation as a book artist, and proved him to be no mere caricaturist. From his boyish days, Cruikshank had been familiar with all the varieties and phases of middle life and low life in London. It was said of him that you could not name a lane or alley in the Modern Babylon, the locality of which he could not instantly describe. He was the true "guide, philosopher, and friend" for Charles Dickens, and both were the very men to produce, with pen and pencil, the *Sketches of English Life and Character* which bore the now familiar *nom de plume* of Boz upon the title-page. His etchings in the *Sketches* were admirable. One—that of "The Streets: Morning"—a view of some slum near Seven Dials, deserted in the bright dawn, save by a saloop-woman, a sweep, and a policeman leaning against a post, is incomparably fine.

Besides the *Sketches*, Cruikshank illustrated *Oliver*

*Twist* and the *Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi*. In fact the latter story was in a measure written up to the illustrations, in something the same way in which the *Pickwick Papers* were first started. Many years after the publication of *Oliver Twist*, a visitor, turning over the multitude of etchings in the artist's portfolio, came across a bundle of some twenty-five or thirty drawings, very finely finished, in which it was not difficult to recognize the then well known features of Oliver, Fagin, Bill Sikes, and many others of the characters in that story. Mr. Cruikshank, on being questioned in relation to them, explained that it had long been his intention to show the life and experience of London criminals by a series of drawings, without a word of letter-press. "Dickens," he continued, "dropped in here one day just as you have done, and, while waiting until I could speak with him, took up that identical portfolio, and ferreted out that bundle of drawings. When he came to that one which represents Fagin in the condemned cell, he silently studied it for half an hour, and told me that he was tempted to change the whole plot of his story; not to carry *Oliver Twist* through adventures in the country, but to take him up into the thieves' den in London, show what their life was, and bring *Oliver* safely through it without sin or shame. I consented to let him write up to as many of the designs as he thought would suit his purpose; and that was the way in which Fagin, Sikes and Nancy were created. My drawings suggested them, rather than his strong individuality suggested my drawings."

It has been stated by Mr. Mayhew, that when Cruikshank was designing Fagin in the condemned cell, he made various attempts to produce the required effect of terror, hatred and despair, but did not succeed, until, one morning, as he was sitting up in bed, gnawing his nails, as he used to do when he found himself at a non-plus, he caught a view of his own face reflected in a pier-glass opposite, and, jumping out of bed, on the moment, went to work on his sketch. He had got the position and the expression he wanted.

Mr. Cruikshank also furnished one drawing for *The adventures of Mr. Tulrumble*, and one for *The Proceedings of the Mudfog Association*, two minor pieces of little merit, originally printed in *Bentley's*, but not re-published by Mr. Dickens, and never included in the English editions of his works.

Mr. Thackeray, who had been studying high art in the Louvre,—not, however, with any very astonishing success, and had furnished some poor etchings for Douglas Jerrold's *Men of Character*—was very anxious to try his hand at illustrating *Pickwick*, and waited on Mr. Dickens for that purpose. His services, however, were thankfully declined, much to the mortification, probably, of the author of *Vanity Fair*. Thackeray confirmed this fact in a speech at an anniversary dinner of the Royal Academy a few years since, Mr. Dickens being present on the occasion. "I can remember," said Mr. Thackeray, "when Mr. Dickens was a very young man, and had commenced delighting the world with some charming humorous works in covers which were colored light green, and came out

once a month, that this young man wanted an artist to illustrate his writings; and I recollect walking up to his chambers in Furnival's Inn, with two or three drawings in my hand, which, strange to say, he did not find suitable. But for the unfortunate blight which came over my artistical existence, it would have been my pride and my pleasure to have endeavored one day to find a place on these walls for one of my performances." The work referred to was the *Pickwick Papers*. It was not for a year or two after the event referred to that he began seriously to devote himself to literary labor; and his articles, published anonymously, and only now for the first time brought into notice, because recognized from their *noms-de-plume* to have been written by him, contain the best evidences that he felt no shadow of ill-will for a rejection which he always good-humoredly alluded to as "Mr. Pickwick's lucky escape!"

Robert Seymour's four designs for *The Pickwick Papers*, were: 1. Mr. Pickwick addressing the Club, in which the old gentleman, supported by Tupman, Winkle, and Snodgrass, stands upon a Windsor chair, with one hand covered by his coat-tails, while he anathematizes unfortunate Mr. Blottom—his opponent. 2. Mr. Pickwick and the pugnacious Cabman. 3. The sagacious dog, who, seeing a notice that "The gamekeeper had orders to shoot dogs found in this enclosure," turns tail, and refuses to follow a cockney sparrow-shooter into a field—this is in Seymour's best style. 4. The Dying Clown, which is a poor performance, in all respects.

As Mr. Pickwick was to be the leading character in the



book, and the one by which it was principally to be identified, the drawing of that personage was of course a matter of great importance and study. The figure finally adopted, was suggested by Mr. Chapman, one of the publishers, who says, in a letter to Dickens:—"As this letter is to be historical, I may as well claim what little belongs to me in the matter, and that is, the figure of Pickwick. Seymour's first sketch," made from the proof of the first chapter, was of a long, thin man. The present immortal one was made from my description of a friend of mine at Richmond."

Frequent consultations were held on this subject between author, artist, and publishers, and each and all made suggestions in relation to this illustrious character. Mr. Dickens thus compliments Mr. Seymour on the final success of his drawing:

"15, FURNIVAL'S INN.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I had intended to write you, to say how much gratified I feel by the pains you have bestowed on our mutual friend, Mr. Pickwick, and how much to the result of your labors has surpassed my expectations. I am happy to be able to congratulate you, the publishers, and myself on the success of the undertaking, which appears to have been most complete.—Dear Sir, very truly yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

Seymour was in ill health and indigent circumstances at this time, and died shortly after this, and before forty-eight pages of the manuscript were written, by his own

hand ; an event induced by long continued depression of mind. He was much inferior in imagination, humor, and execution to the other artists who have immortalized themselves in connection with Mr. Dickens.

Mr. Hablot Knight Browne, under the pseudonym of "Phiz," succeeded Mr. Seymour, and illustrated most of the works which were published in the familiar green cover series, including the *Pickwick Papers*, *Dombey and Son*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Bleak House*, *Little Dorrit*, *David Copperfield* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, entire ; and, with some little assistance in the landscape illustrations from the late George Chattermole, *Barnaby Rudge* and *The Old Curiosity Shop*, also. "Phiz" was a young man at this time, three years the junior of Dickens, and was living in Furnival's Inn, where the latter made his acquaintance. It is probable that the two young men, living together, both in needy circumstances, and both aspiring, and having, perhaps, a fellow feeling of comic humor to bind them together, became chums ; and this likely led to their business connection. Mr. Browne was an excellent artist, though with less experience than Cruikshank. He had, prior to his connection with our author, won a medal from the Society of Arts, for a large etching of John Gilpin scattering pigs and poultry in his famous ride. His first drawing for Dickens was Dr. Slammer's defiance of Jingle. His early illustrations were not very satisfactory ; but assiduous labor and careful study of the manuscript caused a marked improvement.

The drawing in the *Old Curiosity Shop* of the drowned corpse of Quilp lying in the ooze and sedge of the river

bank, and in *Barnaby Rudge* of Hugh tied to the trooper's horse, after the suppression of the riots of '80, are really noble performances. "Phiz" reached his *acmé*, perhaps, as an illustrator in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. His Tom Pinch, his Jonas Chuzzlewit, and especially his Pecksniff, are masterly creations of comic art. In *Copperfield* there is a slight falling off, although there have been few finer etchings from his needle than the picture of little Davy giving his "tremendous order" for a glass of ale in the public-house. In *Bleak House* and in *Little Dorrit*, Mr. Hablot Browne unhappily adopted a style of engraving (a level ruled tint being laid over the free-handed etching, and touched up here and there with high lights) which although soft and pleasing to the eye, and productive occasionally of Rembrandt-like effect, undoubtedly militated against the graphic vigour of his designs; this style was not pursued in the illustrations to the *Tale of Two Cities*, an essentially melodramatic work, where, if anywhere, this effect might possibly have been used to advantage. Author and artist were well suited to each other as their long and mutually satisfactory connection makes manifest.

The *American Notes*, *Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations* and the *Pictures from Italy* were illustrated by Mr. Marcus Stone, a young painter of very signal merit, and of still greater promise, whose picture of "The first Suspicions of Catharine of Arragon," is one of the most prominent in the Academy Exhibition of the current year. This gentleman is a son of Mr. Frank Stone, artist, one of Mr. Dickens' closest friends.

The *Christmas Stories* were embellished with etchings

by John Leech, Daniel Maclise, and Edwin Landseer. *Hard Times*, some *Reprinted Pieces*, and some additional *Christmas Stories* were illustrated by Mr. J. Walker ; and *Edwin Drood*, his last and unfinished effort, by Mr. S. L. Fields, one of whose pictures attracted Mr. Dickens' attention at the Exhibition. Daniel Maclise also contributed one sketch, "Little Nell and the Sexton," to the *Old Curiosity Shop*, and as we have previously stated, the valuable portrait of the author, a line engraving of which adorned the early edition of *Nicholas Nickleby*.

## CHAPTER X.

REMOVAL TO TAVISTOCK HOUSE.—HABITS AT HOME.—INTELLECTUAL TOIL.—FAMILY TROUBLES.—SEPARATION.—EXPLANATIONS.—CHILDREN.—DISAGREEMENT WITH PUBLISHERS.—KENT.—REMOVAL TO GAD'S HILL.—DICKENS AT HOME.—GAD'S HILL PLACE.

"These are words of deeper sorrow  
Than the wail above the dead ;  
Both shall live, but every morrow  
Wake us from a widow'd bed."—BYRON.

**M**R. DICKENS continued to reside at number 1, Devonshire Terrace, until the year 1850, when he removed to "Tavistock House," Tavistock Square. This was a beautiful villa, in the very heart of London, yet surrounded by trees and shrubbery, and having a considerable garden in the rear. This latter had several lawns, shaded by tall trees, which imparted a rural appearance to the whole, even in the midst of dusty and smoky London. There was an iron railing in front, to separate it from the street, while the well-kept shrubbery effectually protected it from the too curious public gaze. In the passage leading from the street to the garden, there hung paintings and copper-plates ; here stood Dickens' marble bust, life-like, young and handsome, and the doors to the bed-chambers and dining-rooms were surmounted by Thorwaldsen's bas-reliefs of Night and Day. On the first floor was a large library, with a

fire-place and writing-table, and in the large room opening upon the garden, Dickens and his family and friends amused themselves in winter by performing plays. The kitchen was in the basement, and the bed-rooms on the upper floor. From the rooms opening on the garden, the Tower of London loomed up above the trees, or disappeared, according to the clearness of the weather. It was a long walk out from the centre of business life. The adjoining house was occupied by Mr. Frank Stone, the eminent artist. This residence Mr. Dickens occupied until 1857, when he removed from London to the famous Gad's Hill mansion, with which he is so thoroughly identified.

Wherever residing, his house was always an open one, and his guests were treated with a genial hospitality. Mrs. L. K. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, then Miss Clarke, has lately written a very readable letter to the *New York Tribune*, in relation to a visit to Tavistock House, in 1852, in which she says: "I have in my mind still a perfectly distinct picture of the bright, elegant interior of Tavistock House, and of its inmates—of my host himself, then in his early prime—of Mrs. Dickens, a plump, rosy, English, handsome woman, with a certain air of absent-mindedness, yet gentle and kindly—Miss Hogarth, a very lovely person, with charming manners—and the young ladies, then *very* young—real English girls, fresh and simple, and innocent-looking as English daisies. I was received in the library. Mr. Dickens—how clearly he stands before me now, with his frank, encouraging smile, and the light of welcome in his eyes!—was then slight in person, and rather pale than otherwise. The symmetrical form of



his head, and the fine, spirited bearing of the whole figure, struck me at once—then the hearty *bonhomie*, the wholesome sweetness of his smile ; but more than anything else, the great beauty of his eyes.”

Miss Clarke questioned Mr. Dickens very closely about his modes of study and writing, and he answered her frankly and patiently. “I asked,” she reports, “if certain characters which I pointed out, generally esteemed very peculiar and eccentric, if not positively unnatural and impossible, were not altogether beings of the mind, pure creatures of his own fancy ; and he said explicitly that the most fantastic and terrible of his characters were the most real—the ‘unnatural’ were the natural—the ‘exaggerations’ were just those strange growths, those actual human traits he had copied most faithfully from life. Sam Weller, whom everybody recognized as an acquaintance, was not a real, but quite an imaginary personage, he said—was only the representative of a class.” She observed the exquisite order and nicety of his study-table, and asked him if he actually did his every-day work there. “Oh, yes,” he said, “I sit here and write, through almost every morning.” “Does the spirit always come upon you at once ?” “No—sometimes,” he answered, “I have to coax it ; sometimes I do little else than draw figures or make dots on the paper, and plan and dream till perhaps my time is nearly up. But I always sit here for that certain time.” She asked whether, in case the flow of inspiration did not come till near the hour for lunch or exercise, he left that seat when the hour struck, or remained ? “I go at once,” he said, “hardly waiting to

complete a sentence. I could not keep my health otherwise. I let nothing deprive me of my tramp." Lastly came an inquiry, which shows that the lady had thought the matter over closely. "I asked," she says, "if the mental work did not go on as he walked, and he said he supposed it did in some degree, especially when he was alone; yet that he thought he saw almost all that was to be seen in his walks about London and Paris—indeed, everywhere he went; that he had trained his eye and ear to let nothing escape him; that he had received most valuable hints of character in that way."

This is undoubtedly correct. His long walks recuperated his wasted bodily energies, and at the same time freshened and invigorated his mind. It was owing, no doubt, to his regular habits and vigorous exercise, superadded to a naturally muscular constitution and tough framework, that he was enabled to hold out so long under that most exhausting of all work, increasing mental effort. There is no cessation of thought to a person of his organization, save only in sleep; and even

"In the mid silence of the voiceless night,  
Oft, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee."

There is a constant draft upon the brain, against which exhaustive process no human organization, however vigorous, or however supplemented by exercise, can battle for more than a very brief period. It was utterly impossible for him, on leaving his studio, to rid himself from the remembrance of his labors there, and to dismiss the train of

thought which, with his whole heart bound up in the work, must have weighed so heavily upon his mind. The intellectual toil continued during his rambles, though varied somewhat, doubtless, by the new ideas, images and correlations presented to his mind by the various persons, scenes and incidents which met his bodily eye, and which he constantly endeavored to blend with ideas already formed, and utilize for his literary purposes.

We remarked in a previous chapter that the discontinuation of *Household Words* was due to a quarrel between Mr. Dickens and the publishers of that magazine, Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, which led to its sale in Chancery, and the establishment by our author of *All the Year Round* in its stead. Not caring at that point to break the thread of our narration of Mr. Dickens' literary labors, we deferred to touch upon the cause of that unfortunate disagreement, which we will now proceed to narrate.

For some years prior to this event, the domestic relations of the author with his wife had ceased to be of a nature which was either happy or satisfactory to either of them. In June, 1858, it had become town-talk that a separation had occurred between Mr. Dickens and his wife. Early in that month, the following communication, addressed to Mr. Arthur Smith, appeared very extensively in the newspapers, its object being to put an end to the calumnious rumors and gossips which were being circulated throughout the country, with the customary additions, to the injury of the reputation of more than one innocent individual :

"TAVISTOCK HOUSE, Tavistock Square,  
"London, W. C., Tuesday, May 28, 1858.

"MY DEAR ARTHUR:

"You have not only my full permission to show this, but I beg you to show it to any one who wishes to do me right, or to any one who may have been misled into doing me wrong.

"Respectfully yours,

"C. D."

"TAVISTOCK HOUSE, Tavistock Square,  
"London, W. C., Tuesday, May 28, 1858.

"TO ARTHUR SMITH, ESQ.:

"Mrs. Dickens and I have lived unhappily together for many years. Hardly any one who has known us intimately can fail to have known that we are in all respects of character and temperament wonderfully unsuited to each other. I suppose that no two people, not vicious in themselves, ever were joined together who had a greater difficulty in understanding one another, or who had less in common. An attached woman servant (more friend to both of us than a servant), who lived with us sixteen years, and is now married, and who was and still is in Mrs. Dickens' confidence and mine, who had the closest familiar experience of this unhappiness in London, in the country, in France, in Italy, wherever we have been, year after year, month after month, week after week, day after day, will bear testimony to this.

"Nothing has, on many occasions, stood between us and a separation but Mrs. Dickens' sister, Georgina Hogarth. From the age of fifteen she has devoted herself to our house and our children. She has been their playmate, nurse, instructress, friend, protectress, adviser, companion. In the manly consideration towards Mrs. Dickens which I owe to my wife, I will only remark of her that the peculiarity of her character has thrown all the children on some one else. I do not know—I cannot by any stretch of

fancy imagine—what would have become of them but for this aunt, who has grown up with them, to whom they are devoted, and who has sacrificed the best part of her youth and life to them.

“She has remonstrated, reasoned, suffered and toiled, and came again to prevent a separation between Mrs. Dickens and me. Mrs. Dickens has often expressed to her, her sense of her affectionate care and devotion in the house—never more strongly than within the last twelve months.

“For some years past, Mrs. Dickens has been in the habit of representing to me that it would be better for her to go away and live apart; that her always increasing estrangement was due to a mental disorder under which she sometimes labors; more, that she felt herself unfit for the life she had to lead, as my wife, and that she would be better far away. I have uniformly replied that she must bear our misfortune, and fight the fight out to the end; that the children were the first consideration; and that I feared they must bind us together in ‘appearance.’

“At length, within these three weeks, it was suggested to me by Forster that, even for their sakes, it would surely be better to reconstruct and rearrange their unhappy home. I empowered him to treat with Mrs. Dickens, as the friend of both of us for one and twenty years. Mrs. Dickens wished to add, on her part, Mark Lemon, and did so. On Saturday last, Lemon wrote to Forster that Mrs. Dickens ‘gratefully and thankfully accepted’ the terms I proposed to her. Of the pecuniary part of them, I will only say that I believe they are as generous as if Mrs. Dickens were a lady of distinction, and I a man of fortune. The remaining parts of them are easily described—my eldest boy to live with Mrs. Dickens and to take care of her; my eldest girl to keep my house; both my girls and all my children, but the eldest son, to live with me in the continued companionship of their Aunt Georgina, for whom they have all the tenderest affection that I have ever seen among young people, and who has a higher claim (as



I have often declared, for many years), upon my affection, respect and gratitude than anybody in this world.

"I hope that no one who may become acquainted with what I write here, can possibly be so cruel and unjust as to put any misconstruction on our separation, so far. My elder children all understand it perfectly, and all accept it as inevitable.

"There is not a shadow of doubt or concealment among us. My eldest son and I are one as to it all.

"Two wicked persons, who should have spoken very differently of me, in consideration of earnest respect and gratitude, have (as I am told, and, indeed, to my personal knowledge) coupled with this separation the name of a young lady for whom I have a great attachment and regard. I will not repeat her name—I honor it too much. Upon my soul and honor, there is not on this earth a more virtuous and spotless creature than that young lady. I know her to be innocent and pure, and as good as my own dear daughters.

"Further, I am quite sure that Mrs. Dickens, having received this assurance from me, must now believe it in the respect I know her to have for me, and in the perfect confidence I know her in her better moments to repose in my truthfulness.

"On this head, again, there is not a shadow of doubt or concealment between my children and me. All is open and plain among us, as though we were brothers and sisters. They are perfectly certain that I would not deceive them, and the confidence among us is without a fear.

"C. D."

The young lady herein referred to was Miss Georgina Hogarth, Mrs. Dickens' younger sister, for whom the author always expressed the very highest regard, and who had lived in the family for many years as a friend of all parties and instructress of the children. Gossip, with its busy tongue, made free with her name, in this connection,



and assigned a too great intimacy between Mr. Dickens and herself as the cause of jealousy on the part of Mrs. Dickens.

A few days after the publication of the letters given above, there appeared on the front page of *Household Words* for June 12th, 1858, a further explanation from Mr. Dickens on this subject, couched in the following language :

“PERSONAL.

“Three-and-twenty years have passed since I entered on my present relations with the public. They began when I was so young, that I find them to have existed for nearly a quarter of a century.

“Through all that time I have tried to be as faithful to the public as they have been to me. It was my duty never to trifle with them, or deceive them, or presume upon their favor, or do anything with it but work hard to justify it. I have always endeavored to discharge that duty.

“My conspicuous position has often made me the subject of fabulous stories and unaccountable statements. Occasionally such things have chafed me, or even wounded me ; but I have always accepted them as the shadows inseparable from the light of my notoriety and success. I have never obtruded any such personal uneasiness of mine, upon the generous aggregate of my audience.

“For the first time in my life, and I believe for the last, I now deviate from the principle I have so long observed, by presenting myself in my own journal in my own private character, and entreating all my brethren (as they deem that they have reason to think well of me, and to know that I am a man who has ever been unaffectedly true to our common calling), to lend their aid to the dissemination of my present words.

“Some domestic trouble of mine, of long-standing, on which I will make no further remark than that it claims

to be respected, as being of a sacredly private nature, has lately been brought to an arrangement, which involves no anger or ill-will of any kind, and the whole origin, progress, and surrounding circumstances of which have been, throughout, within the knowledge of my children. It is amicably composed, and its details have now but to be forgotten by those concerned in it.

"By some means, arising out of wickedness, or out of folly, or out of inconceivable wild chance, or out of all three, this trouble has been made the occasion of misrepresentations, most grossly false, most monstrous, and most cruel—involving, not only me, but innocent persons dear to my heart, and innocent persons of whom I have no knowledge, if, indeed, they have any existence—and so widely spread, that I doubt if one reader in a thousand will peruse these lines, by whom some touch of the breath of these slanderers will not have passed, like an unwholesome air.

"Those who know me and my nature, need no assurance under my hand that such calumnies are as irreconcilable with me, as they are, in their frantic incoherence, with one another. But, there is a great multitude who know me through my writings, and who do not know me otherwise; and I cannot bear that one of them should be left in doubt, or hazard of doubt, through my poorly shrinking from taking the unusual means to which I now resort, of circulating the truth.

"I most solemnly declare, then—and this I do, both in my own name and in my wife's name—that all the lately whispered rumors touching the trouble at which I have glanced, are abominably false. And that whosoever repeats one of them after this denial, will lie as wilfully and as foully as it is possible for any false witness to lie, before Heaven and earth. CHARLES DICKENS."

All the newspapers and journals copied this manifesto with various comments—in some cases exceedingly rancorous and spiteful—and various long letters and docu-

ments from friends on both sides appeared in the public journals. The simple truth is that there was probably no cause of disagreement between Mr. Dickens and his wife, except what is usually styled an incompatibility of temperament. It was never alleged by Mrs. Dickens that there was anything improper in the relations between her husband and Miss Hogarth, on the contrary, she was on terms of intimacy with her sister after a separation had taken place between herself and her husband. The whole affair was extremely unfortunate, and extremely to be regretted. Married when Mr. Dickens was only twenty-five years of age they had lived together until he had reached the mature manhood of forty-six years; experiencing this nearest and dearest of all relationships for the long period of twenty-one years. During this time they had wept together at the graves of several of their offspring, and six children still remained to strengthen the tie which should have bound them together. A slight yielding on the part of either to the wishes and tastes of the other—a little more self-sacrifice and charity—would have prevented the necessity for the sad event which must have embittered their lives, and which leaves a blot on the fair fame of the great author. The whole difference between them might have been tided over had they mutually realized in their dealings with each other that homely forbearance so well depicted by Whittier, and absolutely necessary for domestic happiness :—

“ And if the husband or the wife  
In home's strong life discovers  
Such slight defaults as failed to meet  
The blinded eyes of lovers.

"Why need we care to ask ! who dreams  
Without their thorns of roses,  
Or wonders that the truest steel  
The readiest spark discloses ?

"For still in mutual sufferance lies  
The secret of true living ;  
Love scarce is love that never knows  
The sweetness of forgiving."

However, it was not destined so to be, and a separation and separate maintenance for Mrs. Dickens was agreed upon. In arranging the details of this affair mutual friends, Mr. Mark Lemon for Mrs. Dickens, and Mr. John Forster for Mr. Dickens, acted as commissioners. The former accepted for Mrs. Dickens the pecuniary terms offered by her husband, which were understood to be an allowance of about \$3000 a year, and it was further agreed that the children should be divided between the two households with the privilege of visiting each other and their parents at their pleasure. The broken tie was never re-united, but Mrs. Dickens was in constant intercourse with her sister and children.

Of the six children mentioned as still living, one daughter, Kate, is married to Mr. Charles A. Collins, artist-author, a brother of Wilkie Collins, the novelist ; the other daughter, Miss Mary Dickens, is unmarried, and following her father's vocation, is a novelist of more than ordinary talent, her best known works being *Aunt Margaret's Trouble*, *Mabel's Progress*, and *Veronica* ; the eldest son, Charles, junior, is now, and was at the time of the separation, married to Miss Fanny Evans, daughter of Mr. Evans, of the firm of Bradbury & Evans, his publishers. He succeeded his father in the editorship of *All the Year*

*Round*, as already stated, and is at the present time manager of that magazine. The other three sons are unknown to fame—one is in the English navy, one in Australia, and the third attending the University.

Where Mr. Dickens is largely to blame in this affair is in his persistency in dragging family matters, which should have been sacred to the household, before the public; and, in defiance of that caustic adage which advises the "washing of dirty linen at home," making his domestic affairs a matter of town-talk and gossip. Like Byron, he must always have the last word. It was this which led to his disagreement with Messrs. Bradbury & Evans. These gentlemen warmly espoused the cause of Mrs. Dickens. The intermarriage mentioned above gave them a greater interest in this affair than they would otherwise have had, and when Mr. Dickens desired the benefit of the circulation of *Punch*, of which they were publishers, to enter into a vindication of himself, they very properly and very peremptorily refused it. They objected moreover to the publication of his card in *Household Words*. The differences between them, increased by Mr. Dickens' rather obstinate disposition, eventuated in a Chancery suit, which resulted in a decree that the right to use the name of the periodical, together with the printed stock and stereotype plates of the work, should be sold by auction on May 16th, 1859. This was carried into effect. Hodgson's auction-room was crowded. The salesman mounted his rostrum, and offered for sale the right "from and after the 28th day of May, instant, to publish under the said name or title, any periodical or



other work, whether in continuation of the said periodical called *Household Words*, in the pleadings of this cause mentioned, or otherwise, as the purchaser shall see fit." The bidding rose from £500 to £3,550, at which price it was purchased by Mr. Albert Smith, acting for Charles Dickens. Messrs. Bradbury & Evans were among the bidders. As Mr. Dickens owned three-fourths of the copyright, he had only to pay the sum of £888 to the publishers for their share. His object in purchasing it was to discontinue it. This led to the inauguration of *All the Year Round*, which changed the motto of the previous publication, "Familiar in their mouths as Household Words," to another from Shakespeare, "The story of our lives from year to year." In the last number of *Household Words*, introducing the forthcoming periodical, he wrote :

"He knew perfectly well, knowing his own rights, and his means of attaining them, that *it could not* be but that this work must stop, if he chose to stop it. He therefore announced, many weeks ago, that it would be discontinued on the day on which this final number bears date. The public have read a great deal to the contrary, and will observe that it has not in the least affected the result."

Shortly after this sale, Messrs. Bradbury & Evans published a statement of their difference with Mr. Dickens, the more material portions of which are here added; partly because it bears upon the great author's literary history, and partly because his domestic trouble is mixed up in it :

"Their connection with *Household Words* ceased



*against their will*, under circumstances of which the following are material :

"So far back as 1836, Bradbury & Evans had business relations with Mr. Dickens, and in 1844, an agreement was entered into, by which they acquired an interest in all the works he might write, or in any periodical he might originate, during a term of seven years. Under this agreement, Bradbury & Evans became possessed of a joint, though unequal, interest with Mr. Dickens in *Household Words*, commenced in 1850. Friendly relations had simultaneously sprung up between them, and they were on terms of close intimacy in 1858, when circumstances led to Mr. Dickens' publication of a statement on the subject of his conjugal differences, in various newspapers, including *Household Words* of June 12th.

"The public disclosure of these differences took most persons by surprise, and was notoriously the subject of comments, by no means complimentary to Mr. Dickens himself, as regarded the taste of this proceeding. On the 17th of June, however, Bradbury & Evans learned, from a common friend, that Mr. Dickens had resolved to break off his connection with them, because this statement was not printed in the number of *Punch*, published the day preceding—in other words, because it did not occur to Bradbury & Evans to exceed their legitimate functions as proprietors and publishers, and to require the insertion of statements on a domestic and painful subject, in the inappropriate columns of a comic miscellany. No previous request for the insertion of this statement had been made either to Bradbury & Evans, or to the editor of *Punch*, and

the grievance of Mr. Dickens substantially amounted to this, that Bradbury & Evans did not take upon themselves, unsolicited, to gratify an eccentric wish by a preposterous action.

"Mr. Dickens, with ample time for reflection, persisted in the attitude he had taken up, and in the following November, summoned a meeting of the proprietors of *Household Words*. He did not himself attend this meeting; but a literary friend of Mr. Dickens came to it as his representative, and announced there, officially, that Mr. Dickens, in consequence of the non-appearance, in *Punch*, of his statement, considered that Bradbury & Evans had shown such disrespect and want of good faith towards him, as to determine him, in so far as he had the power, to disconnect himself from them in business transactions; and the friend above mentioned, on the part of Mr. Dickens, accordingly moved a resolution dissolving the partnership, and discontinuing the work on May 28. Bradbury & Evans replied that they did not and could not believe that this was the sole cause of Mr. Dickens' altered feeling towards them; but they were assured that it was the sole cause, and that Mr. Dickens desired to bear testimony to their integrity and zeal as his publishers, but that his resolution was formed, and nothing would alter it. Bradbury & Evans repeatedly pressed Mr. Dickens' friends upon this point, but with no other result.

"Thus, on this ground alone, Mr. Dickens puts an end to personal and business relations of long standing; and by an unauthorized and premature public announcement of the cessation of *Household Words*, he forced Bradbury

& Evans to an unwilling recourse to the Court of Chancery to restrain him from such proceedings, thereby injuring a valuable property in which others beside himself were interested. In fact, by this mode of proceeding he inflicted as much injury as his opportunities afforded. Not having succeeded in purchasing the share of his partners at his own price, he depreciated the value of this share by all the agencies at his command. By publicly announcing (so far as the Court of Chancery permitted) his intention to discontinue the publication of *Household Words*; by advertising a second work of a similar class under his management, by producing it and making it as close an imitation, as was legally safe, of *Household Words*, while that publication was actually still issuing, and still conducted by him; he took a course calculated to reduce the circulation and impair the prospects of a common property; and if he inflicted this injury on his partners, it is no compensation to them that he simultaneously sacrificed his own interest in the publication he is about to suppress.

"*Household Words* having been sold on the 16th inst., under a decree in Chancery, Bradbury & Evans have no further interest in its continuance, and are now free to make this personal statement, and to associate themselves in the establishment of *Once a Week*."

Mr. Dickens began the publication of *All the Year Round*, simultaneously with the cessation of *Household Words*, thus getting ahead of his competitors, who, having to prepare for an illustrated work, did not publish the first number of *Once a Week* until July 2d, 1859. The

latter was illustrated with twelve designs, and had some noted contributors, but did not prove a success.

We have said that Mr. Dickens' favorite county was Kent, and he loved to roam about its charming green nooks and along the banks of its meandering rivers. One of the best of the *Uncommercial Traveler's* papers, in which the manners and customs of tramps are described is tinted with this Kentish coloring. He was one of the few men who have an equal appreciation for the country and the town. He equally delighted in the dell and in the squalid alley. Charles Lamb had no relish for the beauties of nature; Wordsworth on the other hand despised city life in all its forms. For our author both silent field and crowded street had strong attractions. A village inn was one of his beloved spots. The Tiger's Head, on the top of Highgate Hill, just opposite Mr. Gilman's house, where Coleridge spent the closing score of years of his life, was a great favorite of his. So was Garraway's Coffee House, in Change Alley, Cornhill, just opposite the Exchange, London, which was finally closed in April, 1866, after having been open for two hundred years.

It had often been suggested to Mr. Dickens, by his friend Talfourd, that he would be both a richer and a happier man, and possess a clearer head for writing, if he could prevail upon himself to retreat from the cares, expenses and dissipations of fashionable London life, and take up his residence in some pleasant country spot. Mr. Dickens finally adopted this view of the case and cast about for a suitable residence. Nearness to London was a *sine qua non* with him, as he required to visit the me-

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isit the me-

tropolis at short intervals. His fond regard for Kent determined him to locate in that direction, and one house above all others took his fancy. This was the famous house known as Gad's Hill Place, now so thoroughly identified with the name of Dickens. The proper address of this residence is Higham by Rochester, Kent. This little town is a station on the railroad to Rochester, and is located about two miles from Gad's Hill, and twenty-five miles, or an hour's ride from London.

Though not born at Rochester, Mr. Dickens spent some portion of his boyhood there, and was wont to tell how his father, the late Mr. John Dickens, in the course of a country ramble, pointed out to him as a child the house at Gad's Hill Place, saying: "There, my boy, if you work and mind your book, you will perhaps one day live in a house like that." This speech sunk deep, and in after years, and in the course of his many long pedestrian rambles through the lanes and roads of the pleasant Kentish country, Mr. Dickens came to regard this Gad's Hill house lovingly, and to wish himself its possessor. This seemed an impossibility. The property was so held that there was no likelihood of its ever coming into market, and so Gad's Hill came to be alluded to jocularly as representing a fancy which was pleasant enough in dreamland, but would be never realized. Meanwhile the years rolled on, and Gad's Hill became almost forgotten. Then, a further lapse of time, and Mr. Dickens felt a strong wish to settle in the country, and determined to let Tavistock House. About this time, and by the strangest coincidence, his intimate friend and close ally, Mr. W. H. Wills,



chanced to sit next to a lady at a London dinner party, who remarked in the course of conversation that a house and grounds had come into her possession of which she wanted to dispose. The reader will guess the rest. The house was in Kent, was not far from Rochester, had this and that distinguishing feature which made it like Gad's Hill and like no other place, and the upshot of Mr. Wills' dinner table chit-chat with a lady whom he had never met before was, that Mr. Dickens realized the dream of his youth, and became the possessor of Gad's Hill. The purchase was finally consummated in the spring of 1856.

In the *Uncommercial Traveler*, under the head of "Traveling Abroad," No. VII., Dickens makes this mention of it:

"So smooth was the old high-road, and so fresh were the horses, and so fast went I, that it was midway between Gravesend and Rochester, and the widening river was bearing the ships, white-sailed, or black-smoked, out to sea, when I noticed by the way-side a very queer small boy.

"'Hallo!' said I to the very queer small boy, 'where do you live?'

"'At Chatham,' says he.

"'What do you do there?' says I.

"'I go to school,' says he.

"I took him up in a moment, and we went on.

"Presently the very queer small boy says, 'This is Gad's Hill we are coming to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travelers and ran away.'

"'You know something about Falstaff, eh?' said I.

"'All about him,' said the very queer small boy.



"I am old (I am nine) and I read all sorts of books. But *do* let us stop at the top of the hill and look at the house there, if you please!"

"You admire that house?" said I.

"Bless you, sir!" said the very queer small boy, "when I was not more than half as old as nine, it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it. And now I am nine, I come by myself to look at it. And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it, has often said to me, 'If you were to be very persevering and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it.' 'Though that's impossible!' said the very queer small boy, drawing a low breath, and now staring at the house out of window with all his might.

"I was rather amazed to be told this by the very queer small boy, for that house happens to be *my* house, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true."

This "queer small boy" seems to have regarded the house very much as Dickens himself was wont to regard it in his youth. It is possible that this is a little fragment of blended autobiography and romance. In the very queer small boy, nine years old, who read all sorts of books, admired Gad's Hill, knew its Shakespearian association, and was paternally told that if he worked hard, he might live in such a house, we find realized the famous Wordsworthian aphorism, "The Child is father of the Man," the idea of which, by the way, is to be found in two lines,

"The childhood shows the man  
As morning shews the day,"

said I.

l boy.

which were written in *Paradise Regained*, by an almost inspired blind old man, named John Milton, who is more talked about than read, in *our* days.

The house at Gad's Hill is an old fashioned, two and a-half story, brick dwelling, with dormer windows lighting the third tier of rooms in the attic. It is roomy and comfortable, surrounded by fine old trees and shrubbery, with lawns nicely laid out and presenting a picturesque appearance from the road. It has a wide hall in the centre, with two bow or oriel windows, one over the other, on each side, and altogether presents much the appearance of the residence of one of our well to do American farmers. There is an observatory on the roof, and over the front door a well-proportioned porch with pillars, where Mr. Dickens used often to stand in the intervals of his work, refreshing himself with a look along the road and fields before him, or chatting with his children, grandchildren and friends. He was a social man, and delighted to see happy faces, and hear joyous voices. The engraving in this volume presents a good idea of the building as it appeared when viewed from inside the iron railing which separated the grounds from the street. Most persons would have objected that the building stood too near the street; but this probably was no drawback to one so fond of life and society as the author of *Pickwick*. Inside, the building was handsomely and comfortably furnished; and the dining-room, one of his favorite rooms, in particular, was pleasantly set off with pictures and drawings, most of them gifts from his artist friends, and illustrating scenes in his own writings. Among these was the famous

portrait of Mr. Dickens, before mentioned, a gift of his friend Maclise.

Here, in his favorite home, our author dispensed a wide, enjoying and enjoyable hospitality. Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, in *Hearth and Home*, has given a very pleasant picture of Mr. Dickens at Gad's Hill Place, from which the following passages are quoted. They paint him as a delightful companion and entertainer, as well as a kind friend and good neighbor, carrying with him a personal atmosphere of kind and humorous happiness, exactly such as might have been imagined from the most enjoyable of his novels :

"Dinner was a gala-time with him ; but unceremonious and careless of dress as he might be in the earlier hours of the day, he, in his latter years at least, kept by the old English ceremonial dress for dinner. His butler and servant were also habited conventionally ; and the same notion of conventional requirement, it will be remembered, he observed always in his readings and appearance on public occasions.

"But the laws of etiquette, however faithfully and constantly followed, did not sit easily on him ; and there is no portrait of him which to our mind is so agreeable as that which represents him in an old, loose, morning jacket, leaning against a column of his porch upon Gad's Hill, with his family grouped around him.

"As dinner came to its close, the little grand-children tottled in—his 'wenerable' friends, as he delighted to call them—and with their advent came always a rollicking time of cheer.

"After this, there may have been a lounge into the billiard-room, the master of the house passing his arm affectionately around a daughter, and inviting her to a sight of a game between a Yankee and John Bull.

"'Three-pence on the Yankee,' says Dickens. 'Now then, Harry (to his son), do your best.'

"'Hurra for England!' he says at a good strike.

"'Now then for the Yankee; and, remember—I've money up.'

"And so he keeps a reigning joy about him—with those eyebrows of his arching comically at every mirthful sally.

"Or, perhaps, it is not the billiard-room, but the velvety lawn, with its tufts of holly and Portugal laurel, to which he draws away his guests—in either case, intent most upon kindling smiles and wakening content."

"One day, a visitor had sat up with him till the 'wee sma' hours' of morning—an unusual circumstance, for which Mr. Dickens proposed to compensate by a long sleep. But when the doctor rose and looked out upon the lawn, there was his host, engaged in directing the workmen who were rolling and adjusting the cricket-ground.

"He had forgotten, he said, that his gardener, with the gardener of the rector, had the promise of the ground for a game with some of their companions. It was not in good order, and he had risen betimes to put everything in trim for his friends of the cricket-match.

"With this neighbor rector, by the by, he was on the best of terms; and, notwithstanding his democratic tendencies, had a strong yearning for the Established Church of England—not so much from love of its formalities, as from a kindly recognition of its ever-open doors to the feet of all the poor.

"The charity and kindliness that shone in his books belonged also to his life and every-day talk. There was also a charming thoughtfulness for others and self-abnegation in his familiar social intercourse. Upon the day preceding his final reading in New York, we had the pleasure of taking a twenty-mile drive in his company. We sat opposite to him in the carriage, and though twinges of pain chased each other over his face, it was only by the greatest persuasion that we could induce him to rest his bandaged and suffering foot upon the seat beside us. We

need hardly say to those who listened to his readings, with what zest and charm he told a story—how he made the characters of it come before you—how he summoned them all into presence, and made you a wondering partner in new and strange scenes. As a listener too, he was of the kindest and most sympathetic; listening with lip and eye and arched eyebrow—smacking the last touch of humor—going before your meaning and interpreting by swift expression of feature what your words were too slow to reveal.

“Personally, we are most glad to have recollection of him as a most genial and kindly man, with not the remotest show of self-consequence—with no spark of conceit—with no irritating condescension, but, throughout and in all, frank, warm, hearty, cheery, and companionable.”

Mr. Hawthorne, in his *English Note Book*, records various reports about Dickens, whom he seems to have met personally but once. It is a pity; the observations of so penetrating and intuitive a practical psychologist as the great American, upon so interesting a character as the great Englishman, would have been extremely valuable and interesting. That Mr. Dickens loved his home, and that his domestic tastes were very strong, there is abundant proof. Hawthorne, in his *English Diary*, has a passage *apropos* of this: “Mr. Dickens mentioned how he preferred home enjoyments to all others, and did not willingly go much into society. Mrs. Dickens, too, the other day told us of his taking on himself all possible trouble as regards their domestic affairs.”

Mr. Philp, of Washington, who was very intimate with Mr. Dickens, has recorded the following very similar portraiture of our author's home and home life;



"On arrival (half-past twelve), commenced with 'cider cup,' which had previously been ordered to be ready for us—delicious cooling drink—cider, soda-water, sherry, brandy, lemon-peel, sugar, and ice, flavored with an herb called burrage, all judiciously mixed. Lunch at one o'clock, completed by a liquor which Dickens said was 'peculiar to the house.' From two to half-past five we were engaged in a large open meadow at the back of the house, in the healthful and *intellectual* employment of playing 'Aunt Sally' and rolling balls on the grass; at half-past three, interval for 'cool brandy and water;' at half-past six o'clock we dined—young Charles Dickens, and a still younger Charles Dickens (making three generations), having arrived in the meantime—dinner faultless, wines irreproachable; nine to ten, billiards; ten to eleven music in the drawing-room; eleven, 'hot and rebellious liquors,' delightfully compounded into punches; twelve, to bed.

"The house is a charming old mansion, a little modernized; the lawn exquisitely beautiful, and illuminated by thousands of scarlet geraniums; the estate is covered with magnificent old trees, and several cedars of Lebanon I have never seen equalled. In the midst of a small plantation, across the road opposite the house, approached by a tunnel from the lawn under the turnpike road, is a Swiss chalet, sent to Dickens as a present in ninety-eight packing-cases! Here Mr. Dickens does most of his writing, where he can be perfectly quiet and not disturbed by anybody. I need scarcely say that the house is crowded with fine pictures, original sketches from his books, choice en-



gravings, etc.; in fact, one might be amused for a month in looking over the objects of interest, which are numerous and beautiful.

"Inside the hall are portions of the scenery, painted by Stanfield for the *Frozen Deep*, the play in which Dickens and others performed for the benefit of Douglas Jerrold's family, written by Wilkie Collins. Just as you enter, in a neat frame, written and illuminated by Owen Jones, is the following:

"This House,  
"Gad's Hill Place,

stands on the summit of Shakespeare's Gad's Hill, ever memorable for its association, in his noble fancy, with Sir John Falstaff.

"But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning by four o'clock, early at Gad's Hill. There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have visors for all; you have horses for yourselves."

"In the dining-room hangs Frith's original picture of Dolly Varden, and Maclise's portrait of Dickens when a young man; also Cattermole's wonderful drawings, illustrating some of Dickens' most touching scenes, besides several exquisite works by Marcus Stone (who illustrated *Our Mutual Friend*), David Roberts, Calderon, Stanfield, and others.

"My bed-room was the perfection of a sleeping apartment—the view across the Kentish Hills, with a distant peep of the Thames, charming; the screen, shutting off the dressing-room from the bed-room, is covered with proof-impressions (neatly framed) of the illustrations to *Our Mutual Friend*, and other works; in every room I found a table covered with writing materials, headed note-paper and envelopes, cut quill pens, wax, matches, sealing wax, and all scrupulously neat and orderly.

"There are magnificent specimens of Newfoundland dogs on the grounds, such animals as Landseer would love to paint. One of them, Bumble, seems to be the favorite with Dickens. They are all named after characters in his works.

"Dickens, at home, seems to be perpetually jolly, and enters into the interests of games with all the ardor of a boy. Physically (as well as mentally) he is immensely strong, having quite regained his wonted health and strength. He is an immense walker, and never seems to be fatigued. He breakfasts at eight o'clock; immediately after answers all the letters received that morning, writes until one o'clock, lunches, walks twelve miles (every day), dines at six, and passes the evening entertaining his numerous friends.

"He told me, when a boy his father frequently took him for a walk in the vicinity of Gad's Hill, and he always had a desire to become some day the owner of the house in which he now resides."

Hans Christian Andersen visited the novelist at his home, in 1857, and we have obtained from him some reminiscences of the occasion. He writes us:

"Now there lies on the broad high road Dickens' villa, whose turret, with the gilded weathercock, I had already descried from afar, above the tops of the trees. It was a fine, new house, with red walls and four bow-windows, and a jutting entrance supported by pillars, in the gable a large window. A dense hedge of cherry-laurel surrounded the house, in front of which extended a neat lawn, and on the opposite side rose two mighty cedars of Lebanon, whose crooked branches spread their green fan over another large lawn surrounded by ivy and wild vines, the

hedge being so dense and dark that no sunbeam was able to penetrate it.

"As soon as I stepped into the house, Dickens came to meet me, kindly and cordially. He looked somewhat older than he did when he bade me farewell ten years ago, but, that was, perhaps, in part owing to the beard which he now wore ; his eyes still sparkled as they had done at that time, the same smile played round his lips, and his dear voice sounded as sweet and pleasant, nay, more so than formerly. Dickens was now in the prime of life, still so youthful, so active, so eloquent, so rich in the most pleasant humor, through which his sterling kind-heartedness always beamed forth. As he stood before me in the first hour, so he was and remained during all the weeks which I passed in his company, merry, good-natured, and full of charming sympathy.

"In the room where we assembled with some of the children round the breakfast table, it was quiet and pleasant, and Sundaylike ; a wealth of roses surrounded the large windows on the outside, and the view extended over the garden, the beautiful fields beyond the hedges, and the hills bordering the horizon, in the river of Rochester. An excellent portrait of Cromwell hung over the fire-place, and among the other paintings adorning the walls all around, there was one which attracted my attention particularly. It represented a calèche, in which were seated two young ladies, absorbed in reading a book, whose pages were headed "*Bleak House*." The little groom, seated in the box behind, bent forward, and furtively read also in the book. A few birds in cages sung the more merrily the more animated the conversation grew in the dining-room.

"During the meal, Dickens took the seat of the head of the family at the upper end of the table, and according to the English custom, said a short prayer after he had seated himself ; my seat was by his side during the whole of my visit.

"Dickens then had no less than nine children, two grown daughters, Mary and Kate, and seven sons : Charles,

Walter Savage Landor, Francis Jeffrey, Alfred Tennyson, Sidney Smith, Henry Fielding, and Edward Lytton Bulwer. The two eldest and the two youngest were at home; the other three came on a visit from Boulogne, in France, where they were at a boarding school. It was vacation time, and I saw them climb in the branches of the large cedar trees, or play at cricket with their other brothers and their father, all of them in shirt-sleeves, on the large meadow close to the garden; the ladies sat in the tall grass under the trees, peasant children peeped over the hedge, and Turk, the watch dog, who was fastened all night, had now been delivered from his chain and led the life of a free dog, while his long chain and his kennel were left to a big, old raven, who no doubt considered himself a relative to the raven in *Barnaby Rudge*, which, though stuffed, still existed, and was to be seen in the house.

"When I arrived at Gad's Hill the family had not yet been two weeks at their new country-seat; both the environs and all the drives were new to them. Meanwhile I myself soon found out the most attractive points, and to one of them, the summit of Gad's Hill, I conducted Dickens and his family. Our way led across the broad highroad on which, opposite to Dickens' villa, there lies a tavern, on the faded sign of which Falstaff and Prince Henry, and on the reverse a scene from the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, are represented. From the tavern a ravine, between live hedges led up to a group of peasant houses, all two-storied, and their walls beautifully clad with vine and creepers; long, neat, white curtains hung in the windows; the highest house was watched by an old blind dog, cows and sheep were grazing on the meadows, and on this highest point there rose an obelisk. The whole monument was cracked, and the first gust of wind might upset it. The inscription was no longer distinctly legible, but we saw that the monument had been erected in honor of a country gentleman who had died many, many years ago. Inasmuch as I was the first to lead Dickens to this point, he afterwards called the place, jocosely, 'Hans Christian Andersen's monument.'

"We enjoyed here a panoramic view of the country, as beautiful as it was extensive. The north of Kent is justly called the garden of England. The scenery is similar to that of Denmark, though more luxuriant and richer. The eye sweeps over green meadows, yellow cornfields, forests, peat-moors, and, when the weather is clear, one may see the North Sea in the distance. The landscape, it is true, does not present a lake, but you behold everywhere the Thames, whose silver thread is meandering for many miles through the green grounds. We still found, on the summit of the hill, traces of the ancient intrenchments from the time of the Romans. We went up there many an evening, and sat down in a circle on the grass, and gazed at the setting sun, whose beams were reflected in the bends of the Thames, pouring over the river a golden lustre, on which the vessels stood forth like dark silhouettes. From the chimneys of the country houses all around, rose blue smoke; the crickets were chirping, and the whole scene presented a lively picture of peace, heightened by the sweet sound of the evening bells. A bowl of claret, adorned with a bouquet of brown field flowers, passed around our circle. The moon rose, round, large and red, until she shone in silvery lustre, and filled me with the fancy that all this was but a beautiful Midsummer night's dream in the land of Shakespeare; and, as it was more; it was reality. I sat by Dickens' side, and saw and heard him enjoy to the utmost the charming evening which, as it was reflected in his soul, was sure to be used by him for a new, glorious creation of his wonderful imagination."

From June, 1857, Mr. Dickens occupied his Gad's Hill residence continuously until the time of his death, excepting that during the last winter of his life, having made arrangements to give some public readings in London, and desiring to avoid frequent journeys down to Gad's Hall during the inclement season, he rented from



his old friend, Mr. Milner Gibson, his town house in Hyde Park Place, which he occupied up to nearly the end of May. In this residence some portions of *Edwin Drood* were written, the first chapter having been composed at Gad's Hill Place, or as the great man himself always wrote it, with that amplitude and unmistakable clearness which made him write, not only the day of the month, but the day of the week, in full at the head of his letters—*Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent*.

Of "Gad's Hill's haunted greenness," a modern poet well says :

" There is a subtle spirit in its air ;  
The very soul of humor homes it there ;  
So is it now : of old so has it been ;  
Shakespeare from off it caught the rarest scene  
That ever shook with laughs the sides of Care ;  
Falstaff's fine instinct for a Prince grew where  
That hill—what years since !—showed its Kentish green :  
Fit home for England's world-loved Dickens,"

From his youth up Dickens had admired this locality, and the darling ambition of his youth was now gratified in the possession of it. To these fields he had journeyed through life to study nature, and to renew within him the love of the good and pure and holy, which the works of the Almighty are so well qualified to strengthen and confirm ; and to take a lesson from a greater book than any that could emanate from his pen, for Nature is a beautiful book, written by the finger of God, in which every flower and every leaf is a letter. You have only to learn them—and he is a poor dunce that cannot, if he will, do that—to learn them, and join them, and then go on reading and reading, and you will find yourself carried



away from the earth to the skies by the beautiful thoughts—for they are nothing short—grow out of the ground, and seem to talk to a man. And then there are some flowers, that always seem to be like over-dutiful children; tend them ever so little, and they come up and flourish, and show, as we may say, their bright and happy faces to you.

## CHAPTER XI.

DICKENS AS AN ACTOR.—CHARITABLE READING.—THE GUILD OF LITERATURE.—THE JERROLD FUND.—PROFESSIONAL READINGS.—BANQUET AT FREEMASONS' HALL.—SECOND VISIT TO AMERICA.—READINGS IN BOSTON.—GRAND RECEPTION.—TOUR TO NEW YORK, AND OTHER CITIES.—GRATIFYING RESULTS.—PUBLIC DINNER.—FAREWELL ADDRESS.—DEPARTURE FOR HOME.

“ ——— This player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
That from its working all his visage wann'd ;  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his conceit.”—HAMLET.

**F**ROM his earliest youth, Charles Dickens exhibited the greatest taste and fondness for the drama. His liking for the stage attained almost to the proportions of a passion, and at one time he contemplated, in conjunction with some friends similarly minded, assuming the management of a London theatre. It will be remembered that his first juvenile compositions were “certain tragedies.” He used to extremely enjoy all manner of private theatricals, in which he was a most efficient helper in every department, from the carpenter's up to the hero's, and he has for a considerable time been reputed the best amateur actor in England. As far back as 1836, when *Pickwick* was publishing, he took part in *The Strange Gentleman*, at St. James' Theatre,

and on various occasions he assisted in private theatricals. In 1842 he wrote a beautiful prologue to *The Patrician's Daughter*, which was admirably delivered by his friend Macready, with whom he was on terms of great intimacy, and he was also subsequently, with the versatile French actor, Mr. Fechter. The beautiful little summer-house on the model of a Swiss chalet, which stood in the grounds at Gad's Hill, in which, in warm weather, the author often prepared his manuscript, was a gift from the latter actor. In the year 1845, he again made his appearance as an actor in *The Elder Brother*, which was performed for Miss Kelly's benefit, and nothing in his appearance or performance gave the least indication that he was not a regular professional dramatist. A few days later, on the 19th of September, he assisted in Ben Johnson's play, *Every Man in His Humor*, at the St. James', on which occasion he took the part of *Captain Bobadil*, and was most ably assisted. Of those who took part with him on this occasion only a few were professionals, the great majority being his literary and artistic friends. The triumph achieved was immense, and the performance was repeated for a charitable purpose on the evening of the 15th of November following. The playbill on this occasion has now become a curiosity:

*A Strictly Private Amateur Performance*

At the ST. JAMES' THEATRE

(By favor of Mr. Mitchell). Will be performed Ben  
Johnson's Comedy of

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOR.

## CHARACTERS :

<i>Knowell</i> .....	HENRY MEYHEW.
<i>Edward Knowell</i> .....	FREDERICK DICKENS.
<i>Brainworm</i> .....	MARK LEMON.
<i>George Downright</i> .....	DUDLEY COSTELLO.
<i>Wellbred</i> .....	GEORGE CATTERMOLÉ.
<i>Kitely</i> .....	JOHN FORSTER.
<i>Captain Bobadil</i> .....	CHARLES DICKENS.
<i>Master Stephen</i> .....	DOUGLAS JERROLD.
<i>Master Mathew</i> .....	JOHN LEECH.
<i>Thomas Cash</i> .....	AUGUSTUS DICKENS.
<i>Oliver Cob</i> .....	PERCIVAL LEIGH.
<i>Justice Clement</i> .....	FRANK STONE.
<i>Roger Formal</i> .....	MR. EVANS.
<i>William</i> .....	W. EATON.
<i>James</i> .....	W. B. JERROLD.
<i>Dame Kitely</i> .....	MISS FORTESQUE.
<i>Mistress Bridget</i> .....	MISS HINTON.
<i>Tib</i> .....	MISS BEW.

To conclude with a Farce, in One Act, called  
**TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.**

## CHARACTERS :

<i>Mr. Snobbington</i> .....	Mr. CHAS. DICKENS.
<i>The Stranger</i> .....	Mr. MARK LEMON.

Previous to the Play, the Overture to "William Tell." Previous to the Farce, the Overture to "La Gazza Ladra."

Ben Johnson, as an acting dramatist, has almost disappeared from the stage he so long adorned, and, probably, no performance of his best comedy was ever more successful than the above. Dickens made such an admirable Captain Bobadil, that Leslie, the artist, took a most characteristic portrait of him in that character. The moment selected is when the Captain shouts out—

"A gentleman ! odds so, I am not within."  
 Act i., Scene 3.

Mr. Dickens, in arranging for the performances, was the man of all work, the life and soul of the enterprise. He

arranged the scenery for effect, of which he was a good judge, drilled the performers, and attended to the advertising and other business details.

He was eminently dramatic in his tastes and genius. This caused him to take a deep interest in theatricals, and to gather around him as his intimate acquaintances many of the chief lights of the stage; and throughout his life he was constantly associated with eminent amateur and professional actors, from the time of Macready to that of Fehster, now performing in his own and other private residences for the entertainment of friends, now in public, in behalf of some charity or public institution, and again for the benefit of the family of some deceased brother in literature. As an amateur actor he was unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Those who remember the performances on behalf of the Guild of Literature and Art, those given privately at Tavistock House, about a dozen years ago, and those held on behalf of the Douglas Jerrold Memorial Fund, know that the dramatic readings which took the world by storm of late years were the ripened fruit of a long and intense admiration for and leaning to the stage.

Some of the most competent judges have declared that the English stage lost an ornament, which would have revived its brightest days, by Charles Dickens succeeding as an author and making literature his profession. But Mr. Dickens' earnestness was such that he not only took upon his own shoulders the most arduous tasks connected with the amateur performances for charitable objects, with which he so often associated himself, but superintended the minutest detail, and often worked with his

own hands to insure what he held to be the necessary effect.

There are men living who remember his occupying himself for a whole day with hammer and nails on the stage of Miss Kelly's Theatre, while it was matter for playful jocularly among brave spirits who have gone before, that Dickens had converted himself into an amateur cheek-taker, and sat in the receipt of custom with Arthur Smith all day long at the Gallery of Illustration, when the Jerrold performances were about to be given. This is not the place to speak of the intense and laborious care he bestowed upon the performances given at his London house, or of the days he devoted to the superintendence of stage effects. The only place at which there was a chance of seeing Dickens at this time, said his intimates, was on his amateur stage, and there, absorbed in the subject of the hour, he would be found, resting one arm in the hand of the other, looking at the drops and cogitating upon their effect for the coming night, or working like any scene-shifter at the properties.

In the spring of 1846, on April 6th, the first Anniversary Festival of the General Theatrical Fund Association was held at the London Tavern. Dickens was in the chair, and made some admirable hits in his most effective speech, as when he said, in speaking of the "base uses" to which the two great theatres were then being applied: "Covent Garden is now but a vision of the past. You might play the bottle conjurer with its dramatic company, and put them all into a pint bottle. The human voice is rarely heard within its walls, save in connection with



corn, or the ambidextrous prestidigination of the Wizard of the North. In like manner, Drury Lane is conducted now with almost a sole view to the opera and ballet, inso-much that the statue of Shakespeare over the door serves as emphatically to point out his grave as his bust did in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon."

During the year 1847 an announcement appeared that Shakespeare's house at Stratford-upon-Avon was to be sold. A public meeting was held, and a committee organized. By means of subscriptions, a grand performance at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 7th December, readings by Macready, and private theatricals by Mr. Dickens and his confreres, at the Hay Market, during 1848, a sufficient sum was realized to purchase the house, and provide for its proper custody. The play selected was *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, with nearly the same cast of characters as before.

But Mr. Dickens first became popularly known to English audiences, and achieved his marked success as an amateur actor, by his performances in connection with a company, of which he was a member, associated as a "Guild of Literature and Art," inaugurated by Bulwer, for the benefit of needy authors, artists, and actors. Bulwer Lytton had written a comedy entitled *Not so Bad as We Seem; Or Many Sides to a Character*, for the benefit of the "Guild." This was performed at the Devonshire House, London, by nearly the same cast as before, on the 27th May, 1851. A Farce followed, entitled, *Mr. Nightingale's Diary*, in which Mr. Dickens and Mark Lemon took the principal parts. A critic at this time remarked :

"Both these gentlemen are admirable actors. It is by no means amateur playing with them. Dickens seizes the strong points of a character, bringing them out as effectively upon the stage as his pen undyingly marks them upon paper. Lemon has all the ease of a finished performer, with a capital relish for comedy and broad farce." The audience was large and appreciative, and included Macaulay, Wellington and other notables. The success was very great, and the Guild repeated the performance on many occasions in the smaller cities and towns. It was this Guild which Victoria "commanded" to appear before her and perform; to which Mr. Dickens sent reply that he would "perform nowhere as an actor, where he was not received on terms of equality as a gentleman." Most of the members of the Guild are now passed away. The funds raised were unfortunately, by a flaw in the act of Parliament, unintentionally tied up for a number of years; but on Saturday, July 29th, 1865, the surviving members of the Fund proceeded to the neighborhood of Stevenage, near the magnificent seat of the President, Bulwer Lytton, to inspect three houses built in the Gothic style on the ground given by him for that purpose. An enterprising publican in the vicinity had just previously opened his establishment, which bore the very appropriate sign of "Our Mutual Friend"—Mr. Dickens' then latest work—and caused considerable merriment.

In 1855 was performed at Tavistock House, in London, where Mr. Dickens was then residing, a striking two-act play entitled, *The Light-House*, a thrilling melo-drama, written by Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Dickens himself

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taking the part of Aaron Gurnock, the head light-keeper. The play and the acting excited so much curiosity in London society that after a good deal of urging it was repeated by the Guild at a fashionable private residence for the benefit of one of the organizations to aid the British soldiers in the Crimea. The audience was extremely brilliant; Mr. Collins, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Dickens' sister-in-law, Miss Hogarth, and his daughter, Miss Dickens, the artist Mr. Egg, and others, were the actors; the scene was laid in the Eddystone Lighthouse, and the performance was such that it would have been highly successful as a professional one. Mr. Tom Taylor, the eminent critic, in an article in next morning's *Times*, remarked that—

"The acting of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Lemon was most admirable, not only worthy of professional actors, but of a kind not to be found save among the rarest talents. Aaron, a rough, rugged son of Cornwall, with the lines of misery deeply furrowed in his face, rendered more irritable than humble by remorse, and even inclined to bully his way through his own fears, is elaborated by Mr. Dickens with wonderful fulness of detail, so that there is not an accent, a growl, or a scowl without its distinctive significance. In a word, it was a great individual creation of a kind that has not been exhibited before." Much praise was also bestowed upon the ladies. But the association of Miss Hogarth with these performances is said to have given great umbrage to her sister, Mrs. Dickens, and to have been one of the causes of the melancholy rupture between herself and her husband, which occurred in 1858.

The piece was afterwards repeated for the benefit of other charities.

On the 8th of June, 1857, Mr. Dickens' cherished friend, Douglas Jerrold, breathed his last, leaving his family in indigent circumstances. Almost his last words to his broken-hearted wife were, "Dickens will take care of you when I am dead." His trust was not misplaced. Dickens was associated with Thackeray, Mark Lemon, Charles Knight, Horace Mayhew, Monckton Milnes, and Mr. Bradbury as pall-bearers, and a great gathering of authors and artists followed the body to Norwood Cemetery. Mr. Dickens at once set about raising a "Jerrold Fund." A performance was inaugurated, the play being *The Frozen Deep*, with scenery by Clarkson Stanfield, and readings were also given by Dickens and Thackeray, until sufficient funds (£2,000), were accumulated with which to purchase an annuity for the widow. It may be remembered that the Preface to the *Tale of Two Cities* began with the sentence, "When I was acting, with my children and friends, in Mr. Wilkie Collins' drama of *The Frozen Deep*, I first conceived the main idea of this story." The reading by Mr. Dickens was his *Christmas Carol*. The literary circles of which Mr. Dickens was member, secured by the same means an annuity for a god-daughter of Samuel Johnson. Mr. Dickens also gave readings on several occasions, generally the *Christmas Carol*, for the benefit of the funds, of various Mechanics' Institutes. At the conclusion of one of these in Sheffield, the Mayor presented him with a very handsome table service of cutlery, including, we are further told, with a circumstantiality which is amusing—"a

pair of fish-carvers, and a couple of razors," in the name of the inhabitants, for his generous help and assistance. In thanking him, Dickens said that, in an earnest desire to leave imaginative and popular literature something more closely associated than he found it, at once with the private homes and the public rights of the English people, "he should be faithful to death."

On the 21st July, 1858, a public meeting was held at the Princess' Theatre, for the purpose of establishing the now famous Royal Dramatic College. Mr. Charles Kean was the Chairman, and Dickens delivered one of his excellent speeches on a topic ever dear to him—the theatrical profession. Charles Kean was then conducting his Shakespearian revivals—those splendid pageantries and archæological displays which we all remember at this theatre twelve years ago—and Dickens, with his usual tact, turned the circumstance to account in his speech. The play then being performed was the *Merchant of Venice*, and, in concluding, the speaker remarked, "I could not but reflect while Mr. Kean was speaking, that in an hour or two from this time, the spot upon which we are now assembled will be transformed into the scene of a crafty and a cruel bond. I know that a few hours hence the Grand Canal of Venice will flow, with picturesque fidelity, on the very spot where I now stand dryshod, and that the 'quality of mercy' will be beautifully stated to the Venetian Council by a learned young doctor from Padua, on these very boards on which we now enlarge upon the quality of charity and sympathy. Knowing this, it came into my mind to consider how different the

real bond of to-day from the ideal bond of to-night. *Now* all generosity, all forbearance, all forgetfulness of little jealousies and unworthy divisions, all united action for the general good. *Then* all selfishness, all malignity, all cruelty, all revenge, and all evil ; *now* all good. *Then* a bond to be broken within the compass of a few—three or four—swiftly passing hours ; *now* a bond to be valid and of good effect generations hence.”

The committee's labors were successful, and an elegant building, in the Elizabethan style, at Maybury, was the result.

The annual Fancy Fair at the Crystal Palace, and the junketing thereat, it is needless to say, are the means of adding a large accession to the funds.

The great power of Dickens, before years came on, was in his eye. When he was in Rome, he sat in the *halle de hote*, opposite a somewhat vulgar woman, whose loudness of manners attracted his attention. Thenceforth, ever and anon, he flashed upon her the “full blaze of his visual orb,” which, as all who knew him must remember, was a very large one. At last, the lady cried out, in the unmistakable cockney vernacular : “Drat that man there—I wish he'd take his *heyes* (eyes) hoff my face. They're like a policeman's bull's eye !” Such, also, was the searching glance he cast upon life.

We have previously noticed that Mr. Dickens was a composer of plays, as well as an actor in them. Before he was twenty-five years old he had two farces and an opera of his own played at St. James Theatre, London, then managed by John Braham, who, during full fifty years



was *the* great English tenor. It is not claimed for Charles Dickens, however, that he was a very successful dramatist. His skill in construction, his facility in contriving startling situations—and above all, his wondrous power of making his characters speak and act like living creatures, and not according to the traditions of the stage, had scarcely been developed, certainly had not been matured, when he wrote two farces and an opera. Perhaps, had these been the productions of any person but him, who was being recognized at the time as a meteoric light on the horizon of letters, their success would have been more assured: for the dramatic element abounds in all his works, and no other writer has so thoroughly individualized the characters he created. They were not mere Marionettes, puppets moved by an unseen but not unsuspected hand behind the scene, but real people. Two or three of his novels were dramatized under his own inspection, and with his own assistance, but nearly all of the other adaptations for the stage were got up in a hurry and in the most flimsy manner.

The reading which our author gave in aid of the Jerrold and other charitable funds, and at private entertainments, proved so satisfactory, that Mr. Dickens determined to adhere to them professionally and in his own behalf. Although long accustomed to reading aloud for the amusement of his household, the first occasion on which he had appeared before the public as a reader, was in the year 1852, in Peterborough, before a small audience. A little later he read the *Carol* at Chatham, in aid of an educational fund, and in January, 1853, before a larger

assembly at Birmingham, where the proceeds amounted to £300. From that time until 1858, Mr. Dickens' efforts in this line were only at considerable intervals, and generally for the benefit of literary and dramatic societies and individuals. On all these occasions our author was very careful about the arrangement of the platform, the lights, and other details, striving to secure, by the aid of his theatrical experience, the greatest possible scenic effect. *The Christmas Carol* was then his favorite piece. Always prompt at the appointed hour, the red, jovial face, unrelieved by the heavy mustache which the novelist has since assumed, a broad, high forehead, and a perfectly Micawber-like expanse of shirt-collar and front, appeared above the desk, and a full, sonorous voice rang out the words "*Marley-was-dead-to-begin-with,*" then paused, as if to take in the character of the audience, or to see if there was any probability of their disputing it. No need of any further hesitation. The voice held all spell-bound. Its depths of quiet feeling when the ghosts of past Christmases led the dreamer through the long-forgotten scenes of his boyhood—its embodiment of burly good nature when old Fezziwig's calves were twinkling in the dance—its tearful suggestiveness, when the spirit of Christmasses to come pointed to the nettle-grown, neglected grave of the unloved man—its exquisite pathos by the death-bed of Tiny-Tim,—dwell yet in the memory like the strains of a favorite tune. The author of this biography once asked Mr. Dickens if he did not experience a little nervousness on his first appearance before the public. "Not in the least" was the answer. "The first time I took the chair, I felt

as much confidence as if I had done the thing a hundred times." His delivery was measured, sonorous and emphatic. He could make his audience laugh, or weep, or shudder as he chose; the effect he produced was thrillingly impressive; but his manner was undeniably "stagey," and not unfrequently, on the platform, he over-acted his part.

On the evening of Thursday, the 29th of April, 1858, Mr. Dickens appeared at St. Martin's Hall, London, to give his first reading in his own behalf, prefacing his recitation with an apologetic address to his audience.\*

The entertainments thus inaugurated proved very successful, both in gratifying the public, and as a pecuniary speculation to Mr. Dickens himself. He visited at this time most of the large cities and towns in Great Britain and Ireland, and read before extensive audiences. A course of these entertainments was also given in Paris. In 1862, a new series of readings was commenced and proved equally successful. This success, however, was not obtained without great labor and perseverance. He often

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\* This introductory address was as follows :—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—It may perhaps be known to you that, for a few years past, I have been accustomed occasionally to read some of my shorter books to various audiences, in aid of a variety of good objects, and at some charge to myself both in time and money. It having at length become impossible in any reason to comply with these always accumulating demands, I have had definitely to choose between now and then reading on my own account, as one of my recognized occupations, or not reading at all. I have had little or no difficulty in deciding on the former course.

"The reasons that have led me to it,—besides the consideration that it necessitates no departure whatever from the chosen pursuits of my life,—are three-fold : firstly, I have satisfied myself that it can involve no possible compromise of the credit and independence of literature ; secondly, I have long held the opinion, and have long acted on the opinion, that in these times whatever brings a public man and his public face to face, on terms of mutual confidence and respect, is a good thing ; thirdly, I have had a pretty large experience of the interest my hearers are so generous as to take in these occasions, and of the delight they give to me, as a tried means of strengthening those relations—I may almost say of personal friendship—which it is my great privilege and pride, as it is my great responsibility, to hold with a multitude of persons who will never hear my voice, nor see my face. Thus it is that I come, quite naturally, to be here among you at this time ; and thus it is that I proceed to read this little book, quite as composedly as I might proceed to write it, or to publish it in any other way."

devoted two or three months to the perfection of a new scene.

As the United States afforded a more promising field for a speculation of this nature, Mr. Dickens determined to visit the American Continent for a second time, and for this purpose sailed from Liverpool in the "Cuba," accompanied by his machinist and—like a true showman—having his apparatus along, early in November, 1867, reached Boston on the nineteenth of that month.

Prior to his departure from England, Mr. Dickens was the recipient of a farewell banquet at Freemasons' Tavern. The hall was splendidly decorated, and inscribed with the names of his various works. Five hundred persons sat down, including nearly all the eminent literary and scientific men of England. Bulwer Lytton presided, and in the course of his eulogium on the illustrious novelist, said :

"We are about to intrust our honored countryman to the hospitality of those kindred shores in which his writings are as much household words as they are in the homes of England.

"If I may speak as a politician, I should say that no time for his visit could be more happily chosen. For our American kinsfolk have conceived, rightly or wrongly, that they have some recent cause of complaint against ourselves, and out of all England we could not have selected an envoy—speaking, not on behalf of our government, but of our people—more calculated to allay irritation and propitiate good-will.

. . . . .

"How many hours in which pain and sickness have changed into cheerfulness and mirth beneath the wand of that enchanter ! How many a hardy combatant, beaten down in the battle of life—and nowhere on this earth is the battle of life sharper than in the commonwealth of America—has taken new hope, and new courage, and new force from the manly lessons of that unobtrusive teacher."

He concluded by proposing "A prosperous voyage, health and long life to our illustrious guest and countryman, Charles Dickens ;" which, having been duly honored, Mr. Dickens made an eloquent acknowledgment, and in conclusion remarked : "The story of my going to America is very easily and briefly told. Since I was there before, a vast and entirely new generation has arisen in the United States. Since that time, too, most of the best known of my books have been written and published. The new generation and the books have come together and have kept together, until at length numbers of those who have so widely and constantly read me, naturally desiring a little variety in the relations between us, have expressed a strong wish that I should read myself. This wish, at first conveyed to me through public as well as through business channels, has gradually become enforced by an immense accumulation of letters from private individuals and associations of individuals, all expressing in the same hearty, homely, cordial, unaffected way a kind of personal affection for me, which I am sure you will agree with me that it would be downright insensibility on my part not to prize. Little by little this pressure has become so great that, although, as Charles Lamb says,



'My household gods strike a terribly deep root,' I have driven them from their places, and this day week, at this hour, shall be upon the sea. You will readily conceive that I am inspired besides by a natural desire to see for myself the astonishing progress of a quarter of a century over there—to grasp the hands of many faithful friends whom I left there—to see the faces of a multitude of new friends upon whom I have never looked—and, though last, not least, to use my best endeavors to lay down a third cable of intercommunication and alliance between the Old World and the New.

"Twelve years ago, when, Heaven knows, I little thought I should ever be bound upon the voyage which now lies before me, I wrote in that form of my writings which obtains by far the most extensive circulation, these words about the American nation: 'I know full well that whatever little motes my beamy eyes may have descried in theirs, that they are a kind, large-hearted, generous and great people.' In that faith I am going to see them again. In that faith I shall, please God, return from them in the spring, in that same faith to live and to die. Ladies and gentlemen, I told you in the beginning that I could not thank you enough, and Heaven knows I have most thoroughly kept my word. If I may quote one other short sentence from myself, let it imply all that I have left unsaid and yet deeply feel; let it, putting a girdle round the earth, comprehend both sides of the Atlantic at once in this moment. As Tiny Tim observed, 'God bless us, every one.'"

For the first fortnight after his arrival in Boston, Mr.



Dickens devoted his time to recruiting from his voyage, studying his parts in his rooms at the Parker House, receiving and making calls, and taking his accustomed constitutional walks of five or six miles, to the beautiful villages which surround "the Hub of the Universe." His intimacy was very close with Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Fields, Holmes, Prescott, Felton, and other literary men with which that locality abounds. Attempts were made to fete him, as on his previous visit; but he let it be known that he had come this time on business. "I am come here," he said, "to read. The people expect me to do my best, and how can I do it if I am all the time on the go? My time is not my own when I am preparing to read, any more than it is when I am writing a novel; and I can as well do one as the other without concentrating all my power on it till it is done."

Most of his time was spent in the most laborious, painstaking study of the parts he was to read. Indeed, the public had but little idea of the cost—in downright hard work of mind, body and voice—at which these readings were produced. Although Mr. Dickens had read now nearly five hundred times, I am assured, on the best authority, that he never attempted a new part in public until he had spent at least two months over it in study as faithful and searching as Rachel or Cushman would give to a new character. This study extended not merely to the analysis of the text, to the discrimination of character, to the minutest points of elocution; but decided upon the facial expression, the tone of the voice, the gesture, the attitude, and even the material surroundings of the







actor, for acting it was, not reading, in the ordinary sense, at all. Mr. Dickens was so essentially an artist, that he could not neglect the slightest thing that might serve to heighten the effect of what he had undertaken to do. And he was so conscientious, so strict in his dealings—a very Martinet in business and thorough man of affairs—that he would leave nothing undone that time and labor could do to give to the public that pays so much for the pleasure of hearing him the full worth of its money. This is the reason why he, a man of the world, greatly delighting in society, thoroughly fitted to enjoy it himself, deliberately cut himself off from it until his task should be done.

The first reading took place at the Tremont Temple, on the evening of the 2nd of December, 1867. The hall was filled to overflowing, and the audience was extremely brilliant. As Mr. Dickens himself remarked to the writer, few cities could show a gathering of such a character. The *literati* of Boston and Cambridge, and the learned men, the wit and beauty and eloquence for twenty miles around were there in force. Crowds assembled to greet him in the streets. All noted the marked change in his appearance from the dashing, slender, handsome young fellow of twenty years ago, to the stoutish, grizzly, care-worn and weary-looking middle-aged gentleman before them.

“O'er that fair broad brow were wrought  
The intersected lines of thought.”

Mental labor, rather than years, had changed him far more than the wearing and wearying touch of time. Still, in his attire, neat even to elegance, with the glittering watch-

chain and pendant ornaments, and the flower in his button-hole (his daily companion there for thirty years), his intelligent glance around and through the audience, as if it were rapidly taking stock of them, and his own apparent cool and decided manner, as if confident that in a few minutes that eager crowd would be under his spell—all combined to render him not merely “the observed of all observers,” but one of the most remarkable among the truly great men of this or of any age or country.

“Cheer after cheer broke forth,” it was reported, “and amid cries of welcome and clapping of innumerable kids, Dickens rose and fell and rose again in a friendly roar, tried to speak and was defeated, and returned gallantly to the charge again, but had scarcely got as far as ‘Ladies,’ when he was obliged to succumb; made another dash at ‘Gentlemen,’ and gave it up; and at last saw that one Englishman was nothing to so many Yankees, and waited, smiling and bowing, until they had their will, and were ready to let him have his.”

The Readings of that evening consisted of the *Christmas Carol* and the breach-of-promise marriage trial from *Pickwick*. The audience were alternately sobbing and laughing during the former, though their tender sympathy was oftener moved than their sense of humor—but the trial, *Bardell v. Pickwick*, was farce from first to last—only varying in its grades of fun. It was in this, that, besides introducing the numerous and well sustained changes of intonation necessary to individualize each of the characters, Mr. Dickens brought into play that wonderful facial mobility of feature and expression which, in



common with all great actors, he largely possessed, and effectively, because judiciously exercised. When Mr. Sergeant Buzfazz, assuming more importance than ever, rose and said, "Call Samuel Weller," there was, for a moment, a pause—

"A sound so fine that nothing lives  
'T'wixt it and Silence,"

and then, as with one consent, a loud murmur of applause among the audience, which simultaneously broke into cheers. When he was supposed to have appeared—*supposed*! Why, the man was there! attired in that identical livery; which made him wonder, when he first got into it, whether he was meant to be a footman, or a groom, or a game-keeper, or a seedsman, or "a compo of every one on 'em." It seemed as if Sam were there, in the flesh. Then, the little Judge,—little Mr. Justice Stareleigh. At one moment, Sam Weller, in his free and easy manner, was delivering his evidence, half jestingly, yet with a secret purpose, which he carried out, of doing his best for Mr. Pickwick, and in the next, he had vanished—and the audience only saw the little Judge's rubicund and owlish face, only heard his unmistakable voice pumping up, from some unknown depths, the caution, "You must not tell us what the soldier said, unless the soldier is in court, and is examined in the usual way; it is not evidence." Hey, presto,—the judge disappeared, and we heard Sam, *saw* Sam cheerfully answering, "Werry good, my Lord." Here let me observe, that the illustrations of Dickens by "Phiz" and other artists, placing so many of the characters before *readers*, in days gone by, until they had sank

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deep into their memory, greatly assisted Mr. Dickens, when he acted various scenes before an audience. In consequence of these engravings, Dickens has been more read, and is better understood, than any other writer: just as the particular plays of Shakespeare, which are most popular and most intelligible to the majority of readers, are those which are frequently acted on the stage. In dramatic representation and in good illustrations, there is a realism which greatly assists intellect and memory.\*

It will not be necessary to particularize each reading which Mr. Dickens gave in the United States. The foregoing description is sufficiently applicable to the whole. Suffice it to say, further, that he visited New York, where he stopped at the Westminster Hotel, and gave his readings at Steinway Hall; in Philadelphia, at Concert Hall; also giving entertainments at Baltimore, Washington, Buffalo, Hartford and most of the large cities in the East, everywhere greeted by crowded houses. A Philadelphia paper said: "No literary stranger ever had such a wel-

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\* Mr. Dickens bade farewell to Boston in the following words:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—My precious and general welcome in America, which can never be obliterated from my memory, began here. My departure begins here, too; for I assure you that I have never, until this moment, really felt that I am going away. In this brief life of ours, it is sad to do almost anything for the last time; and I cannot conceal it from you, that although my face will so soon be turned towards my native land, and to all that makes it dear, it is a sad consideration with me that in a very few moments from this time this brilliant ball, and all that it contains, will fade from my view for evermore. But it is my consolation, that the spirit of the bright faces, the quick perception, the ready replies, the generous allowance, and the cheering crowds that have made this place joyful to me, will remain; and you may rely upon it, that that spirit will abide with me as long as I have the sense and sentiment of life. I do not say this with any reference to the private friendships that have for years and years made Boston a memorable and beloved spot to me; for such private references have no business in this place. I say it purely in remembrance of, and in homage to the great public heart before me. Ladies and gentlemen, I beg most earnestly, most gratefully, and most affectionately, to bid you each and all farewell."

come from Philadelphia as Charles Dickens received last night at Concert Hall. The selling of the tickets two weeks ago almost amounted to a disturbance of the peace. Five hundred people in line, standing from midnight till noon, poorly represented the general desire to hear the great novelist on his first night. Everywhere that I looked in the crowded hall I saw some one not unknown to fame—some one representing either the intelligence or the beauty, the wealth or the fashion of Philadelphia." Longfellow tells us that the three evenings he spent in listening to the author were among the most agreeable in his life.

It was the story everywhere. Mr. Dickens acknowledged that the success of his trip far exceeded all his expectations. In five short months, from the 19th of November to the 22nd of April his receipts exceeded those of his whole previous life. It was the accumulated investment of a lifetime returning to him ; the sowing of years yielding its ripe harvest. Had Dickens been a public reader and nothing else, he never could have attained this result. But with his great reputation, and the familiarity of the public with his imaginative creations, he had all the elements of success. The people were willing to pay to "see Dickens"—he was to them an old friend re-introduced. The smallest house which anywhere greeted the illustrious writer was in Rochester, where the reading netted \$2,500. The others ranged from this sum up to \$8,000. This amount might have been doubled in large halls, but the author preferred those of moderate size for the sake of the effect. The recitations, too, might have been extended in-

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definitely, as there was no abatement in the interest, but the labor was too exhausting; and with the goodly sum of over \$200,000 in gold as the grand result, the novelist brought his readings to a close on the 21st of April, 1868, at Steinway Hall. At the conclusion of this Farewell Reading, he was rapturously applauded, and returned the compliment by a neat and touching farewell address.\*

A public dinner was given to Mr. Dickens, at Delmonico's, on Saturday evening, April 18th, four days before his departure, by the gentlemen connected with the press, which was a very brilliant affair. Horace Greeley presided, and representatives from every considerable city were present. Eloquent addresses were made by the chairman, by Henry J. Raymond, George W. Curtis and others. Mr. Dickens replied to the leading toast of the evening in a most happy manner. In the course of his remarks he said: "It has been said in your newspapers that for months past I have been collecting materials for hammering away at a new book on America. This has much astonished me, seeing that all that time it has been perfectly well known to my publishers, on both sides of the Atlantic, that I positively declared that no consideration on earth should induce me to write one.

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\* "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The shadow of one word has impended over me all this evening, but the time has at length come when the shadow must fall. It is a short word, but its weight is not measured by its length. Last Thursday evening, while I read the story of 'David Copperfield,' I felt that there was another meaning than usual in the words of old Mr. Peggotty, 'My future life lies over the sea.' And when I read from this book to-night (referring to the '*Pickwick Papers*'), I realized that I must shortly establish such an *alibi* as would satisfy even Mr. Weller, senior. The relations set up in this place between us have been to me of the most satisfactory character. There has been on my part the most earnest attention to the work of preparation to entertain you, and on your part the kindest sympathy, which cannot be forgotten forever. I shall often recall you by the winter fire of my home, or in the pleasant summer of old England—never as a public audience, but always as dear personal friends, and ever with the tenderest sympathy and affection. In bidding you a final farewell, I pray God bless us, every one, and God bless the land in which I leave you."

But what I have intended, what I have resolved upon (and this is the confidence I seek to place in you) is, on my return to England, in my own person, to bear, for the behoof of my countrymen, such testimony to the gigantic changes in this country as I have hinted at to-night. Also, to record that, wherever I have been, in the smallest places equally, with the largest, I have been received with unsurpassable politeness, delicacy, sweet temper, hospitality, consideration, and with unsurpassable respect for the privacy daily enforced upon me by the nature of my avocation here, and the state of my health. This testimony, so long as I live, and so long as my descendants have any legal right in my books, I shall cause to be republished as an appendix to every copy of those books of mine in which I have referred to America. And this I will do and cause to be done, not in mere love and thankfulness, but because I regard it as an act of plain justice and honor."

As an incident of his regard for little kindnesses, it may be mentioned that he was in Washington on his 56th birthday, and numerous presents were sent to him, amongst them a set of American studs and buttons, which drew from Mr. Dickens this acknowledgment; "I was truly touched and affected yesterday evening by the receipt of your earnest letter, and your handsome birthday present. I shall always attach a special value to both, and shall make a point of wearing the latter on the 7th of February, as often as the day may come round to me."

The applications for autographs, album-verses and locks

of hair were beyond all computation; and the author was forced to have a printed form for reply, which ran, "*To comply with your request would not be reasonably possible.*" Apropos to this subject, *Punch* jokingly said: "We learnt, while having our hair cut at Truefitt's the other day that that illustrious dealer in fictitious hair had received an immense order from Boz, originating in his desire to gratify the seventeen thousand American young ladies who had honored him with applications for locks from his caput. Two ships have been chartered to convey the sentimental cargo, and will start from the London docks, on the 1st day of April."

At length, however, the time arrived for his final departure from the New World. The "Russia" lay in the stream. A tug-boat awaited his leave-taking. A great crowd assembled to bid him farewell, among them his friend Fields, with whom his parting was lengthy and very affecting; which led to the humorous squib:

"A thousand friendly throats, Charles,  
 Bid you good-speed to-day,  
 But don't write any 'Notes,' Charles,  
 And say 'twas 't'other way.'  
 You once invoked your spleen, Charles,  
 And struck us hard and sore;  
 But now you're not so green, Charles,  
 About our Yankee shore.

So, 'kiss me quick and go,' Charles,  
 So, 'kiss me quick and go;  
 Send all your books to Boston, Charles,  
 Now, 'kiss me quick and go.'"

The tug carrying Mr. Dickens, and crowded with his friends, finally left the wharf for the steamship. Here another leave-taking took place, as the "Russia" sailed



down the bay, amid the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. "Good-bye, Boz," vociferated the crowd on the tug boat, "Good bye." Then 'Boz' put his hat upon his cane and waved it, and the answer came, "Good-bye! and God bless you, every one!"

kerchiefs.  
tug boat,  
cane and  
and God

## CHAPTER XII.

DISAPPOINTMENT AND SUCCESS.—EXPERIENCES AS REPORTER.—HOME INFLUENCES.—TRUE NAME.—FALSE PREDICTIONS.—LUCK.—HANDWRITING.—ARGUMENT.—COLLECTING MATERIAL.—EGOTISM.—GOSSIP.—PIRACY.—POLITICS.—POPULAR EDUCATION.—RELIGION.—INTemperance.—CONTEMPORARIES.—SOCIAL AND BUSINESS HABITS.—PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—DRESS.—CHARITY.

“ Not merely thine the tribute praise,  
Which greets an author's progress here ;  
Not merely thine the fabled bays,  
Whose verdure brightens his career ;  
Thine the pure triumph to have taught  
Thy brother man a gentle part ;  
In every line a fervent thought,  
Which gushes from thy generous heart :  
For thine are words which rouse up all  
The dormant good among us found—  
Like drops which from a fountain fall,  
To bless and fertilize the ground ! ”

—*Mrs. NORTON'S Tribute to Dickens.*

**I**T is both interesting and instructive to review the career of Charles Dickens from the time of his entry into the battle of life as a law clerk and scribbler for newspapers, to that of his decease, when in the full tide of the world's honor, and on the highest pinnacle of literary fame. His early struggles and experience in an attorney's office, though exceedingly irksome and unremunerative at the time, were undoubtedly of the greatest benefit to him in after life.

It was, however, in Parliament, and as general reporter for the press, that the knowledge of human kind, which

he subsequently made the study of his life, was most largely acquired. He has given us some humorous information respecting the difficulties he experienced in acquiring a knowledge of the art of stenography.\*

The position of reporter in those days of stage coaching, was no sinecure, but it was just this rough life, this mixing with all classes, so congenial to his temperament, that fixed the bent of his mind and gave to the world *Pickwick* and *Nicholas Nickleby*. It formed the major part of his education. College-bred he was not; yet educated he undoubtedly was. Education does not mean going to school in our boyhood, or college in our youth, but it means the power to take our mind and make it the

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\* "I did not allow my resolution in respect to the parliamentary debates to cool. It was one of the irons I began to heat immediately, and one of the irons I kept hot and hammered at with a perseverance I may honestly admire. I bought an approved scheme of the noble art and mystery of stenography (which cost me ten-and-sixpence), and plunged into a sea of perplexity, that brought me in a few weeks to the confines of distraction. The changes that were rung upon dots, which in one position meant such a thing, and in another position something else entirely different; the wonderful vagaries that were played by circles; the unaccountable consequences that resulted from marks like fly's legs; the tremendous effects from a curve in the wrong place; not only troubled my waking hours, but re-appeared before me in my sleep. When I had groped my way blindly through these difficulties, and had mastered the alphabet, which was an Egyptian temple in itself, there then appeared a procession of new horrors, called arbitrary characters—the most despotic characters I had ever known; who insisted for instance, that the thing like the beginning of a cobweb meant expectation, that a pen-and-ink sky-rocket stood for disadvantageous. When I had fixed these wretches in my mind, I found that they had driven everything else out of it; then, beginning again, I forgot them; while I was picking them up, I dropped the other fragments of the system; in short, it was almost heart-breaking.

"I went into the gallery of the House of Commons as a parliamentary reporter when I was a boy, not eighteen, and I left it—I can hardly believe the inexorable truth—nigh thirty years ago; and I have pursued the calling of a reporter under circumstances of which many of my brethren at home in England here—many of my brethren's successors—can form no adequate conception. I have often transcribed for the printer from my short-hand notes important public speeches in which the strictest accuracy was required, and a mistake in which would have been to a young man severely compromising, writing on the palm of my hand by the light of a dark lantern in a post-chaise and four, galloping through a wild country, through the dead of the night, at the then surprising rate of fifteen miles an hour. . . . I mention these trivial things as an assurance to you that I never have forgotten the fascination of that old pursuit. The pleasure that I used to feel in the rapidity and dexterity of its exercise has never faded out of my breast. Whatever little cunning of hand or head I took to it or acquired in it, I have so retained as that I fully believe I could resume it to-morrow. To this present year of my life, when I sit in this hall, or where not, hearing a dull speech—the phenomenon does occur—I sometimes beguile the tedium of the moment by mentally following the speaker in the old, old way; and sometimes if you can believe me, I even find my hand going on the table-cloth."

instrument of conveying knowledge and good impressions to other minds, as well as being ourself made happy. In this sense he was an educated man.

It occurs to us to mention here that Charles Dickens was originally christened Charles *John Hougham* Dickens, and the name is so recorded on the parish register, but this designation was too high sounding for his taste, and he allowed the middle names to drop ; though he remarked to a friend that had he been a fashionable physician he might have thought differently. As a schoolboy he was noted among his comrades for his genial disposition, and his proficiency in all boyish sports. He seems to have held his old school teacher the Rev. Mr. Giles in great esteem, for many years after leaving him, he united with other ex-pupils in presenting him with a service of plate. His father, John Dickens, died at the age of 65 years, on the 31st of March, 1851, still in harness on the staff of the *Daily News*, thus living to witness the wonderful success of his son ; and his father-in-law, Mr. George Hogarth, on the 12th of February, 1870, in his 87th year. For his early contributions in the form of sketches to the *Old Monthly*, sent anonymously and signed "Boz," he received no pecuniary consideration, the honor of having them in print probably being deemed by Holland, the publisher, sufficient remuneration for so young and unknown an author. The first sketch thus contributed was entitled *Mrs. Joseph Porter*, and is the one referred to elsewhere, as having been dropped stealthily in the letter-box, and which it gave him so much satisfaction to see in print.

Dr. Black, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, for

which paper he was already employed as reporter, and with which he now made arrangements for contributing his sketches, better appreciated Mr. Dickens' talents, and was always emphatic in his prognostications of a brilliant future. Here he was better paid, and made his first real start in literature. His ideas however were not high, for his utmost price in his negotiations was eight guineas per sheet, or at the rate of half a guinea a page.\* The sketches thus contributed were not mere tales, but essays full of vigorous wit, humor and observations; changing with facility

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe,"

and combining literature with philosophy, humor with morality, amusement with instruction. For *Pickwick* Messrs. Chapman & Hall were to pay the author fifteen guineas for each number, the number consisting of two sheets, or thirty-two pages. In less than one year from this time he commanded 100 guineas per sheet; and when Macrone fell into difficulties and sold his copyright of those same sketches to Chapman & Hall long after public-

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\* It will be seen by the following extract from a letter addressed to Mr. Hogarth, then connected with the *Chronicle* that he was very moderate in his demands: "As you begged me to write an original sketch for the first number of the new evening paper, and as I trust to your kindness to refer my application to the proper quarter, should I be unreasonably or improperly trespassing upon you, I beg to ask whether it is probable that if I commenced a series of articles under some attractive title for the *Evening Chronicle*, its conductors would think I had any claim to *some* additional remuneration—of course, of no great amount—for doing so.

"Let me beg you not to misunderstand my meaning. Whatever the reply may be, I promised you an article, and shall supply it with the utmost readiness, and with an anxious desire to do my best; which I honestly assure you would be the feeling with which I should always receive any request coming personally from yourself. . . . I merely wish to put it to the proprietors—first, whether a continuation of light papers, in the style of my 'Street Sketches,' would be considered of use to the new paper; and secondly, if so, whether they do not think it fair and reasonable that—taking my share of the ordinary reporting business of the *Chronicle* besides—I should receive something for the papers beyond my ordinary salary as a reporter?"

The offer was accepted, the then sub-editor informs us, and Mr. Dickens received an increase in his salary of from five guineas per week to seven guineas.

ation, they were deemed worth £1100, so rapid had been his advancement in fame. This did not happen however until *Pickwick*, midway in its publication, began to be successful. While the first sheets of that periodical were being issued, was undoubtedly a troublous time for the youthful aspirant, the most critical period in his whole literary career. Failure seemed certain, and had that publication failed, there is no probability that any publisher could have been prevailed upon afterwards to undertake the risk of any literary venture of his. He might thus have been forever discouraged from the paths of literature and looked elsewhere for employment. *Sam Weller* was introduced, was pronounced an original, the demand spread like wild-fire, 40,000 copies were sold; and Dickens at the age of twenty-six became the most popular author of the day. So true is it that "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

Dr. Black was one of Mr. Dickens' earliest literary friends, and was always gratefully remembered by him. The youthful author was of great assistance to the *Chronicle* in cutting down and pruning the useless verbiage of Parliamentary speeches; it being a favorite maxim of Perry, the proprietor of the journal, that "speeches could not be made long enough for the speakers, *nor short enough for the readers.*" More than one speaker in that body employed Mr. Dickens for a similar object, to trim and polish their declamation, he waiting upon them in private for that purpose.\*

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\* His reports of speeches were very faithful and great improvements on the original as delivered. All of his contemporaries in the gallery whom I have ever known—and I have known many—have concurred in stating that



At his start in the literary race, and indeed throughout his career, his failure was constantly predicted. The unknown scribbler who wrote the epigram with a quotation from Virgil—

“ Oh, Dickens, dear,  
I sadly fear  
That great will be our loss  
When we shall say—  
Alas, the day !—  
' *Procumbit humi Boz.*' ”

he was the quickest, the readiest, the aptest, and the most faithful stenographer of his time. He had completely mastered the difficult and ungrateful art of shorthand : a mistress whom you may woo indeed to conquest, but upon whom the door must be locked, and who must be bound in links of iron, lest she run away from you five minutes after she has given you her heart. The late Angus Reach, himself an accomplished Parliamentary reporter as well as a distinguished man of letters, used to say that, next to the difficulty of learning the signs and characters in short-hand came that of understanding their purport after they had been written. Charles Dickens, however, retained his proficiency to the last.

Now, it is manifest that a deaf or a dull-eared man cannot be a good reporter, were he to use “longhand” even, instead of shorthand—as some of the best reporters have done ; or were he to report from memory, quickening his reminiscences by drinking two pots of porter after a debate—as Woodfall did. In his time, Charles Dickens must have listened to and taken down the words of the speeches of nearly every public man of the last generation. He reported Brougham's great speech at Edinburgh, after his resignation of the Chancellorship. He may have reported Stanley's famous oration on the Irish Church. He must have reported habitually the speeches of Peel and Grey, of Denman, of Lyndhurst, of Ellenborough, of Hume, and Melbourne, and Grote.

There can be little doubt that this early training in listening and transcribing was of infinite service to him in enabling him to develope the utterances of his inborn genius in a clear, concise and perspicuous style. He had listened to masters in every style of rhetoric : he had followed Henry Brougham the Demosthenes, Shiel the Cicero, O'Connell the Maribeu of the English parliament ; and albeit in dialogue and in description, the eccentricity of his humor and the quaintness of his conceits sometimes marred the purity of his fabric, and betrayed him into exaggeration and into mannerism, he was, in genuine essay, in grave and deliberate statement, and in his culminating passages of invective or of eulogium, a well-nigh unrivalled master of racy, pungent, idiomatic English. In nobility of diction, strength of expression, harmonious balance of phrases, and unerring correctness of construction, very many of Charles Dickens' short essays equal the grandest of Dryden's prose prefaces, and surpass the most splendid dialectical flights of Macaulay. He was rarely involved and never florid.

It is remarkable that, while the magnificent examples of oratory to which he had been a listener, had evidently sunk deep into his mind, and had as evidently a powerful influence in bracing, and clarifying that which we may term his didactic style, it would seem that he suffered while in the House from so abundant a surfeit of parliamentary verbiage of the lower kind ; and

was but one out of a thousand who foretold a similar result; and all through his life we have had cynical criticisms in the magazines, accompanied by statements, *ad nauseam*, that Mr. Dickens' genius was exhausted and incapable of composing another work. Another device of these backbiters was—while praising *Pickwick* his most facetious certainly, but at the same time least artistically constructed novel—to grant to Dickens the palm of humor and comic delineation and deny to him any ability in the other realms of fiction. But these backbiters were speedily silenced when it was found that the great master of farce was likewise a great master of sentiment; that Dickens could be, on occasion, not only irresistibly comic, not only slyly humorous, not only inimitably quaint, but that he could be infinitely tender, graceful and pathetic—that he could be dramatic, tragical, and terrible. The hand which drew Mr. Pickwick “in the Pound” gave us, almost simultaneously, Fagin in the condemned cell. From the same teaming brain have come the death of Little Nell,

that he had been so frequent and so unwilling a listener of the heavy verbosity of the “Noble Lord,” who was “free to confess,” and the dull platitudes of the “Right Honourable Gentlemen,” who “came down to this House” to say nothing that was worth listening to, that he was ever afterwards careful to eliminate, so far as ever he could, the sayings and doings of the small fry of the literary world from his narratives. For greatness, in whatever rank of life it might be found, he had a congenial reverence. For great men he had as congenial an affection. Among his most intimate friends were Thackeray, Bulwer, Jerrold, Leech, Russell, Houghton, and Cockburn. But his tastes were eminently democratic, and for the great bulk of the mere aristocracy, so called, he had nothing but the profoundest contempt. His refusal of any decoration of this kind for himself, and the character of the few lordlings whom he introduces us to in his works, confirm this. Verisopht in *Nickleby* is a good-natured fool; Mulberry Hawk is a sharper and blackguard; Dedlock in *Bleak House*, a bore; the barnacles in *Little Dorrit*, pictures of meanness; Chester in *Barnaby Rudge*, a scoundrel, and Gordon a maniac, and there is nothing in all his works relating to this class to act as an offset to these. He gauged the aristocracy with his penetrating vision and found them an incubus and a “barnacle.”

and the marriage of Mrs. McStinger ; the description of Mr. John Smawker's "Swarry," and the picture of the Gordon Riots ; the terrific combat of Mr. Crummles and his sons, and the storm in *David Copperfield* ; the christening of little Paul Dombey, and the murder of Mr. Tulkinghorne.

The handwriting of Mr. Dickens was very peculiar and one which once seen was not readily forgotten. It was a flowing hand, each line being written, almost by one continuous action of the pen. The signature was still more striking ; the first letter might be either a C or a G, we are left to decide which by the context, and the context affords no very safe ground to decide anything by. However, we accept it for a C, because we know his name was Charles. The flourish under it was inseparable, prolonged to a great extent, as our readers will see by a facsimile on the cover, and ending in what musicians would call a *diminuendo* movement. Another peculiarity, so customary as to have become historical, was his habitual use of blue ink in writing ; this he always carried with him in his writing case, and its constant use was the result of habit, though originally adopted because he discovered that it dried more quickly and needed no blotting.

Mr. Dickens hated argument, and was either unable or unwilling to enter into it. He probably prayed with Cowper,

"Ye powers who rule the tongue, if such there are,  
And make colloquial happiness your care,  
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,  
A duel in the form of a debate.  
The clash of arguments and jar of words,  
Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords,  
Decide no question with their tedious length,  
For opposition gives opinion strength."

He used to observe, "No man but a fool was ever talked *out* of his own opinion and *into* your state of mind. Arguments are only cannon-balls fired at a sand bank, or water poured into a sieve—a sheer waste of time and trouble. I won't argue with a man ; it is going down on all-fours to an obstinate dog. In emphatic cases the only argument is a punch of the head. That's a stunner!"

The physical strength and endurance of our author were wonderful. Mr. Hawthorne tells us "in instance of Mr. Dickens' unweariability. It is known that on one occasion he acted in play and farce, spent the rest of the night making speeches, feasting and drinking at table, and ended at seven o'clock in the morning by jumping leap-frog over the backs of the whole company." He was an indefatigable walker. We have elsewhere narrated how much he looked to this sort of exercise to enable him to preserve his bodily health in the times of his severest mental toil. Regularly as the clock struck the hour appointed for the cessation of his labor, no matter though his efforts had proved abortive and no word had been added to his manuscript at that sitting, yet promptly at the moment he started off for his daily tramp through the crowded streets and by-ways of London, or through the open fields of the country. And, curiously, from these localities, unseemly and unsavoury as they might be, he brought pictures of life and manners, and produced characters of men and women and children that have been the wonder and delight and edification of millions, not only of his own countrymen, but

of strangers at the uttermost ends of the earth. He was the good genius who turned everything into gold. Upon offal and garbage, upon crime and misery, upon poverty and pestilence, upon the dullest, densest, ugliest things the bright light of his amazing fancy shone, and of the social reptiles he held up to view, only the precious jewels in their heads remained. He was a great traveler—as earnest and as eloquent a pilgrim, indeed, as that wanderer whom John Bunyan has shown us traveling from this world to the next. And he, too, like Christian, has got to his journey's end—to the cold, dark river with the shining city beyond.

His pace was rapid and his movement vigorous, as if he desired to derive from his walk the utmost possible exercise for every muscle of his frame. Nor was the time thus employed lost to him, as we have seen, even in a literary point of view. His eyes swift to see, his sense apt to perceive, his memory tenacious to treasure up, furnished him with rich material which he was not slow to turn to account. His ready wit seized too upon the comical features of the humanity with which he came in contact; and his powerful intellect grasped the motives of human conduct and the imperfections in society and law, and utilized them at once for the improvement and enjoyment of mankind. Like Doctor Johnson, he was fond of journeying down into dark streets and alleys—places which most people would choose to avoid—not only during the day-time, but in the evening also, when the crowd was gone, and the night scenes were there. Who knows how many dread encounters

were experienced to acquire the dark material for *Oliver Twist*. Who can tell at the cost of how many long tramps, through rain and sleet and snow, was purchased the mournful journey of Little Nell and her Grandfather over so many weary miles. Is Copperfield's journey to Kent a personal reminiscence also, and the "Tramps," what begot them? To a friend Dickens once wrote: "I go wandering about at night into the strangest places, according to my usual propensity at such times, seeking rest and finding none."\* In these walks, Fagin, the Jew, would follow him; Tiny Tim and little Bob Cratchet would tug at his sleeve. Sometimes he would say to a companion, "Let us avoid Mr. Pumblechook, who is crossing the street to meet us;" or "Mr. Micawber is coming, let us turn away down this lane."

Our author hated gossip heartily, and ridiculed it accordingly. He felt, during his later years, the shafts of venomous scandal, and learned by bitter experience how much of heart-burning and suffering it cost and caused.

In politics, Mr. Dickens was a very decided liberal, and an advocate of the most scathing reforms. He was very

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\* Was it not in these desultory wanderings that he happened upon "Tom's all Alone's" and Bleeding Heart Yard; upon the den where Fagin lived, and artful Dodger lured poor Oliver; upon the garret where Kags died; upon the residence of the Golden Dustman; upon the quiet nook where Bob Cratchit held his Christmas dinner, and where Tiny Tim did *not* die; upon the half college half almshouse where the moody chemist who had "hewn himself steps out of the rock of knowledge whereby to rise to fame and fortune," was confronted by his own spectre; upon Mrs. Chickenstalker's chandlers' shop, and upon those immortal doorsteps, close to the church tower which held The Chimes, where the political economist devoured the tripe of Trotty Veck. The pictures he drew were clearly not imaginary, for no sooner were they drawn than all the world recognized their amazing vividness and veracity, and only wondered that such scenes had not occurred to them before; and herein his greatness as an artist was conspicuous; for it is one of the distinctive privileges of genius to utter thoughts and to portray objects which at once appear to us obvious and familiar, but of which no definite idea or impression had hitherto been presented to our minds.



republican in his ideas, and an ardent friend of the working classes. It was the labor of his life to ameliorate the condition of the poor, and to effect improvements in government and society. But he was no politician. He hated politics as a trade, and had no faith in them at all. He looked upon all politicians as tricksters, necessarily insincere by virtue of their calling. To his view, all departmental work was the bungled, muddled routine of the circumlocution office; and he had too good reason for so considering it. Statecraft, with all its chicanery and deceit, was odious to his open soul, and he held that the less a country had of such devices the better; and the farther a man kept himself removed from them, the better for him. His belief was entirely in the people; his writing, his speeches, his labor, was all for them. His memorable saying: "My faith in the governing few is infinitesimal; my faith in the many governed is unlimited"—still rings in our ears. He looked for good to come by the increasing strength and intelligence of the people, in opposition to the vacillation and blundering of rulers. He was several times asked to stand for Parliament, but his dislike of politics and attachment to literature caused him to decline. He had more faith in working out reforms through the press than in Parliament.

Mr. Dickens was a strong advocate of popular education. The stupidity—if it was no worse quality—of the English Government, in opposing or retarding a wide spread system of national education, was beyond all comprehension, at least to those dwelling on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Dickens was not of the number who hold

that Government is strong in proportion to the ignorance and subjection of the masses.\*

Mr. Dickens was not formally a member of any church communion; but he usually attended divine worship at a Unitarian Church. In consequence of his extremely liberal opinions in all matters of doctrine, as in politics, some have honestly asked, "was he a Christian?" If to be a Christian necessitates the belief in endless punishment, then Charles Dickens was assuredly not one; but in the same category we must class Shakespeare, Milton, Newton and a host of other men of talent and learning. Many have urged that he lacked religion because he ridiculed

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\* In an address to the Mechanics' Institute of Leeds, in 1847, he said:—"I never heard but one tangible position taken against educational establishments for the people, and that was that in this or that instance, or in these or those instances, education for the people has failed. And I have never traced even this to its source, but I have found that the term education, so employed, meant anything but education—implied the mere imperfect application of old, ignorant, preposterous spelling-book lessons to the meanest purposes—as if you should teach a child that there is no higher end in electricity, for example, than expressly to strike a mutton pie out of the hand of a greedy boy—and on which it is as unreasonable to found an objection to education in a comprehensive sense, as it would be to object to the combing of youthful hair, because in a certain charity school they had a practice of combing it into the pupils' eyes." Again, in a letter to Mr. Charles Knight, in 1847, he wrote: "If I can ever be of the feeblest use in advancing a project so intimately connected with an end on which my heart is set—the liberal education of the people—I shall be sincerely glad. All good wishes and success attend you." And speaking still later of what constitutes real education, he said: "Mere reading and writing is not education. It would be quite as reasonable to call bricks and mortar architecture—oils and colors art—reeds and catgut music—or the child's spelling books the works of Shakespeare, Milton or Bacon—as to call the lowest rudiments of education, education, and to visit on that most abused and slandered word their failure in any instance." These and kindred sentiments were very warmly received, as well they should have been, for the very chief object and end of government should be, not that certain barnacles may fatten and fester at ease, but that the condition of the people may be improved, and that the greatest possible happiness may accrue to the greatest number. Refined homes and a refined people are the end of civilization. All the work of the world—the railroading, navigation, digging, delving, manufacturing, inventing, reading, writing, fighting, are done, first of all, to secure each family to the quiet of its own hearth, and, secondly, to surround as many as possible with grace and culture and beauty. The work of all nations for five thousand years is represented in the difference between a wigwam and a lady's parlor. It has no better result to show.

canting hypocrisy ; then was Christ irreverent when he told the Jews that although the scribes sat in Moses' seat, they were full of abomination and iniquity. Denominational he was not. He was a Christian in the broadest sense of the term, without bigotry or sectarianism. His was a practical Christianity, visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and laboring for the welfare of his fellow-men. It is no part of the novelist's business to teach denominational theology, nor any theology. If he does so, his books at once become objectionable to those who dislike his particular views. To insert enough of Christianity to advertise that he is a Christian, is impracticable, for who shall decide on the quantity of the infusion, or of the doctrine. What rewards your virtue will punish mine. The forte of Dickens was ridicule ; his genius was more of the destructive than of the constructive order. He sought out blemishes and weak points, and hurled his sarcasm at them until they were amended. He had ever a good motive in view. His works breathe purity and love of justice. He has no licentious motives, like Payne, no impurity, like Sterne. He desired the progress of truth and justice and brotherly affection, and we need no better or more practical Christianity than this. He had abundance of the morality of Abou Ben Adhem, and the golden rule. He admired religion, lived according to its truth, and instilled it into the minds of his children.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Dickens was not a greater friend to the cause of temperance. The great defect of his works is the enormous amount of wine-bibbing which is there introduced. Where the workhouse system, where

the Yorkshire school system, where the Chancery Courts, have injured one, intemperance has slain its millions.

The relations of Mr. Dickens with contemporary writers were intimate and friendly to an unusual degree. We have already shown how great an affection existed between Irving and our author, and how much of humorous genius they had in common. Irving, speaking of Dickens' and Thackeray's works, once said that he liked *Pendennis* best of the latter's productions, for while *Vanity Fair* was full of talent, many of its passages hurt his feelings; but Dickens was always *genial and warm, and that suited him*. With most of his English contemporary writers he maintained a close and enduring friendship. Thackeray he knew for twenty years, from the first inception of *Pickwick*, until the death of the author of *Vanity Fair*, in December, 1863. The career of these two authors was widely different. Dickens shot at once into fame like a rocket; Thackeray toiled as a magazine writer and newspaper scribbler of little note, rebuffed on every side, for sixteen long years, before issuing the first number of *Vanity Fair*, as late as February 1st, 1847. He followed the style of Dickens, and issued his works in monthly parts, but in yellow covers in place of green. It was bandied about, rejected, from publisher to publisher, and was scarcely noticed by critics for a year.\* From this

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\* The *Edinburgh Review*, criticising it in January, 1848, says:—"The great charm of this work is its entire freedom from mannerism and affectation, both in style and sentiment. . . . His pathos (though not so deep as Mr. Dickens') is exquisite; the more so, perhaps, because he seems to struggle against it, and to be half ashamed of being caught in the melting mood; but the attempt to be caustic, satirical, ironical, or philosophical on such occasions is uniformly vain; and again and again have we found reason to admire how an originally fine and kind nature remains essentially free from worldliness, and, in the highest pride of intellect, pays homage to the heart."

date a friendly rivalry existed between the two talented authors. There was no comparison, however, between the popularity of the two. While Thackeray was rejoicing over a sale of 6,000 copies, Dickens chuckled at 30,000. This difference results from the fact that the former satisfies only a class, and a somewhat cynical class, while the latter is universally admired. Only two years the senior of Mr. Dickens, Thackeray had scarcely begun when Dickens had written the greater and better part of all his works. He was so unfortunate, however, as to have inherited £20,000, and not until he had played the prodigal with this was he fit for work. In his sphere, Thackeray is as distinctly original as Dickens. In literary style, Thackeray, one of the chiefs of social satirists, is more terse and idiomatic, with more Horatian strictness and strength; Dickens, one of the greatest of humorists, is more diffuse and luxuriant, more susceptible to passion, and rises to a higher flight and wilder song. The intellect of the one is more penetrating and reflective; of the other, more excursive and intuitive. Few readers can understand, or care to study, the mordant satire, the delicate equivoque, the scathing irony of Thackeray's prose epic; while all enjoy the genial humor, the touching pathos, and ready wit of the author of *Pickwick*. There is no bitterness left after reading Dickens, while Thackeray smacks of gall. But perhaps the most striking contrasts between these authors is shown in the matter of quotations; for while Dickens has left us a whole literature of phrases familiar in our mouths as household words, Thackeray has furnished none. It proves how strong and



close the unison of the voice and heart of Dickens with those of his race: how disjointed and solitary was Thackeray. There is this difference also, that Dickens rarely appears in his works, Thackeray habitually. Dickens is objective, and not subjective; his work was to deal with things without him, not to analyze his own consciousness. Like a mirror he receives the image of an object and reflects it again without any union of himself with it. You can read novel after novel of his without thinking of the author at all, until you remember to thank him for the pleasure he has given. Thackeray, on the other hand, scarcely gives us a page without forcing himself on our attention. He never stands apart from his puppets, and hardly lets them utter a sentiment without croaking a moral chorus.

Both writers were however genial, benevolent and honorable men, warmly attached to each other, and bore willing tribute to each other's genius.\* It is extremely

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\* Thackeray thus spoke of Mr. Dickens' works: "I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens' art a thousand and a thousand times; I delight and wonder at his genius. I recognize in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a communication from that Divine Beneficence whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which this gentle, and generous, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a benediction for the meal."

And in the character of Michael Angelo Titmarsh he praises the *Carol*: "And now (says the critic) there is but one book left in the box, the smallest one, but oh! how much the best of all. It is the work of the master of all the English humorists now alive; the young man who came and took his place calmly at the head of the whole tribe, and who has kept it. Think of all we owe Mr. Dickens since those half-dozen years; that store of happy hours that he has made us pass; the kindly and pleasant companions whom he has introduced to us; the harmless laughter, the generous wit, the frank, manly, human love which he has taught us to feel!"

Of Thackeray, Mr. Dickens writes: "We had our difference of opinion. I thought that he too much feigned a want of earnestness, and that he made a pretense of undervaluing his art, which was not good for the heart that he held in trust. But when we fell upon these topics, it was never very gravely, and I have a lively image of him in my mind, twisting both his hands in his



unfortunate that a difficulty should have arisen between them to mar the current of their friendship. This was caused by some coarse remarks on Mr. Thackeray in a scurrilous sheet of the day. Mr. Dickens had nothing to do with these slanders, but interposed as mediator at the club to which they belonged, and became involved. The difference was reconciled, however, a few days prior to Thackeray's sudden death.

With the poet, Hood, also, his relations were of a most agreeable nature, and each held the other in high estimation. The gentle and kindly Hood's estimate of our author's tales may be summed up in his own brief words: "The poor are his special clients. He delights to show worth in low places—living up a court, for example, with Kit and the industrious washerwoman his mother. To exhibit Honesty holding a gentleman's horse, or Poverty bestowing alms." Of the *Christmas Carol*, he says: "It was a blessed inspiration that put such a book into the head of Charles Dickens—a happy inspiration of the heart, that warms every page. It will do more to spread Christian feeling than ten thousand pulpits. It is impossi-

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hair, and stamping about, laughing, to make an end of the discussion." He presided at the dinner given to Thackeray prior to his visit to the United States, and bore testimony of his high regard. On another occasion he thus praises the works of that author: "It is not for me, at this time and in this place," he said, "to take on myself to flutter before you the well-thumbed pages of Mr. Thackeray's books, and to tell you to observe how full they are of wit and wisdom, how out-speaking, and how devoid of fear or favor they are. . . . The bright and airy pages of *Vanity Fair*. . . . To this skilful showman, who has so often delighted us, and who has charmed us again to-night, we have now to wish God-speed, and that he may continue for many years to exercise his potent art. To him fill a bumper toast, and fervently utter God bless him!"

Alas! the "many years" were to be barely six! In 1864 the speaker himself wrote an obituary "In Memoriam," a touching tribute to his departed friend.

ble to read it, without a glowing bosom and burning cheeks, between love and shame for our kind, without perhaps a little touch of misgiving whether we are not personally open, a crack or so, to the reproach of Wordsworth—

“ ‘The world is too much with us, early and late,  
Getting and spending.’ ”

On the occasion of the first visit of our author to the New World, Hood threw off these lines :

TO C. DICKENS, ESQ.,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

“ ‘Pshaw ! away with leaf and berry,  
And the sober-sided cup !  
Bring a goblet, and bright sherry,  
And a bumper fill me up !  
Though a pledge I had to shiver,  
And the longest ever was,  
Ere his vessel leaves our river,  
I would drink a health to Boz !  
Here's success to all his antics,  
Since it pleases him to roam,  
And to paddle o'er Atlantics,  
After such a *sale* at home !  
May he shun all rocks whatever,  
And each shallow sand that lurks,  
And his passage be as clever  
As the best among his works ! ”

It is a curious coincidence and shows the similarity in the opinions held by these two great authors, that in the same number of *Hood's Magazine* there should appear, without pre-arrangement, a contribution by each, uniform in spirit and purpose, and apparently aimed at the same evils. Writing in the character of an ancient gentleman revived, Mr. Dickens says : “ Mr. Hood; Sir, . . . Ah ! governments were governments, and judges were judges, in *my* day, Mr. Hood, There was no nonsense then, Any

of your seditious complainings, and we were ready with the military on the shortest notice. We should have charged Covent Garden Theatre, sir, on a Wednesday night, at the point of the bayonet. Then the judges were full of dignity and firmness, and knew how to administer the law.

"There is only one judge who knows how to do his duty now. He tried that revolutionary female the other day, who, though she was in full work (making shirts at three-halfpence apiece), had no pride in her country, but treasonably took it into her head, in the distraction of having been robbed of her easy earnings, to attempt to drown herself and her young child, and the glorious man went out of his way, sir—out of his way—to call her up for instant sentence of death, and to tell her she had no hope of mercy in this world—as you may see yourself if you look in the papers of Wednesday, the 17th of April."

On the same page, directly after this allusion to Mr. Laing, the notorious police-magistrate,—said to be the Fang of Oliver Twist,—and this mention of the poor distressed needle-woman, with the allusion to the brutal alderman, Peter Laurie, appeared, for the first time, Hood's exquisite "*Bridge of Sighs*." On the same page, with Dickens' bitter and telling attack upon the grumblers in power—the grumblers who can only see national prosperity in the increasing misery of the lower orders—there appeared those wonderful lines, commencing—

"One more unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death!"

as if suggested by the poor female whom Dickens had just described as being brought before the magistrate for an attempt to commit suicide.

With Francis Jeffrey, Douglas Jerrold, Thomas Noon Talfourd, Clarkson Stanfield, the maritime artist, Wilkie Collins, Leigh Hunt, Daniel Maclise, the distinguished artist, Fechter, the actor, Tom Moore, Sydney Smith, Mark Lemon, Thomas Carlyle, John Foster, whom he made his chief executor, and other celebrities of the day, he was on terms of friendship; with some of them of a very close nature.\* By all the contributors to *All the Year Round* he was habitually spoken of as the "chief." The great Irish agitator, O'Connell, reading the death of "Little Nell," with eyes full of tears, exclaimed, "He should not have killed her!—he should not have killed her! She was too good!" and so he threw the book out of the window, unable to read more, and indignant that the author should have immolated a heroine in death. Tom Moore declared that there was better fun and humor in the *Pickwick Papers* than in any work of the day.

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\* In 1847 Dickens visited Victor Hugo at the French capital, twelve months before he was forced to fly on account of the *coup d'état*. Of him he writes as follows; and the letter is most interesting in a double sense. It shows us Victor Hugo's tastes in decoration, and those objects in his house upon which his eyes would continually rest, and which would help to form drapery and literary illustrations for his fictions; and it shows us in an oblique manner what were Dickens' notions in these matters, and the sympathy—if any—in such surroundings, between the two men.

"We were (writes Dickens) at V. H.'s house last Sunday week—a most extraordinary place, something like an old curiosity-shop, or the property-room of some gloomy, vast old theatre. I was much struck by H. himself, who looks like a genius—he is, every inch of him, and is very interesting and satisfactory from head to foot. His wife is a handsome woman, with dashing black eyes. There is also a charming ditto daughter, of fifteen or sixteen, with ditto eyes. Sitting among old armor and old tapestry, and old coffers, and grim old chairs and tables, and old canopies of state from old palaces, and old golden lions going to play at skittles with ponderous old golden balls, that made a most romantic show, and looked like a chapter out of one of his own books."

Eminently social and domestic, Mr. Dickens exercised a liberal hospitality, and though he lived well, as his means allowed, avoided excesses; with a constant burthen of work upon his mind for five-and-thirty years, to say nothing of other occupations, it was impossible that he could have been what is called a free liver. It is said that he never lost a friend, that he never made an enemy. Of him it might be truly said,

“He kept  
The whiteness of his soul, and so men o’er him wept.”

He was the life and soul of the domestic circle, and it is extremely to be regretted that that circle should ever have been divided. To his remarkable power and wonderful fertility of invention, he added a joyous temperament, grafted upon a generous mind. When he wrote of the household virtues, of toleration, of practical charity, of true humanity, his words were weighty, for there was no sham in them. They sprang from a heart that beat for human kind. In him there was blended skill, good sense, a well-balanced mind, and a strong purpose of doing good. He was like his works. When in congenial society, his humor was so abundant and overflowing, that the impression it gave the listener was that it would have been painful to check it; while in nobility and tenderness, in generous sympathy for all that is elevating and pure, in lofty scorn of the base, in hatred of the wrong, Dickens the author and Dickens the man was one. Stories of his goodness and generosity are endless. The whole energy of his nature was given to a friend, or to any charitable cause, as readily and heartily as to his day’s work. Again,

this kindly helpfulness was more valuable in Dickens than in most men, from his shrewd common sense, his worldly wisdom, his business habits, his intense regard for accuracy in detail. Whatever he said should be done, those who knew him regarded as accomplished. There was no forgetfulness, no procrastination, no excuse, when the time for granting a promised favor came.

In conversation he cannot be said to have excelled, though he was genial, and told a story admirably, and generally with humorous exaggerations, as he wrote. He never talked merely for effect, but for the truth or fun of the subject. He was not much of a controversialist, and hated argument as we have said; in fact, he was unable to argue—a common case with impulsive characters, who see the whole, and feel it crowding and struggling at once for immediate utterance. In private, the general impression of him is that of a first-rate practical intellect, with “no nonsense” about him. Seldom, if ever, has any man been more beloved by contemporary authors, and by the public of his time. He was eminently just in all his dealings with neighbors, and with the literary men with whom he came in contact; a quality, we may add, but too rare amongst our literary men.

In dress, Mr. Dickens was always what is termed “loud.” In his early days he was wont to wear a glossy frock coat with velvet collar, velvet waistcoat with glistering chain, with a high satin stock and double breast-pin. Later in life he appeared in the streets clothed in a stylish blue frock, white vest and white pants. Through life he loved gay clothing of a sporting or theatrical cut,



flashy vest, showy jewelry, and a high-colored satin stock. In this matter he resembled his father, who was similarly inclined. He habitually wore a bud or flower in the button hole of his coat. He was very much of a fop in respect to attire, yet no man had a keener or more unsparing critical eye for these vulgarities in others. It is said of him that he once gave to a friend a vest of a most gorgeous shawl pattern. Soon after, at a party, he quizzed his friend unmercifully for his "stunning" vest, although, he had on him at that very moment its twin-brother or sister—whichever sex vests belong to. This inability to turn the bull's eye upon himself with the same searching fearlessness he did on others, was a defect in his idiosyncrasy: for, despite man's self love and vanity, there exists in men a *little* self-consciousness; all of us are not blind to our own defects.

He was a good-looking man, with piercing bright eyes full of life and animation, which attracted a visitor's attention at once, and long silken hair in his youth, which he kept very carefully and elaborately arranged. In maturer years his hair became a grizzly gray. His face showed strong individuality and would have been noticeable in a crowd. He was always noted for his sailor-like look and was frequently mistaken for a sea captain. There were few in London who were not able to point out the famous novelist, with his thought-lined face, his grizzled beard, his wondrous searching eyes, his bronzed and weather-worn countenance, his bluff presence and swinging gait as, head aloft and aggressive in his confidence, he strode through the crowded streets, looking seemingly

neither to the right nor the left, but of a surety looking at and into everything—the myriad aspects of London life, the infinite kaleidoscope of wealth and pauperism, of happiness and misery, of good and evil in this modern Babylon. The contrast between Dickens and Thackeray, with his towering stature, snowy locks, glistening spectacles, and listless, slouching port, was very marked. The best portrait of Dickens in youth is that by Maclise, in which the eyes are large and effeminate, the face full of refinement and intellectual force, the locks long and flowing, and the dress the usual habit of his youth as above described.\* Ary Scheffer's portrait, exhibited in 1856 in the Academy, is hard and cold, and fails to give satisfaction. Mr. Frith's portrait, in the possession of Mr. John Forster, represents him in working attire at his desk.

Mr. Dickens was extremely fond of animals. His home always abounded in pet ravens, canaries, fawns and dogs, of which last he kept quite a colony. He loved bright

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\*Thackeray, descanting on this portrait, says, "What cheerful intellectuality is about the man's eyes, and the large forehead! The mouth is too large and full, too eager and active, perhaps; the smile is very sweet and generous. If Monsieur De Balzac, that voluminous physiognomist, could examine this head, he would no doubt interpret every line and wrinkle in it—the nose firm and well placed, the nostrils wide and full, as are the nostrils of all men of genius (this is Monsieur Balzac's maxim). The past and the future, says Jean Paul, are written in every countenance. I think we may promise ourselves a brilliant future from this one. There seems no flagging as yet in it, no sense of fatigue, or consciousness of decaying power. Long mayest thou, O Boz! reign over thy comic kingdom; long may we pay tribute—whether of three-pence weekly, or of a shilling monthly, it matters not. Mighty prince! at thy imperial feet, Titmarsh, humblest of thy servants, offers his vows of loyalty and his humble tribute of praise."

Grace Greenwood who saw him in 1852, says:

"He is rather slight, with a symmetrical head, spiritedly borne, and eyes beaming alike with genius and humor. Yet, for all the power and beauty of these eyes, their changes seemed to me to be from light to light. I saw in them no profound, pathetic depths, and there was around them no tragic shadowing. But I was foolish to look for these on such an occasion, when they were very properly left in the author's study, with pens, ink, and blotting-paper, and the last written pages of *Bleak House*.

colors, and the gayest flowers were always pleasing to him.

His heart was large and generous, and his charity was unbounded. He never *put on* the good Samaritan; it sprung from an inborn impulse. Cheerful always, his very presence carried comfort and new hope to the downcast. His presence was sunshine, and gloom was banished as having no sort of relationship with him. No man suffered more keenly or sympathized more fully than he did with want and misery; but his motto was: "Don't stand and cry; press forward and help to remove the difficulty," and his kindly and unostentatious assistance always accompanied the words. It would not be possible to go into the details,

"Of that best portion of a good man's life,—  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love;"

but his exertions in behalf of the bereaved family of his deceased friend, Jerrold, his payment of Fechter's liabilities; his assistance to artists; his noble gift of £100 to the suffering wife of the Irish comedian, Tyrone, unfortunately lost in the ill-fated "President," and the exertions which placed her eventually above want; the readings which he inaugurated for charitable and educational purposes; these are but the fruits of a kindly and generous nature full of love for his fellow man. Like all men in his position, he was constantly imposed upon by begging impostors, but he preferred to err, if any way, on the right side. There are thousands of persons now living who could bear grateful testimony to the boundless generosity of his nature.

## CHAPTER XIII.

IN ENGLAND AGAIN.—FAREWELL READINGS.—SPEECHES.—  
ILL HEALTH.—LAST READING.—LAST SPEECH.—RETIRES  
TO GAD'S HILL.—FAILING POWERS.—ALARMING ILL-  
NESS.—DEATH.—BURIAL,—SERMON.—WILL.—CON-  
CLUSION.

“ Bequeathed but yesterday the gift of breath,  
Ordained to-morrow to return to death :  
From earth all came, to earth must all return ;  
Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn ”—PRIOR.

“ Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel be broken at the cistern.

“ Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was : and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.”

*Eccles. xii., 6—7.*



ON the return of Mr. Dickens to England on the first of May, 1868, he was the recipient of quite an ovation from his neighbors in the vicinity of Gad's Hill, with whom he was extremely popular. The citizens turned out *en masse* ; a floral arch was raised, and flags were streaming from every house-top. For some months he contented himself with giving increased attention to the superintendence of *All the Year Round*, rendered necessary by the declining health of Mr. Wills, the sub-editor. He was meantime training his eldest son for the management of that publication, and he soon installed him as Mr. Wills' successor. A new series of the magazine was commenced in the

autumn of this year ; the old series having reached twenty volumes. The Christmas number was also discontinued to the great disappointment of the public. The duties connected with this periodical were sufficiently onerous, but the active and restless nature of Mr. Dickens would not rest satisfied with this achievement. He rashly consented, at the solicitation of some theatrical and other friends, to deliver a farewell course of readings. These entertainments, since his American success, had become more popular than ever. The new series commenced at St. James' Hall, London, on the twentieth of October, 1868, with extracts from *Copperfield*.

He now determined to add to his selection, the harrowing scene of Sikes and Nancy, in *Oliver Twist*. This required more than usual study, as it was acted rather than read, and the rendition was very difficult and exhausting. The excitement and anxiety to hear him were intense. Applications for engagements poured in from all quarters, and he continued his readings in the other large cities and towns. In Liverpool he was especially well received, and became the recipient of a complimentary banquet. This was the last public compliment conferred upon the illustrious author, and took place on the 10th of April, 1869. The arrangements were on a sumptuous scale. The chair was occupied by the Mayor, and the tables were crowded by ladies, anxious to honor the illustrious guest, as well as by merchants and literary men to the number of nearly seven hundred. The speech made by Dickens on this occasion was humorous as usual,

and in his best style. Subsequently he toasted "The Ladies" in a playful strain. On the 22nd of April he had appointed to read in Preston, but prior to that date he was taken seriously ill, and on the certificates of his medical advisers, the promised readings were indefinitely postponed. His appearance at this time was jaded and worn to an unusual degree, and he appeared to have lost that marvellous elasticity of spirit which was his great characteristic. He was suffering severely also from an inflammation of the ball of the foot, the origin of which was unknown, but which required constant bandaging, and occasioned him great annoyance. He now retired to the quiet of Gad's Hill to recuperate his health, and lay the foundation of his new tale, *Edwin Drood*. In August of this year he was requested to deliver the address at the inauguration of the Leigh Hunt Memorial, in Kensal Green Cemetery, but declined, on the score of his objection to speech-making beside graves. On the 30th of the same month, he attended, at considerable risk, the dinner given by the London Rowing Club to the Harvard and Oxford boatmen, and in a short and neat speech proposed the toast of the evening. On the 27th of September, his health having somewhat improved, he delivered the annual address before the Birmingham Institute, of which he was President. This is the longest effort in this line of his life; as compared with his other addresses it is somewhat severe and didactic, but still bears the marks of his inimitable style. Towards the close of 1869, though not strong, he deemed himself sufficiently restored to resume his readings in London. To avoid frequent



journeys to Gad's Hill in winter, he rented for six months the town house of his friend Milner Gibson, as previously stated. He had by this time mapped out a plan of his new story, and the early chapters were written.

On the 15th of March, 1870, Mr. Dickens gave his farewell reading, at St. James' Hall. It was his favorite selection—at the commencement and close of his reading career—the *Christmas Carol*, and The Trial from *Pickwick*. Long before the hour for opening, the avenues leading to the hall were crowded to repletion, with the beauty, the intellect and fashion of the city. Every seat was filled. The attention and excitement were intense. As if to assure his auditors that his powers were undiminished, he read with more than usual spirit and energy, and his voice was clear to the last. At the conclusion the applause was rapturous, and yielding to it, Mr. Dickens came forward, and in a few touching and eloquent words most earnestly and impressively delivered, bade his audience a grateful farewell\* after which he retired amid the waving of hats and handkerchiefs and the cheers of all.

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\* "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It would be worse than idle—for it would be hypocritical and unfeeling—if I were to disguise that I close this episode in my life with feelings of very considerable pain. For some fifteen years, in this hall and in many kindred places, I have had the honor of presenting my own cherished ideas before you for your recognition, and, in closely observing your reception of them, have enjoyed an amount of artistic delight and instruction which, perhaps, is given to few men to know. In this task, and in every other I have ever undertaken, as a faithful servant of the public, always imbued with a sense of duty to them, and always striving to do his best, I have been uniformly cheered by the readiest response, the most generous sympathy, and the most stimulating support. Nevertheless I have thought it well, at the full flood-tide of your favor, to retire upon those older associations between us which date from much further back than these, and henceforth to devote myself exclusively to the art that first brought us together. Ladies and gentlemen, in but two short weeks from this time I hope that you may enter, in your own homes, on a new series of readings, at which my assistance will be indispensable (alluding to *Edwin Drood*); but from these garish lights I vanish now for evermore, with a heartfelt, grateful, respectful, and affectionate farewell."

He spoke again a few words at the annual dinner of the News-vendors' Society, on the 5th of April. During this month the first number of his new story was given to the public and the announcement made that it would be completed in twelve instead of twenty parts. Towards the close of the same month he suffered a relapse, and was unable to accept an invitation to preside at the annual gathering of the General Theatrical Fund Society. The complaint was a severe attack of neuralgia. On the 2nd of May, however, he felt sufficiently well to dine with his artist friends at the opening of the Academy in London. On this occasion he made his last public address, in which he paid a merited tribute to his friend Daniel Maclise, the artist, then recently deceased.

Although prostrated in bodily and mental energy, he seemed to long for the recreations of Society and the constant company of his friends. It was particularly noticeable that, during the spring, after the conclusion of his readings, he went more into society and entertained his friends more frequently than was his wont. He had acquired a much more aged appearance during the previous two years than formerly. The thought-graven lines in his face were deeper, the beard and hair were more grizzled, the complexion ruddier, but not so healthy in hue. He walked, too, less and less actively—latterly, indeed, dragging one leg rather wearily behind him. But he maintained the bluff, frank, hearty presence, and the deep cheery voice; his hand given to his friend had all its affectionate grip, and the splendid beauty of the dark eyes remained undimmed to the last. He returned home to Gad's Hill,

which in his absence had been considerably renovated, on Tuesday, the 31st of May. Endeavoring to renew his labor upon his unfinished volume, he found that the muse came at his call less readily than of yore. The work flagged. He blotted and interlined more, and repeatedly destroyed his manuscript, wholly unsatisfied with what he had written. In his proof-reading, too, he almost remodelled the text. His fancies came neither so spontaneously nor so plenteously as usual. He complained of the difficulty he experienced in commanding his thoughts—as if with a sad presage of the truth. Literary composition had become a task now, in place of a pleasure, to be looked forward to as formerly. He had a sort of morbid fancy that there were mistakes in the story,—that he had let out the plot too early in the narration. It seems to have been impossible, however, for him to be idle; and although he had for some time been receiving further hints of danger in the form of occasional attacks of neuralgia, sometimes very violent and painful, he worked away as resolutely as ever. The story itself seems to have taken its tone from the condition of the author, for, unlike his other works, it is sombre and grave throughout, and scarcely relieved by a smile.

The physiological condition, known as the “grand climacteric,” was hastened in his case by the incessant and immense drafts upon his vital capital. He was literally tired out—tired to death’s door, working against age and impaired vital power. The constant strain of his arduous literary labors,—the continued traveling—the excitement of the meetings—the dinners—the receptions—

the necessity for keeping punctually hundreds of appointments for readings, and the emulous desire to give universal satisfaction in these performances—all pervading, as that desire must have been, to one so jealous of his reputation as Charles Dickens—were too strong a draft for human constitution to endure. He had never entirely recovered, moreover, from the effects of a railway accident he suffered in 1864, at Staplehurst; on which occasion the car in which he sat was overturned down an embankment, and hung suspended sufficiently long to allow him to clamber through the window, uninjured in body, but terribly shattered in nerve. There is a coincidence of date between this event and his death, six years later. In the postscript to *Our Mutual Friend*, his last completed novel, he refers to it in words which have a mournful significance now: "I remember with devout thankfulness that I can never be much nearer parting company with my readers forever, than I was then, until there shall be written against my life the two words with which I have this day closed this book:—THE END."

On the 2nd of June he ran up to London, and assisted at some private theatricals, at the residence of Mr. Freaque, in South Kensington. On this occasion a friend asked him when he expected to be in London again. In almost prophetic tones he replied, "Not for some time: I am tired out. I want rest—*rest*," repeated he, in a tone mournful in its sadness. He then returned to Gad's Hill, which he was destined never again to leave. On Saturday, June 4th, some friends gave an entertainment on his grounds, and enjoyed his presence for a few brief moments;

but he complained of not being well, and urged besides that he had much to do, and soon retired to his library. Every day he wrote a little of his novel, and examined the accounts and papers connected with *All the Year Round*. Just previous to this he had executed a codicil to his will, in his own handwriting, bequeathing that periodical to his eldest son. He continued his walks each day, now necessarily short, and performed as a duty, rather than a pleasure, and almost in defiance of nature. The elastic spring was gone, and his strength and activity had deserted him.

On Wednesday, the 8th of June, he wrote a few pages of *Edwin Drood*—the last. On that day, too, he wrote several letters, one of which was addressed to Mr. Charles Kent, a London journalist, making an appointment—alas! never to be kept—to meet him for business at three o'clock the following day. Another was in relation to a voltaic band which he had procured for his foot. Still another, and probably the last he ever penned, was the one which we have previously given, in reply to some strictures on his current story.

On the same day, at his usual hour of six o'clock, Mr. Dickens went promptly to his dinner. Shortly after he had seated himself, his sister-in-law, Miss Hogarth, the only person then present, observed a very remarkable change come over his countenance, and his eyes suffuse with tears. Alarmed by these symptoms she urged him to permit her to call a physician; but he laughed it off, feebly replying, "No, no, no; I have got the tooth-ache; I shall be better presently:" and refused to allow her to send for medical

assistance. At the same time he asked that the window might be shut, and remarked again that he should be well presently. In a few moments he rose to leave the dining-room, but after taking a few steps, he fell heavily on his left side, and sunk into a state of utter insensibility, from which he never recovered. Medical assistance was immediately summoned, and Frank Beard, his regular physician, together with Dr. Russell Reynolds, and others, were in prompt attendance; but he was beyond the aid of human skill. He continued to breathe, however, in an unconscious state until ten minutes past six o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, Thursday, the 9th of June, when his spirit cast off its mortal coil, and winged its way to its final haven.

He had often wished for a sudden death, and it came with an awful suddenness. Of his relatives there were present at the time only his eldest son, Charles, junior, two daughters, and Miss Hogarth, his sister-in-law. No inquest was deemed necessary as all the physicians concurred in pronouncing it a case of apoplexy—an effusion of blood on the brain, superinduced by too violent and constant mental exertion, and overstraining of the nervous system. His age was 58 years, 4 months and 3 days.

The intelligence of this great world-wide affliction was speedily flashed in every direction. From two continents there arose a burst of general and heartfelt sorrow. The nations grieved as for a hero fallen; families mourned as at the death of a relative. The newspapers of the following day teemed with feeling obituary notices; and not a few were clothed in the garb of mourning.



The arrangements for the funeral proceeded. It had been the first intention of the relatives to inter the deceased, according to his own often expressed wish, under the shadow of the ruins of the old castle at Rochester, whose vicinage he had loved so dearly.

But yielding to the universal desire of the people, those having the direction of the burial consented that the remains should rest in the Poet's Corner, in Westminster Abbey; and there, as its final resting-place, to mingle with the hallowed dust of Chaucer and Dryden; and surrounded by weeping friends and relatives, all that was mortal of Charles Dickens was deposited, on the morning of Tuesday, the 14th day of June, 1870. In accordance with the terms of his will, the funeral was strictly private. The body was forwarded from Gad's Hill by special train to London. Arrived at the Charing Cross station, the hearse and three plain mourning coaches were in waiting. His sons and daughters, his sister, sister-in-law, and a few friends, numbering in all fourteen souls, were the only attendants. On reaching the Abbey, the coffin was borne through the cloisters to the nave; the carriages were dismissed, and the doors were closed. The solemn burial service was read by the dean, and then the coffin—a plain oaken case, bearing the simple inscription, "Charles Dickens: born February 7th, 1812; died June 9th, 1870"—was lowered into the grave. There was no swelling anthem, no chanted psalm: only the mournful dirge of the organ. The few friends present, after strewing the coffin with flowers, departed, and the services were over. The grave was left open during the day, that the public

also might pay their tribute of respect. At its close the earth was returned to its place—dust to dust—to mingle with the ashes of the illustrious dead.

On the following Sabbath, funeral sermons were very generally preached in the pulpits of the old and new worlds. The services in the Abbey were conducted by the Dean. A vast body of people were congregated to pay respect to their departed friend. The text was selected from St. Luke, Chapter XVI, 19th to 21st verse, being the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. The preacher eloquently applied this text to him they had assembled to mourn, showing how the labor of his life had been to bring to the notice of the rich and powerful the poor, the afflicted, and the oppressed ; to make the proud, in the noise and bustle of their bacchanals, not fail to hear the sob of the wretched, and the sharp cry of the hungry. His was the grateful task to send one ray of sunshine into the cheerless home ; one spark of hope into the hovels of the wretched and despondent. He thundered at the barred doors of the haughty, and compelled the stubborn to listen in despite of themselves. He brought to light the truth, the constancy and self-devotion which lies hidden under many a rough exterior, and under many a tattered garb. To the rich he gave a new vision of the world about them, and an opportunity for mercy ; and to the poor a better hope, and trust, and confidence, in themselves. The teachings of the Saviour, and the plain precepts of the New Testament, were the guides which directed his path in life, and the only rule he desired to leave for his children. " In that simple but efficient faith

he lived and died. In that simple but efficient faith he bids us live and die."

Notwithstanding the lavishness of the great author it was found that he had left an ample provision for his family. His will, copied into his own handwriting, had been completed seven days before his death. His effects amounted to about \$350,000, including the estimated value of his copyrights, his investments in stocks, and the Gad's Hill residence.\*

By this melancholy event, the *Mysteries of Edwin Drood*, the story upon which he so recently labored, is brought to a sudden close. Closed too, is a greater work than any his pen ever produced. The volume of his life is shut, and clasped with a clasp. He has bent his sails for that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns. He

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\* Of the latter and personal property within it, a sale was shortly after held, with a view to closing up the estate. The house was purchased by the eldest son. The other property realized high prices, on account of the peculiar associations attached to them. The portrait by Maclise was disposed of for 666 guineas; Frith's excellent picture of Dolly Varden for 1,000; Dotheboy's Hall for 210; stuffed raven, "Grip" for 120; the collection of seventy articles realizing nearly £10,000. Miss Georgina Hogarth and Mr. John Forster were his appointed executors. By the provisions of the will, his domestics were to receive 19 guineas each; his daughter Mary £1,000, and an annuity of £300 for life. To his wife the income of £8,000 during life. The immediate sale of the estate was directed, and the remaining property to be divided equally amongst the children. In conclusion, he says: "I emphatically direct that I be buried in an inexpensive, unostentatious and strictly private manner; that no public announcement be made of the time or place of my burial; that at the utmost not more than three plain mourning-coaches be employed, and that those who attend my funeral wear no scarf, cloak, black bow, long hat-band, or other such revolting absurdity! I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb, without the addition of 'Mr.' or 'Esquire.' I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me. In addition thereto I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teachings of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here or there."

has lain down for that sleep whose waking is eternity. Upon that pen, which in times gone by has ministered so largely to our instruction and amusement, the ink is forever dry. That genial voice, which but yesterday was potent to electrify and thrill the soul, is hushed in death. The weary heart is still—the aching brow at rest. Thousands visited his grave and cast in their flowery tributes until it seemed a well of roses. Other thousands, aye, millions, who will never see that grave, will rear their more enduring chaplets, plucked from the bright, fresh flowerets of memory, in honor of one whom they have known so long, revered so deeply, and loved so dearly.

Here our task ends. We can add nothing to the fame of Charles Dickens. Daniel Webster said of him that he had done more to ameliorate the condition of the English poor, and to educate and elevate the masses, than all the statesmen in Parliament combined. Herein is his best monument. No costly tablet, no graven marble, no stately sepulchre can add aught to this. No panegyric, no eulogium, can do justice to his memory, or magnify his fame. His epitaph is written in imperishable characters in the grateful hearts of the millions whose benefactor he was. In his earnest words for truth, for freedom, and popular progress, as well as in his peerless imaginative creations, he will hold his place among the world's honored great, and his memory will keep fresh and green as the years roll on. In his death, Literature has lost a patron, Poverty a benefactor, and Freedom a friend. We honor his genius, we deplore his loss, we revere his memory, and we feel that through his instrumentality

the world has taken one step in Christian progress ; one giant stride to the millenium of love—"of love eternal and illimitable : not bounded by the narrow confines of this world, or by the end of time, but ranging still beyond the sea, beyond the sky, to the invisible country far away."

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## Poetical Collections

FROM THE

### WRITINGS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

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#### THE HYMN OF THE WILTSHIRE LABORERS.

"Don't you all think that we have a great need to cry to our God to put it in the hearts of our greasous Queen and her members of Parlerment to grant us free bread!"—  
LUCY SIMPKINS, at *Brim Hill*.

O God, who by Thy Prophet's hand  
Didst smite the rocky brake,  
Whence water came at Thy command,  
Thy people's thirst to slake :  
Strike, now, upon this granite wall,  
Stern, obdurate, and high ;  
And let some drops of pity fall  
For us who starve and die !

The God, who took a little child  
And set him in the midst,  
And promised him His mercy mild,  
As, by Thy Son, Thou didst :  
Look down upon our children dear,  
So gaunt, so cold, so spare,  
And let their images appear  
Where Lords and Gentry are !

O God, teach them to feel how we,  
When our poor infants droop,  
Are weakened in our trust in Thee,  
And how our spirits stoop :  
For, in Thy rest, so bright and fair,  
All tears and sorrows sleep ;  
And their young looks, so full of care,  
Would make Thine angels weep !

The God, who with His finger drew  
The Judgment coming on,  
Write for these men, what must ensue,  
Ere many years be gone !



O God, whose bow is in the sky,  
Let them not brave and dare,  
Until they look (too late) on high  
And see an Arrow there !

O God, remind them, in the bread  
They break upon the knee,  
These sacred words may yet be read,  
"In memory of Me !"  
O God, remind them of His sweet  
Compassion for the poor,  
And how He gave them Bread to eat,  
And went from door to door.

#### LISTENING ANGELS.

Blue against the bluer heavens  
Stood the mountain, calm and still ;  
Two white angels, bending earthward,  
Leant upon the hill.

Listening, leant those silent angels,  
And I, also, longed to hear  
What sweet strain of earthly music  
Thus could charm their ear.

I heard the sound of many trumpets,  
And warlike march draw nigh ;  
Solemnly a mighty army  
Passed in order by.

But the clang had ceased ; the echo  
Soon had faded from the hill ;  
While the angels, calm and earnest,  
Leant and listened still.

Then I heard a fainter clamor ;  
Forge and wheel were clashing near,  
And the reapers in the meadow  
Singing loud and clear.

When the sunset came in glory,  
And the toil of day was o'er,  
Still the angels leant in silence,  
Listening as before.

Then, as daylight slowly vanished,  
And the evening mists grew dim,  
Solemnly, from distant voices,  
Rose a vesper hymn.

But the chant was done ; and lingering,  
Died upon the evening air ;  
Yet from the hill the radiant angels  
Still were listening there.

Silent came the gathering darkness,  
Bringing with it sleep and rest ;  
Save a little bird was singing  
In her leafy nest.

Through the sounds of war and labor  
She had warbled all day long,  
While the angels leant and listened  
Only to her song.

But the starry night was coming,  
And she ceased her little lay ;  
From the mountain tops the angels  
Slowly passed away.

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#### DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

Oh ! it is hard to take  
The lesson that such deaths will teach,  
But let no man reject it,  
For it is one that all must learn,  
And is a mighty universal Truth.

When Death strikes down the innocent and young,  
For every fragile form, from which he lets  
The panting spirit free,  
A hundred virtues rise,  
In shape of mercy, charity, and love,  
To walk the world and bless it.  
Of every tear  
That sorrowing nature sheds on such green graves,  
Some good is born, some gentler nature comes.

## LITTLE NELL'S FUNERAL.

And now the bell—the bell  
 She had so often heard by night and day,  
 And listened to with solemn pleasure,  
 E'en as a living voice—  
 Rung its remorseless toll for her,  
 So young, so beautiful, so good.

Decrepit age, and vigorous life,  
 And blooming youth, and helpless infancy,  
 Poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength  
 And health, in the full blush  
 Of promise, in the mere dawn of life—  
 To gather round her tomb. Old men were there,  
 Whose eyes were dim  
 And senses failing—  
 Gran'dames, who might have died ten years ago,  
 And still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame,  
 The palsied,  
 The living dead in many shapes and forms,  
 To see the closing of this early grave.  
 What was the death it would shut in,  
 To that which still could crawl and creep above it!

Along the crowded path they bore her now ;  
 Pure as the new-fallen snow  
 That covered it ; whose day on earth  
 Had been as fleeting.  
 Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven  
 In mercy brought her to that peaceful spot,  
 She passed again, and the old church  
 Received her in its quiet shade.

## SMIKE'S GRAVE-STONE.

The grass was green above the dead boy's grave,  
 Trodden by feet so small and light,  
 That not a daisy drooped its head  
 Beneath their pressure.  
 Through all the spring and summer time  
 Garlands of fresh flowers, wreathed by infant hands,  
 Rested upon the stone.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I care not for Spring ; on his fickle wing  
Let the blossoms and buds be borne ;  
He woos them amain with his treacherous rain,  
And he scatters them ere the morn.  
An inconstant elf, he knows not himself,  
Nor his own changing mind an hour,  
He'll smile in your face, and, with wry grimace,  
He'll wither your youngest flower.

Let the Summer sun to his bright home run,  
He shall never be sought by me ;  
When he's dimmed by a cloud I can laugh aloud,  
And care not how sulky he be !  
For his darling child is the madness wild  
That sports in fierce fever's train ;  
And when love is too strong, it don't last long,  
As many have found to their pain.

A mild harvest night, by the tranquil light  
Of the modest and gentle moon,  
Has a far sweeter sheen, for me, I ween,  
Than the broad and unblushing noon.  
But every leaf awakens my grief,  
As it lieth beneath the tree ;  
So let autumn air be never so fair,  
It by no means agrees with me.

But my song I troll out, for CHRISTMAS stout,  
The hearty, the true, and the bold ;  
A bumper I drain, and with might and main  
Give three cheers for this Christmas old !  
We'll usher him in with a merry din  
That shall gladden his joyous heart,  
And we'll keep him up, while there's bite or sup,  
And in fellowship good, we'll part.

In his fine honest pride, he scorns to hide,  
One jot of his hard-weather scars ;  
They're no disgrace, for there's much the same trace  
On the cheeks of our bravest tars.  
Then again I'll sing 'till the roof doth ring,  
And it echoes from wall to wall—  
To the stout old wight, fair welcome to-night,  
As the King of the Seasons all !

## BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

"The English broke and fled.  
 The Normans rallied, and the day was lost !  
 Oh, what a sight beneath the moon and stars !  
 The lights were shining in the victor's tent  
 (Pitch'd near the spot where blinded Harold fell) ;  
 He and his knights carousing were within ;  
 Soldiers with torches, going to and fro,  
 Sought for the corpse of Harold 'mongst the dead.  
 The Warrior, work'd with stones and golden thread,  
 Lay low, all torn, and soil'd with English blood,  
 And the three Lions kept watch o'er the field !"

## THE IVY GREEN.

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy green,  
 That creepeth o'er ruins old !  
 Of right choice food are his meals I ween,  
 In his cell so lone and cold.  
 The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,  
 To pleasure his dainty whim :  
 And the mouldering dust that years have made,  
 Is a merry meal for him.

Creeping where no life is seen,  
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,  
 And a staunch old heart has he.  
 How closely he twineth, how tight he clings  
 To his friend the huge Oak Tree !  
 And slily he traileth along the ground,  
 And his leaves he gently waves,  
 As he joyously hugs and crawleth round  
 The rich mould of dead men's graves.

Creeping where grim death has been,  
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled and their works decayed,  
 And nations have scattered been ;  
 But the stout old Ivy, shall never fade,  
 From its hale and hearty green.  
 The brave old plant in its lonely days,  
 Shall fasten upon the past :  
 For the stateliest building man can raise,  
 Is the Ivy's food at last.

Creeping on, where time has been,  
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

## NIAGARA.

I think in every quiet season now,  
Still do these waters roll, and leap, and roar,  
And tumble, all day long ;  
Still are the rainbows spanning them  
A hundred feet below.  
Still when the sun is on them, do they shine  
And glow like molten gold.  
Still when the day is gloomy do they fall  
Like snow, or seem to crumble away,  
Like the front of a great chalk cliff,  
Or roll adown the rock like dense white smoke.

But always does this mighty stream appear  
To die as it comes down ;  
And always from the unfathomable grave  
Arises that tremendous ghost of spray  
And mist which is never laid :  
Which has haunted this place  
With the same dread solemnity,  
Since darkness brooded on the deep,  
And that first flood before the deluge—Light,  
Came rushing on Creation  
At the word of God.

## A WORD IN SEASON.

They have a superstition in the East,  
That ALLAH written on a piece of paper  
Is better unction than come of priest,  
Of rolling incense, and of lighted taper ;  
Holding that any scrap which bears that name,  
In any characters, its front imprest on,  
Shall help the finder through the purging flame,  
And give his toasted feet a place to rest on.

Accordingly, they make a mighty fuss  
With every wretched tract and fierce oration,  
And hoard the leaves ; for they are not, like us,  
A highly civilized and thinking nation ;  
And always stooping in the miry ways  
To look for matter of this earthly leaven,  
They seldom, in their dust-exploring days,  
Have any leisure to look up to Heaven.



So have I known a country on the earth  
Where darkness sat upon the living waters,  
And brutal ignorance, and toil, and dearth,  
Were the hard portion of its sons and daughters ;  
And yet, where they who should have ope'd the door  
Of charity and light for all men's finding,  
Squabbled for words upon the altar floor,  
And rent the Book in struggles for the binding.

The gentlest man among these pious Turks,  
God's living image ruthlessly defaces ;  
The best High Churchman, with no faith in works,  
Bowstrings the virtues in the market-places.  
The Christian pariah, whom both sects curse  
(They curse all other men, and curse each other),  
Walks through the world not very much the worse,  
Does all the good he can, and loves his brother.

THE END.

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But for the self-sacrificing and noble deeds performed on Irish soil during that eventful period, we might now be grovelling under the hated rule of a Stuart, or mayhap a bloated Bourbon, and as much degraded as Italy, Spain or Portugal, instead of each and all of every creed and color dwelling in peace, prosperity and happiness, under the protection of one of the best monarchs that ever swayed an earthly sceptre.

It is surely time to look to our bearings when the principles for which our fathers freely shed their life-blood, are repudiated by many openly, and others covertly.

When men bearing the once revered name of Protestant, aye, Protestant Clergy, have set up the Confessional, the Rags and Mummeries of Rome—keep out from their churches the pure light of heaven, and substitute for it a few twinkling candles,

"To mock the Saviour of mankind,  
As if the God of Heaven were blind."

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The eloquent Macaulay says,—“It is impossible not to receive the sentiment which indicates itself by the veneration of the people of Londonderry, and the North generally, for the dear old city and its associations.” “It is a sentiment,” he says, “which belongs to the higher and purer part of human nature, and which adds a little to the strength of states. A people which takes no part in the noble achievements of remote ancestors, will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants.”

“Within the city,” says the same author, “there were several thousand men capable of bearing arms, and the whole world could not have furnished seven thousand men better qualified to meet this terrible emergency.”

The Reign of Terror under which every Protestant in Ireland groaned at the time of the Revolution will be seen in the history of the events contained in this book, showing clearly that there was no other course open to them but resistance to the Stuart dynasty, which, had it been perpetuated, must have sunk the whole British Empire to the level of Spain, Portugal, or Italy. And if on this Continent a British Settlement existed at all, we may judge of its extent and character by what Mexico and Lower Canada now are.

### Extract from the Speech of Lord Liscard, Governor-General of the Dominion,

*Delivered at Toronto, 5th October 1869.*

His Lordship spoke of the heroes of the Irish struggle in 1688 as “those who successfully conducted the toilsome retreat from Cavan—who turned to bay and held their ground at Enniskillen through many a month of doubt and peril. Of whom another battle sustained the LONGEST SIEGE which ever took place in the British Islands, and watched from the walls, which their valour made impregnable, the slow approach of the sails from Lough Foyle, who were bringing them relief to close the conflict in their triumph—triumph not more glorious to the defenders than it proved advantageous to them and their assailants, and to the cause of Civil and Religious Liberty then and for all time to come.”

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is impossible not to respect  
the veneration of the people  
y, for the dear old city and  
he says, "which belong  
nature, and which adds no  
ple which takes no pride.  
cestors, will never achieve  
pride by remote descend

author, "there were several  
and the whole world could  
better qualified to meet a

every Protestant in Ireland  
will be seen in the history  
showing clearly that there  
resistance to the Stuart  
must have sunk the whole  
ugal, or Italy. And if on  
d at all, we may judge of  
and Lower Canada now are.

rd, Governor-General of

ober 1869.

Irish struggle in 1688-90  
the toilsome retreat from  
ground at Enniskillen,  
Of whom another band  
took place in the British  
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